THE BOOKMAN

"FLORENCE DOMBEY"

By Honoré Willsie Morrow

ON the morning of her fifth birthday, my little daughter Felicia came to me bursting with an idea.

"Mother, I'm such a big girl now, I want lessons every day. I want to learn to read and make numbers and sew."

I was delighted and that very afternoon we got out the old primer from which her brother had learned to read, the battered arithmetic that had been mine, and some bits of muslin for the sewing. The child was avid for learning and for over a year she needed no urging to come to the daily lessons. By the end of that time she had traveled through her primer, could add, subtract, multiply and divide single numbers, could write in a nice, old fashioned Spencerian hand, and could perform miracles in the way of dolls' dresses. I was convinced that she was a born student!

When she was about half past six she entered school. I had an idea that after a month or so of adjustment to the ways of school she could skip the first grade and enter the second. At first her teacher agreed with me; but after a few weeks, when I again broached the subject, she shook her head. Felicia, she said, was slow about her reading and seemed to show little interest in it. I was surprised but not troubled. Evidently the small girl needed a longer time in which to adjust herself to school life than I had anticipated. I left her entirely in the hands of her teacher, in whom I had and still have entire confidence.

In the meantime, now that she was getting to be such a grown up person, Felicia joined her brother, aged ten, in his reading hour with me immediately after supper. Richard, who is as sentimental about books as I am, asked me to read one of the stories he had loved when he was seven.

"I'd love to hear them all, Mother, and watch Felicia enjoy them."

So we began with "Rollo at Play".

Yes, I know you've emitted a grunt of surprise. But the bald and startling truth is that out of a wide choice, Rich-

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ard's favorite stories when he was seven were the first "Rollo Books", Kipling's "Jungle Books", the Children's Bible, and "Andersen's Fairy Tales". The reason is not far to seek. Young children have a deep seated interest in matters of morality. Bronson Alcott, the father of Louisa, in his remarkable analysis of the child mind, says that no conversation with a child about top or ball can appeal to it so deeply as the right sort of conversation about its moral impulses. His statement is a profound truth and one almost totally ignored by modern writers of juvenile fiction.

Richard, quite as naughty as any normal youngster should be, for a whole year adored "Rollo at Work". His interest in what Rollo should or should not have done, whether or not Mowgli was justly punished by Baloo and why David was not a murderer when he slew Goliath, was so keen that I made a great effort to find other books and stories of like order. I have spent many hours in the bookshops searching among our writers of today for juvenile tales that would combine that peculiar appeal to the imagination and the ethical sense which Richard craved at this period of his growth. I found discouragingly little that would meet his needs. Bronson Alcott complained of a like barrenness in his own researches. Curious, that after seventy years I should find the same dearth.

Well, anyhow — Felicia on a footstool and Richard on the arm of my chair, we began "Rollo at Play". Felicia listened intently for five minutes; then her eyes wandered, she yawned, and finally interrupted:

"Can I get one of my dolls? I guess I'll get my Billy Doll. I guess he'd better learn about Rollo. I guess I'll be putting on his night clothes while you read. He's got scarlet fever and has to sleep by himself so he'd like our company. He — "

"Will you shut up?" roared Richard. "Don't you know this is a story I loved when I was little? Dolls! 'My Billy Doll!' Mother, I'd smack that kid if she was my daughter."

I was almost as disappointed as Richard, but being perhaps more schooled to disappointments I merely vetoed that idea of Billy Doll's joining us, laid aside "Rollo", and took up "The Brave Tin Soldier".

Felicia went to sleep! I would not allow the indignant small boy to wake her and I carried her off to bed. The next night and for many nights I tried to interest Billy Doll's mother in the evening reading. But it was not to be done. Her mind, as near as I could make out, was entirely engrossed in the care and feeding of infants — her dolls — of which there were nine. She showed in her conversation the same strong interest that Richard had shown in the matters of morals. But books could not express this interest for her.

We spent much time, Felicia's father and I, trying to discover whither and why the old avidity for learning had gone. Was it school that caused the backsliding? Probably not. Was it her enormous preoccupation with her dolls? Probably this was fifty per cent to blame. What name could we give the other fifty per cent? We could not guess. In the meantime it was obvious that she needed home help in her lessons and I undertook to coach her. But the small girl did not want to be coached! She admitted, quite gaily, that she was not reading as well as she should. She admitted also, with a calm politeness that was utterly baffling, that she did not study, because she did not wish to study. Thereupon the battle was joined.

I gave her an hour every day. Or-

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dinarily she is as sweet and docile as one could wish a little daughter to be. But for this one hour a day she was a monument of obstinacy and obduracy. She was reading no better at eight than she was at six. If we got through the hour without a burst of tears from her or without my feeling like bursting into tears, it was remarkable. At the end of six weeks, I had made no apparent progress. I tried bribery, cajolery, threats, and spanking. Felicia simply refused to permit her young mind to be improved. Only an atom as tiny and as blond as she could have been so maddening!

It happened during the sixth week that I unearthed from the attic Miss Florence Dombey. Now Florence Dombey is a highly accredited member of our family. She may look to an outsider like an old doll with a china head almost as large as a new baby's. But to the family she is a person, a vital and solid human being. She is possessed of a pair of long cotton legs and arms and an expression of angelic sweetness. She has blue eyes and black hair and on her arm is printed in my mother's hand this legend: "Florence Dombey, born in Exeter, N. H. in 1865. Given to Lilly Head on her seventh birthday by her mother. Given to Honoré on her seventh birthday by her mother, Lilly Head McCue."

Felicia long had known Florence Dombey, but the doll was so precious to me that I had not yet given her to my little daughter. However, she was giving such wonderful care to Billy Doll and others of her doll family that I decided, suddenly, to hand on the precious heritage. So I laid Florence Dombey in Felicia's arms. The child looked up at me with eyes as blue as Florence's.

"Is she to belong to me, now?" she gasped.

I nodded in silent affirmation.

"To be mine like she was yours and Grandmother's?"

Again I nodded.

Big tears filled her eyes. She kissed the china face and then kissed me. She stared from the doll to me as if overcome by a precocious understanding of the nature of the gift. After a moment she exclaimed:

"She shall be my very dearest child. She shall sleep with me, always."

"Well," I replied, "that will certainly seem like heaven to her after all these years in a trunk."

Felicia's cheeks were scarlet. "Who made this dress, Mother?" fingering the red calico frock Florence Dombey disported.

"My mother, when I was about your age. We couldn't afford a new doll for Christmas but Mother made Florence a whole new outfit. It was such fun! She used to sit for weeks before Christmas with her back to us while we studied on the other side of the table. She was making presents and we would rather have died than peek."

Felicia nodded, her eyes glowing and tender, the doll wrapped in her little arms. Not until she had drawn from me all that I could at the moment remember of Florence in her relation to me, my mother, and my grandmother, did she take Florence back to the nursery. Then for many days life in the nursery was upheaved, for Felicia grossly neglected her other children for the newcomer. My long suffering "piece bag" was devastated for new clothes. Billy Doll was robbed of his smart felt hat and Wilhelmina lost her serge coat. All the affection Felicia had had for all her dolls put together paled before her adoration of Florence Dombey.

Florence had been in the hands of her new mother about a week when Felicia

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came upon me rearranging some books. One volume in a faded pink cover I dwelt over so long that Felicia asked me for its name.

"It's called 'Edith Prescott'", I told her. "My mother had it when she was a little girl. She gave it to me just as she did Florence Dombey."

"And you will give it to me", stated Felicia, complacently.

"No, I shall not", I replied flatly. "You don't love books and you wouldn't appreciate it."

Felicia looked utterly dumbfounded. "You really mean that you won't, when your mother gave it to you and her mother gave it to her?"

"Ah, but my mother loved to read and so do I. No, I don't want to give you this book, Felicia."

"You'd be that cruel?" cried Felicia.

"I can't give it to anyone who cares as little as you do about reading. My mother and her mother would agree with me on that."

Felicia burst into a perfect agony of tears, but I did not try to comfort her and she fled to the nursery.

Perhaps an hour later she returned to me. "If you won't give me the book, Mother, will you read it to me?"

I hesitated. "I can't bear to, Felicia. That book is all tied up in my mind with memories of my mother and the days when I was a little girl and she read it to me. I couldn't bear to read it to anyone who wouldn't love it."

"Are you cross at me, Mother?"

"No, I'm just explaining things to you."

"Well, then, Mother, I want to ask you for a favor. If I get my reading lesson in less than an hour will you take up the rest of the time reading 'Edith Prescott' to me?"

I'm afraid my smile was grim. "Under such an agreement you wouldn't hear half a minute of 'Edith', Felicia."

"But will you?" urged the child.

"I might try it", I replied warily.

She flew for her reader, thrust it into my hands, and climbed to the arm of my chair. In exactly eighteen minutes she had read through the day's lesson without an error!

"Now," she said coolly, "let's begin 'Edith Prescott'."

I was too completely dumbfounded to do anything but open the book and docilely begin to read the time yellowed pages. The story is only the very simple account of the struggles of a little girl of long ago to be good; not intrinsically more interesting than "Rollo", and, beside "The Brave Tin Soldier", utterly lifeless. Yet my astonishing daughter sat enthralled!

When the hour was up she exclaimed, "I really like that story! I'll bet I can get my lesson in fifteen minutes tomorrow and we'll have that much more time for 'Edith'." And she went off to her supper quite as casually as though she had not reduced me to a state of moral and mental collapse.

She was as good as her word. From that day forth, I had no trouble with her reading lessons. When we reached the last page of "Edith", I was ready with "Edith's" understudy, none other than she of sacred memory, "Elsie Dinsmore". We galloped with huge enjoyment through "Elsie" and followed this by "Little Lord Fauntleroy". On the heels of the immortal Cedric came Ellen Montgomery of "The Wide, Wide World". And Felicia cannot get enough of any of them. Her school work has become excellent.

What is the answer? I don't know all of it. Florence Dombey obviously lifted the latch that swung wide the door. But what wordless negations

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Florence recognized in Felicia, what suggestions she made to my little child, I cannot know. Evidently Felicia is to grow up to be one of those women who yearn with passionate tenderness over their childhood memories. Evidently she will have an exquisite sympathy for children, even for that remote child who was to become her mother, and for that very shadowy child who was to become her grandmother. Florence Dombey means something to her that probably no one but Florence herself ever will know.

Felicia is in the country now. In the nursery, in the bed that was bought for Billy Doll, sits Florence Dombey, gazing with her angelic smile on Billy and on Wilhelmina and on the seven other dolls who occupy the doll's carriage and the doll's trunk top. And such is her power that they appear reconciled to her usurpation! On the shelf above her head are ranged Edith Prescott and Ellen Montgomery, Elsie Dinsmore and Cedric Errol, elbowed by a meagre group of battered school books.

A child's mind is a place of extraordinary and exquisite nuances. If only I possessed Florence Dombey's wisdom and experience to guide my clumsy hands!

INTENSE COMMENT

By Maxwell Bodenheim

THE suicide of a philosopher
Would pause in envy at the sight
Of your hair and feel itself
Unable to continue,
Because your hair would seem to be
A more dramatic curtain
For physical extinction.
Your hair reports to midnight and receives
The sanction of a thousand, maddened plots
Whose frail, distraught approval gleams
Upon the passive thraldom of your head.
The light acquaintance of your hair with life
Is better than the tussling words of men
Because within its waiting it conceals
The answers to all questions and the one
Fanged question which no answering can solve.
Within the coffined stations of your hair
The feelings known to men lie fearfully;
Grow still beneath the borrowed subtlety;
And feel that their intrusion was in vain.

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A REPLY TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN ABOUT TO TRAVEL

By William McFee

MY DEAR SIR:

Your letter, courteously requesting a certain amount of counsel and information concerning your projected journey to Europe, has reached me as I am returning from a journey myself, and I am sensible of the honor and responsibility involved in any attempt, on my part, to direct your wanderings.

The problem, as I deduce it from your letter, is this. You are a newspaper man in a large city in the middle west. You are about thirty years old and you have given no hostages to fortune. You have saved a reasonable number of dollars, and your managing editor, who seems to be a rather shrewd as well as human sort of person, has given you six months' leave of absence. You have never been to Europe, and your reading has led you to believe that Europe has something for you which cannot be obtained in your home city. So you ask me, as one who has knocked about somewhat in those foreign parts, how you can make your money last long enough, and how to go about your voyage of discovery along the legendary shores of the Ancient Sea.

It is quite unnecessary for me to waste words commending such a resolution to one who has already made it, but it will do no harm to record the gratification it has engendered, to be invited to participate in the adventure by planning the itinerary. And it will be impossible, I am afraid, to avoid a certain degree of envy creeping in, when I consider how you are about to have that thrill, never again to be recaptured, attending the first glimpse of the Mediterranean littoral.

The importance of such a journey is not to be overestimated for those who have any connection whatsoever with literature and the arts. Some may object that newspaper work is neither one nor the other. On the contrary, in my opinion, newspaper work can be a very fine art indeed; and the celerity of execution, coupled with the variety of information involved in appraising the value of events, makes it advisable to seek inspiration from the origins of our national culture. And it is a shrewd criticism of the basic value of money, that the cheaper you do it the better it will avail you in the future.

The reason for this last mentioned paradox is that travel is expensive only in so far as it renders you immune from the difficulties and peculiarities of foreign places. It is expensive because it carries you in the environment to which you are accustomed. And so, if you are prepared to forego those trivial accessories of modern life, all the comforts and conveniences which threaten to abolish the local characteristics of our modern world, you need not pay very much for your passage.

Assuming then, that you are ready to cross the Atlantic upon some humble vessel, it will not cost you very much. Once in London or Liverpool, you will

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find steamers sailing weekly on cruises that include nearly every port in the Mediterranean. They are what we call cargo liners, and under British regulations they are provided with accommodation for not more than a dozen passengers. Under this rule they are not obliged to incur heavy expenses for extravagant and luxurious travel, and their charges are suited to modest resources.

Such a voyage, including Lisbon, Gibraltar, Marseilles, Genoa, Naples, Venice, Athens and the ports of the Levant, would take no more than a couple of months, which, allowing for your journey to and from the middle west, would leave you three months' leeway. Moreover, it would not be possible, since you arrive, say, at Spezia in the morning and leave for Cività Vecchia the next day, to acquire those romantic impressions that are the meat and nourishment of travel, and which afford you those complex and delightful memories in the coming years.

And so, bearing all these considerations in mind, I am moved to suggest that you might be wise if you shipped, as we say, as one of the crew. I confess I gave this problem much thought before I decided to propose such a course, because some men find it difficult to shed the white collar and accept the limitations imposed by a ship's articles. Yet, from my own experience I derive the conviction that nothing but profit comes of such a course. You move at one step into a different world. You are an integral part of the ship's company and of the voyage, instead of a mere accidental encumbrance.

Let us suppose then that, having reached Liverpool and having compressed your belongings into a sea bag instead of a wardrobe trunk, you seek employment and commence what to you, as a newspaper man, will be a liberal education.

As regards what you are to do, I offer no hard and fast directions. The higher offices on a ship, of course, are not for the occasional wanderer, not merely because years are required for the certificated qualifications, but because the responsibilities of such posts preclude that easy shedding of cares, when you go ashore, which enables you to savor to the full the essential spirit of vagabondage.

Because being a vagabond, or as nearly a vagabond as you can manage, is the secret key to what you seem to seek. In that capacity you abandon those heavy social obligations that prevent so many first class passengers from ever seeing a foreign land. You will not, when visiting Cairo, for example, confine yourself to the terrace and dance hall of Shepheards Hotel, and so you may see Cairo. At Naples you are free to go your own road in the evening along the front, and behold in all its piquant innocence the life of the seaport.

Returning from this pleasant digression, let me repeat that, for your purpose, being a wiper or an ordinary seaman, so long as it conflicts with no insuperable dignity in your character, will be as serviceable as being a brass-bound officer. Nowadays the hardships of seagoing in the forecastle are largely mythical. Compared, I mean, with those of a former day. Reading a recent issue of a professional seaman's magazine, I noticed an article describing, with considerable bitterness, a new Scandinavian vessel with elevators to the engine room and hot and cold water faucets in the crew's quarters. I have no doubt batik curtains and fine old hook rugs and rosewood gramophones were also included. The tone of the article in question was, that American

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ships should have the same conveniences, the inference being that American ships are poor affairs. This is a mistake. Any vessel built in the last ten years is comfortable enough for anybody. I have served on a ship for a three hundred and twenty day voyage, with one stretch of ninety days at sea and another of seventy three days from port to port, and nearly all of that time we lived, crew and cabin, on salt meat and preserved potatoes, on peas and beans and biscuit with dried apples, and an occasional orgy of fresh fruit, that made us sick.

So, with regard to your rating, as long as you are sound in wind and limb and are willing, which is the most important quality of all at sea, it does not matter very much for a few short months what position you hold on the articles. I can remember a young man, who confided to us one evening in the messroom that he came of good family and had been to college. He had signed on as messroom steward, but we discovered he had no talent for that arduous and complex calling, so he was transferred to the saloon as cabin boy. This proved even more disastrous, and we got him back again, this time as a coal passer. The ship crossed the Equator on the long Indian Ocean slant from Cape Town to Singapore, and that young man had a stiff job in the bunkers. Yet he managed, in spite of his fine education; and by the time we reached Port Said on the homeward run, he was a fireman standing his watch with the best of them. It was a memorable experience to see him go into the dark dirty forecastle, black to the eyes and shining with sweat, and come out a couple of hours later in a natty suit with a stripe, an extremely high collar, straw hat and cane, to go ashore in Malta, where he had a brother who was a doctor. And this reminiscence reminds me that Richard Matthews Hallet, who is a good example to offer a newspaper man, told me, as we voyaged down to Cuba one day a few years ago, that he could get a job as fireman or able seaman anywhere, having worked his way across the world in liners and sailing ships more than once.

I am the more encouraged to suggest something of this nature to you since I suspect, though you make no definite confession of it, that you would not be averse to accumulating some experiences with what is called "copy" value, which you could turn to account later on. If this reading between the lines of your letter is correct, the less you travel as a passenger the better. The tendency of passenger traffic, as I have already implied, is to maintain you as nearly as possible within the walls of conventional comfort and luxury. That is what most people desire and pay for, and the liners know their business perfectly, and supply what is demanded. What you want is something quite different, which you can find on the same ship, but in another part of it.

You may ask here, however: when you have arrived at some port in the Mediterranean that has taken your fancy, and you would like to wander afoot awhile, how are you going to achieve the liberty you crave?

That is a problem to be solved as circumstances shall direct. If you have accepted my delicate suggestion that the vagabond has access to unconventional and unstandardized resources of æsthetic enjoyment, you will have no difficulty in effecting a release whenever it suits your plans. The procedure may be left to the spur of the moment. You may rest assured that you will be only one member of a secret and joyous band of bohemians who haunt for a transient season the fore-

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castles of British ships and who vanish like morning dew when the irresistible urge seizes their souls. They are even more adventurous and idyllic than you, since they have no comforting letter of credit awaiting them when they have reached their destined city.

I am reminded, in speaking of this, of an experience one May evening on the hills above Savona, where I sat with my dog looking out across the Gulf of Genoa. The sun was gone down in a great lake of red fire beyond San Remo, and in the blue dusk to the eastward the high *lanterna* of Genoa was sending out its slow moving beam. Jack had explored a number of fascinating holes thereabouts on the brow of the cliffs, and was now reposing, tongue out, waiting for the pleasant downhill jaunt into the town, where he would have a trencher of spaghetti, of which he was phenomenally fond, seeing he was a very English bull terrier and scornful of foreign ways. Suddenly he growled and sat up. There was a sound of shuffling footsteps on the dusty road behind us, and a clear thin trickle of music from a pipe. And then, as the dog barked, the sounds stopped. I looked over my shoulder with some interest. A gentleman, very dusty and wayworn indeed, was standing there, regarding us bashfully yet acutely as he wiped a tin whistle on the leg of his deplorable trousers.

"Sit down, Jack", I remarked severely, and hooked on the chain. Jack was, as I have said, English. It was his theory shabby trousers should be at once attacked, halfway up the calf.

"Is his name Jack?" remarked the dim object in the twilight advancing over the turf. "Correct me if I'm makin' a mistake, but I reckon you're English yerself."

"You are too, I take it?" I said, rather curiously.

"That's right", he returned, sitting down, not too close, but at a friendly distance. "That's what you might call me. Not that the blinkin' consuls are ever very glad to see me!" And he laughed without malice, holding his whistle with his fingers on the stops. He was a very disreputable looking person, about forty I should say, and it was quite time he had a shave. There was a queer elfin glint in his blue-grey eyes beneath the shaggy yellow brows and matted hair, that made me want to know what he was doing. So I asked him, and after he had coughed a good deal and regarded Jack's disdainful expression with humorous comprehension, he told me.

And the gist of it was that, quite apart from a game lung, as he called it, he had to be on the move. Now and again, as he talked, his elbows on his knees, he played a bar or perhaps a whole air on his whistle. Very sweet in the still of the evening, with the lazy waves climbing over the black rocks below, and gurgling back again in white foam. Yes, he came down hereabouts every winter. "I travel fer me 'ealth", he explained, with a sidelong elfin smile. "The doctor up in 'Artlepool, 'e sez, 'You ought to 'ave a warmer climet', 'e sez. Doctor's orders, you see. So I gets a ship in the Tyne and down I comes. The Second, 'e 'as no use fer me. Seconds never do 'ave, I may say, 'tween you an' me an' the captain's wife. Seconds are funny blokes, I can tell you."

"Yes", I admitted pensively. "I know they are. I've been one for three years."

"You!" He put his tin whistle on the grass and regarded me with naked wonder. "Well, Gawd blimey! *'Ow* was I to know?" he complained. He took up his pipe and began to play a jiggety tune that made Jack put his

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nose in the air, as though he were preparing for a sentimental howl.

"Ah!" said our friend, pulling at the broken sole of his boot. "These 'ere Eyetalian roads take it out of your understandin's." Which gave me a chance to ask how far he'd come. And he said he had "hoofed it" from Venice, through Padua and Cremona, which he remarked was named after the violins, and then across the river at Parma and up the valleys of the Apennines. "Not like the old country", he said suddenly, with the astounding and indestructible English pride, "but less chance o' catchin' a chill fer a bloke like me." He coughed. And he began an attempt to explain what I already knew, and he was not very successful. He was distressed at having stumbled on one of those worried and anxious beings whose job it was to chase him up and down bunkers and make him keep the coal pockets full. I could see him, in my mind's eye, sitting in the darkness, with his slush lamp beside him sending out a murky flame, and him coughing and thinking of the far blue hills of Italy and the long white ribbon of road. And then the Second's head and shoulders blocking the 'tween-decks scuttle, and the Second's truculent bawling voice coming along the alleyway through the coal.

"So I just took French leave", he mumbled. "Surly blighter! 'E never even sung a song as 'e was goin' along the shaft tunnel."

And when I asked him if he wasn't in danger of being caught, he was very cheerful about it, because he said he had a conscience and never took his half pay note. "They makes on it", he confided. "They gets a week or more out o' me fer nothin'. And they can always get some pore blighter who's out o' 'ospittle and wants to get 'ome. They gets me soon", he meditated. "Summer's comin' in England. I'll be lookin' fer a ship soon."

"Here, in Savona?" I asked. I was a man short already.

"No, not 'ere", he replied evasively.

"Once", he began again suddenly, "I winters in Egypt!" and he came a little nearer for conversation. "Alexandria! I got pinched there. Big black bobby arrests me. 'Well, charge me', I sez, 'charge me. You can't lock me up unless you charge me.' Ow, couldn't 'e? The beak gives me a good talkin' to. Lazy beggar, I am. 'Well', I sez, 'I ain't done nothin'.' 'No but you will', 'e sez. Well, I ask you, is that justice? Then 'e tells 'em to take me to the consul, and 'e gives me a jb on a shoip. So I goes on her to Port Sid, and I clears out there. But them Gippies don't give nothin' fer music. They'as never 'ear d of 'Aïda'."

"Have you?" I asked, startled, and he began to whistle an air of Radames.

"Well", I said, "I must be going. I've got to get up in the morning, you know."

"I do know", he retorted. "I wouldn't 'ave a job like yours, Mister, fer a farm. Could you let us 'ave 'alf a dollar without missin' it? You blokes get good money now", he added, whimsically. "You're a toff, Mister, one of the old breed. Give my love to dear old England."

Darkness came down over the sea as Jack and I descended the hill road into Savona. The café lights were cheerful along the streets, and we were sharp set for food and drink. And while we tarried there, and I smoked a pipe over the last of the *chianti*, I saw him again, across the street. He was playing a jiggety tune in front of the little tables, his old tweed cap aslant on his undisciplined head, his legs bowed a little as he swayed to the rhythm, a veritable reincarnation of a troubadour.

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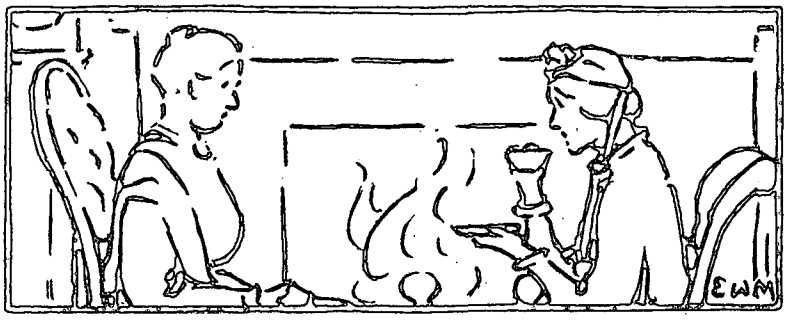

THE CONVERSION OF A SAINT

By Amy Lowell

With Sketches by Edith Whitcomb Morrell

"WHY, Sallie Williams,
I'm proper glad to see ye.
Go straight in t' th' clock-room,
I blazed a fire in ther' this afternoon to take the chill off
An' it's nice an' warm.
Now you set right down in the red plush rocker
An' git your breath,
You look all beat out.
Just you set still an' rest
An' I'll run out t' th' kitchen
An' git ye a good strong cup o' tea an' some cookies.
I won't be a minute."

"You're real good, Lidy,
But I don't hold with snacks between meals,
Never did, an' I don't dar'st begin now.
The tea'll be enough an' plenty.
I been a long walk
An' I do feel a mite tired."

"I'll leave the door open
So's we can talk through.
It's been some consid'able time since you was here,
All of two months, I do b'lieve.
I was goin' to git Oren to drive me into town
For a visit with you one o' these days.
However did you happen out here?
On foot too.

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We ain't so young as we was, you an' me."

"We ain't, Lidy, that's a fact,
Though I keep pretty spry, consid'rin'."

"It's awful ugly footin' this time o' year,
The roads ain't dry yet.
A couple more weeks should harden 'em.
Now you just drink that,
I made it fire-strong a-purpose,
As Father used to say."

"It's real revivin',
I feel better a'ready."

"To think o' your trapesin' way out here,
An' in your best magenta silk too.
I must say I take it very kind.
But 'pears like we be gittin' strangers
When you have to dress up for me."

"To tell the truth, Lidy,
You ain't just the reason I put on this dress.
I had another,
But I'm most afraid to tell it."

"Don't you be silly, an' le' me take your cup.
This ain't no time o' day to be keepin' things from me.
Wa'n't you the first I told
When I brought my mind to marry Oren,
An' ain't I been sharin' my troubles with ye ever since!
You got somethin' on your mind, Sallie,
I thought as much when you first come in.
Now you tell me right out what 'tis.
We're old to be hangin' back with one another
An' I'm bound to git it sooner or later.
If you didn't come out a-purpose to see me
What did you come for?
There ain't nobody else to visit out this way
As I'm aware."

"There's a lot o' folks, Lidy,
Only they're dead.
You're forgittin' the buryin'-ground."

"Sakes alive! What be you a-doin' to the buryin'-ground?
I didn't know you ever went near it
'Cep' on Decoration Day."

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"Mother telled me I wa'n't never to go to Miss Ziba's agin"

"I never did before.
I wanted to see Miss Ziba's grave."

"Miss Ziba's grave!
Well, you take me all aback.
I al'ays thought you hated her."

"Hate ain't no word for the way I felt 'bout that woman.
That's why I wanted to see her grave."

"I don't sense your meanin', Sallie.
You'd best begin right at the beginnin'
An' tell me straight through."

"I guess I'll have to.
It's preyin' on me somethin' awful.
What's done's done, an' I'm glad,
But I'm kind o' scared too.

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Lidy, you promise you won't tell a soul,
Not even Oren."

"I won't, if it'll ease you. There!
Now you git it right out, dear,
I'm listenin'."

"You mind the trouble, Lidy?"

"Don't I? Why even us girls was all sides 'bout it.
I've never had nothin' to do with Hannah Williams
Nor Addie Belle Dyer since."

"Well, that trouble sp'iled my life.
I never telled you how it laid on me.
I couldn't bring myself to speak on't even to you.
But it's been a dwellin' horror all my life,
Like a ghost-story,
Only 'twas I was ha'nted, not a house.
It begun when I was goin' on for ten year old.
Miss Ziba'd al'ays been friendly with my folks,
I used to call her Aunt Ziba.
She made lovely paper-dolls;
Many's the Sat'day afternoon I spent over to her house
Playin' with 'em,
An' an old doll's-house she had when she was a little girl.
Then all at once it come, the quarrel.
Mother telled me I wa'n't never to go to Miss Ziba's agin.
I mind how she looked when she said it,
Not like Mother at all, but a stranger.
That look chilled me clear to the marrer,
I git the shivers now, thinkin' of it.
'Twas as if Mother was hid away an' someone else'd took her place,
I ain't never had a shock to beat that,
So lonely as 'twas, an' never been nothin' else since, not once.
I ran away up garret an' cried all afternoon.
I don't run now,
Habit keeps folks quieter if that's all it does.
One day I met Miss Ziba out walkin'
An' she stared right through me as if I wa'n't ther'.
That made me feel creepy
As though I wa'n't ther' myself.
O' course in a village like ours
You can't help meetin's,
But I never got used to Miss Ziba actin's though she could put
her foot right down on me
An' feel the boards under, just the same.
I used to look in t' th' windows o' Mr. Gale's shop

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To see if I could see myself in 'em
After she'd gone by.
Then the girls begun.
Addie Belle took a notion to stick her tongue out at me
Whenever Miss Price' back was turned.
She'd do it a dozen times a forenoon.
An' then she an' Hannah Williams'd h'ist up their desk tops, an' whisper an' giggle behind 'em
Till Miss Price ketched 'em at it.
Tricky wa'n't the word for them two.
Hannah'd say she wanted a drink an' ast to go out to th' well;
She had to pass me to git to th' door,
An' goin' an' comin' she'd give me a nasty pinch.
I'd ha' complained to Miss Price, only I dar'sn't,
Knowin' ther' was somethin' 'bout me,
Somethin' terrible, an' I couldn't guess what.
If it hadn't ha' been for you an' one or two o' the others
I think I'd ha' died for shame."

"Why, Sallie dear, you're tremblin'.
I hadn't no knowledge you took it so hard.
We wouldn't let Addie Belle or Hannah
See our poppy-shows, I remember.
You said they shouldn't see yours for a whole packet o' pins.
I've laughed over it lots o' times since."

"I expect you thought my dander was up, Lidy,
An' it ought to ha' been.
But the peth was all gone out o' me,
I wanted to cry all the time,
An' I wouldn't ha' gone to school
Only Mother made me."

"What was it all about anyway?
I don't b'lieve I ever heerd."

"That's the awful part.
I don't know no more'n the dead.
I ast Mother once, but she wouldn't say a word,
An' the look she giv' me settled me not to ast agin,
'Twas like the first time only worse.
Mother an' me wa'n't never the same after.
I couldn't feel to love her like I should
With that secret in between."

"Sallie! You don't say!
An' you an' your Mother livin' alone together twenty year;
It must ha' been all o' that."

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"It was, twenty-three.
We lived together, but we didn't speak,
Not really speak, I mean.
I used myself for her hard as I could,
But that was all ther' was to it.
I've al'ays been good at flourishin' flowers
An' Mother liked a posy by her bed,
But them flowers was the nearest we come to speakin'.
I wa'n't no lonelier after she died
Than I was with her livin'.
Did I hate Miss Ziba, Lidy?
'Tis past expressin', I tell ye.
Wa'n't it her took my Mother away from me,
An' all the youth an' splendor I'd a right to?
Girls needs cossetin' all through the growin' years
But I didn't never have any,
An' I just lost heart for gay times an' junketin's.
I was a sort o' Ishmael to my own seemin'.
I read his story every night 'fore I went to bed one winter,
He got to be a kind o' blood cousin,
An' the thought of ther' bein' another of us comforted me some.
If it hadn't ha' been for you, Lidy —
But there, if it hadn't been so between us
I wouldn't be here now, tellin' ye.
Don't mind me, dear, tears is a help sometimes,
An' I feel dretful low-sperited."

"But what about the buryin'-ground, Sallie?"

"Yes, the buryin'-ground. I'm comin' to that.
When I heerd last Tuesday Miss Ziba was dyin'
It acted like a crust broke up in me somewheres,
I was so rej'iced 'twas like a jubilee.
I tried to pray aginst it,
But 'twa'n't no use.
I was as happy as though I'd heerd trumpetin' angels
Callin' me to dance before the ark,
The way they done in the Bible.
I couldn't go to the buryin', nat'rally,
But I watched it from the garret window
Windin' up along,
An' when I couldn't see it no more
I went an' got out this dress
An' pressed it nice an' tidy, an' put new lace to the neck an' sleeves.
Ther' was somethin' I had to do, Lidy.
You needn't feel obleeged to remark it none,
'Cause I had to do it.
I'd got to feelin' old scores must be paid,

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"When I got through I felt as light as air,
All my hate was gone"

An' I was goin' to pay 'em for keeps.
I waited a couple o' days
Till I 'lowed all the tendin' an' visitin'd be done
An' nothin' left to fix but the stone,
An' you couldn't expect that for some weeks;
Asa Frye makes real pleasin' stones, but he's slow.
When I got up this mornin' an' see what a day 'twas,
With the wind southerly and the snow-drops up an' noddin',
I know'd 'twas just time.
So I dressed me all up,
Same's I planned,
An' come right along up here to the buryin'-ground.
I can't go on, Lidy.
It's too dretful now.
Don't, don't let me go on.
Lidy, you mustn't let me go on,
I can't do it."

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"There now, dearie, don't you fret.
You better tell it all out,
It's the holdin' in's hurtin' ye.
What'd you do, Sallie?
I want to know complete."

"It's awful, Lidy,
A great deal more awful'n you'd think 'twould be.
I walked right up to Miss Ziba's grave an' kicked it.
The earth was all soft, o' course,
An' mounded up the way they al'ays leaves 'em.
I kicked that soft loam hard's ever I could,
An' I kep' kickin' till I made a big hole.
When I got through I felt as light as air,
All my hate was gone.
I was all full up with lovin' kindness.
Then I went to work an' filled up that hole with my bare hands
An' come right over to you.
Oh, Lidy, don't look at me like that!
I had to do it, an' I feel so happy,
So different from common,
Like there was wings on my feet
An' my eyes peerin' to a sunrise."

"But 'twas wicked, Sallie,
A wicked, wicked thing.
I don't see how you, a church member,
Could bring yourself to do such a thing."

"Neither do I.
Half of me's just as shocked as you be,
But the other half's so glad I could clap my hands."

"Don't, Sallie.
It ain't like you.
'Tis a very wrong thing to meddle with a grave.
Oh, whatever shall you do now
With such a mem'ry?
Poor little Sallie!
Poor child! I can't see my way at all."

"Now don't you go on like that, Lidy.
Half o' me's happy an' I ain't wishful to lose it.
You were plumb right,
Tellin' you's done me a heap o' good.
The happy half's drowndin' out the other quicker every minute.
What am I goin' to do?
I settled that when I was pressin' out my dress.

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I'm goin' to take in boarders.
I do enjoy havin' company around.
I sent a couple o' notices to the Boston papers yesterday.
I'll bring the answers right along to you
Soon's I git any.
P'raps I can git a real nice young man,
An' maybe a mother an' daughter.
I should love to have a romance goin' on
Right under my own roof.
That house has had nothin' but gloomy things happen in it
Long's I can remember.
Now I'm goin' to give it smilin' things if I can git to do it."

"But, Sallie, what will the minister say?
You can't go on goin' to meetin'
With this on your mind.
You'll have to tell him."

"I shan't do no such a thing.
I guess I'll give up goin' to meetin' for a spell.
I been steady at it all my life,
But I can't see's any good come from it.
I'm goin' to be a errin' sperit for the rest o' my days,
Hell can't be no worse nor what I've had;
Anyhow, I'm goin' to resk it.
If the boardin' works, maybe I'll take a house down to Boston
An' keep at it winters.
Oh, we're goin' to have a beautiful time, Lidy!
An' I'll git my folks to hire Oren's automobile for picnics an' things.
My! If ther' ain't Oren now, drivin' in t' th' barn.
I must be goin' on along home.
Don't you tell him, Lidy.
If I'm goin' to live with a sin on my conscience
The fewer knows it the better.
An' don't you worrit 'bout me a mite,
Like's not I'll be sorry as can be one o' these days,
But I can't see my way to it now.
I'll be up agin soon's the answers come.
Ain't the snow-drops lovely with the moon on 'em?
I don't know as I rec'lect a forwarder spring,
Ther'll be cherry-blows in next to no time.
No, I won't stay, dear.
I'll just git me a bit o' supper,
An' set that new knittin' stitch on a needle 'fore I go to bed.
I'm so glad I come in."

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IS THERE SUCH A THING AS AESTHETICS?

By Llewellyn Jones

SHERWOOD ANDERSON, who is supposed to be the greatest living American novelist — outside of the best sellers who *ipso facto* are not great — has exhibited a number of pictures in Chicago and in New York, and it is rumored that he sold one or two at very respectable prices. These pictures were inspired, the painter has told us, by a sunlit bay on our southeastern coast, but they are not pictures of the bay. They are purely abstract designs — if indeed they can even be called designs, being too spontaneous for that word to suit in their description. I am told that a practitioner of Freudian analysis found them quite intelligible. To me they meant nothing at all. A trained artist of my acquaintance was frankly disgusted. The general run of observers were at least puzzled.

Well, that is one pole of present day pictorial art. The picture covers on the magazines are perhaps the other pole. To whatever extreme our taste tends, we ought, if we are reasonable creatures, to have some criterion of judgment or at least some notation for the expression of our reactions. If people, for instance, insist on asking me my opinion of Mr. Anderson's paintings and of the picture on the magazine cover, should I refer to the beautiful girl in that picture in terms of correlated planes, and should I say that Mr. Anderson's color contrasts were charmingly feminine? If I were writing for "The Little Review", decidedly yes — it would be the only safe course. But suppose I were writing for THE BOOKMAN?

Roger Fry, the English artist and critic, and a Harvard professor, Herbert Sidney Langfeld, have each recently published books on æsthetics, and by their aid I may perhaps find out the answer to my question. Or I may decide that the question was not, in the first place, a proper one. And perhaps any readers of THE BOOKMAN who watch my attempt may find at least a certain amount of light on a vexed question.

To most of us the issue was not a vexed one until the Post Impressionist exhibition came to our shores and our newspaper paragraph writers were ravished by the "Nude Descending the Staircase". Our general attitude toward art criticism was that of Dr. Johnson. Readers of Boswell may remember the painting which Mr. Lowe sent to the Royal Academy and which that institution turned down. Mr. Lowe asked Dr. Johnson to try to repair what he thought would be a serious blow to his social and financial prestige. The doctor saw the picture and immediately wrote to Sir Joshua Reynolds, by whose influence it was again considered — and hung. The subject, Boswell tells us, was the Deluge. The waters had almost reached a mountain top. An antediluvian giant was swimming toward that little peak of land, holding his infant above his head. But unfortunately, the peak was occupied by a lion and the lion was hungry — it's an ill wind that does not benefit someone, if it is only a lion. Dr. Johnson's comment on the picture was: "Sir, your picture is noble and prob-

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able." And Mr. Lowe remarked: "A compliment, indeed, from a man who cannot lie and who cannot be mistaken."

But Dr. Johnson is dead, and so his veracity and his omniscience will be of no avail before the canvases of Kandinsky and Mr. Anderson.

Perhaps many of us, however, have reached a point where we no longer require a picture to be noble or probable. Or we at least require that its nobility and probability be expressed in pure color and good composition. But do these exist to show the lion and the baby to the best advantage, or are the lion and his approaching dinner merely an excuse for a display of interrelated form, plane leading to plane, mass repeating mass, in a rhythmic series? If the latter be true, then the painters who dismiss the lions and the models and who paint abstractions are right. Or is there a halfway house between Dr. Johnson and Kandinsky?

It is no use asking the artists, for they do not know — and some of them cannot see that there is a problem to discuss. For instance, in his book on illustrating and the graphic arts Joseph Pennell tries to tell us that the whole Post Impressionist movement was more or less of a fake, and that Roger Fry's championing of it was a piece of weak mindedness.

Now Mr. Fry is probably the foremost art critic in England, and we cannot dismiss him so lightly. Or, if one prefers to think of Bernhard Berenson as the foremost, then there is the fact that Mr. Berenson has paid his tribute of admiration to Matisse — one of the biggest of the Post Impressionists. Mr. Fry has published a most illuminating book, "Vision and Design", which throws more light on this question than does any other book on the subject which I have seen. Its unique value is due to the fact that it is a collection of Mr. Fry's critiques of painting and general essays on art from twenty odd years ago to 1920. He was brought up amid the triumphs of Pre-Raphaelitism, he saw Impressionism come and go, he made an intensive study of the Italian masters because Impressionistic painting seemed to him to lack architectonic form — and then he was to see Post Impressionism come along, carrying with it the work of Cézanne who had in notable degree that architectonic form which he had missed in Impressionism.

The obvious way to settle our little difficulty as to just what is important in visual art, the Cheshire Cat or its grin, is to ask Mr. Fry. For he has seen the whole progress from the art which was all cat to that which is all grin. And he has read the book "Art", written by his friend Clive Bell, in which the theory is set forth, very delightfully too, that the pure, disembodied grin is all that matters.

Mr. Fry's testimony is this: In his earlier years he thought that a work of pictorial art must have content as well as form, that it must have a literary — or as he says, dramatic — value, as well as a value of form. But his own progress in appreciation and the work of the Post Impressionists — as well as the testimony of many artists who are blind to the literary side of their work — have taught him that it is form, the play of rhythm, the relations of masses, of planes, that give æsthetic enjoyment. Yet he does not go so far as Clive Bell, who thinks that the artist can dispense with representation altogether. For he says:

> This last view seemed to me always to go too far since any, even the slightest, suggestion of the third dimension in a picture must be due to some element of representation. What I think has resulted from Mr. Clive Bell's book, and the discussions which

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it has aroused on this point, is that the artist is free to choose any degree of representational accuracy which suits the expression of his feeling. That no single fact, or set of facts, about nature can be held to be obligatory for artistic form. Also one might add as an empirical observation that the greatest art seems to concern itself most with the universal aspects of natural forms, to be the least preoccupied with particulars. The greatest artists appear to be most sensitive to those qualities of natural objects which are the least obvious in ordinary life precisely because, being common to all visible objects, they do not serve as marks of distinction and recognition.

With regard to the expression of emotion in works of art I think that Mr. Bell's sharp challenge to the usually accepted view of art as expressing the emotions of life has been of great value. It has led to an attempt to isolate the purely æsthetic feeling from the whole complex of feelings which may and generally do accompany the æsthetic feeling when we regard a work of art.

If we are to follow Mr. Fry and try to educate our æsthetic feeling we may first ask him just exactly what faculty it is that we are exercising. He ends his book by telling us that he does not know, but suspects it is a feeling for an —only vaguely to be expressed—"idea" that is beyond our ordinary intellectual run of ideas but that implies a sort of reality which cannot be expressed or adumbrated through any other language than this mysterious one of "significant form". The reader who has not Mr. Fry's book at hand may get a sort of idea of what he is driving at from the fact that he quotes with approval a remark overheard beside a still life by Jean Marchand. All it represented was a bottle, a glass, a loaf, and some cherries on a white clothed table. But its air was such that this bystander said it looked like a Buddha.

Yet after all that was association of ideas, and this feeling goes beyond that.

Now the foregoing, in the writer's opinion, is a perfectly sound analysis of what is really æsthetic in a picture. But does it necessarily lead to mysticism? May it not lead to something else?

It is quite possible that what it leads to is merely physiology. For the other author mentioned above, Professor Langfeld, tells us in his "The Æsthetic Attitude" that the emotional effect of a picture, when we abstract from it the literary and associational values, is due to the fact that we have a faculty, so to call it, which the Germans have named *Einfühlung* and which in philosophical English is called empathy. This is a manner of motor response by which our whole inner attitude or "motor set" adjusts itself to the mass pictured before us. To quote:

> When one sees a tree swaying in the sunshine, one can either have the motor impulse to put out one's hand to stop the motion, which is in a sense a defensory attitude, or one may have the impulse to sway with the moving tree and thus to realize the true nature of its motion. It is this latter form of adjustment . . . that is found in æsthetic enjoyment.

This adjustment of our physical forces in front of pictures and statuary and natural objects has been verified by experiment. But does not our acceptance of it rather rob Mr. Fry of his high sounding mysticism? It seems to the writer that it does; and it would also seem that if the real æsthetic "kick" in a picture is of the nature just described, the importance of visual art in its pure form has been overrated. Especially since Clive Bell has the rather naive bumptiousness — if he will forgive me the word — to tell us that "literature" is an impure art, tainted with intellectual conceptions and dirtied o'er with all sorts of associations when compared with the pure ecstasy of painting.

My own answer to that would be along this line. First I should say that what Clive Bell and Mr. Fry deprecate as being "literary" in a painting is just as bad art when we meet it in literature. In a painting, they tell us, the story is

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not the thing; the sentimental associations of memory (compare that picture of "Breaking Home Ties") are not the thing. And prettiness and rhetoric are anathema.

Are they not equally anathema in poetry — which is the only literary genre which is purely an art form, prose usually being a mixture of that and criticism? Certainly poetry which points a moral, which depends on a sentimental story rather than on rhythm and diction, is not art. The undoubted fact that poetry as well as painting can deal with landscape would indicate that the two arts really do have something in common.

Unfortunately, painting being the art which has evoked these new æsthetic criteria which we have glanced at, literature has to have them applied to her — on the ground that all arts have the same background. I have even seen one review of Professor Langfeld's book in which the reviewer laments that Professor Langfeld did not apply his idea of empathy to literature. How could it be applied? A geometrical unity will give us a definite motor set. But a work of literature has a successive unity — a unity in time. Obviously we cannot have a motor set to that. Or is our motor set to an imagined picture built up for us by the writer's descriptive words? Is it an embryo-dance "set" in our legs suggested by the word rhythm of each line?

It is in fact this lack of correspondence between the theories of æsthetic and the differing experiences we have as we adventure through the seven or so arts, that prompts our caption, "Is there such a thing as æsthetics?" I am beginning to doubt if there is, except in such a very general sense as that in which Benedetto Croce uses the term. My doubt is encouraged by the fact that Rupert Brooke, in his prose book "John Webster and the Elizabethan Drama", begins by asserting that it is absurd to expect any philosophy or scheme which will apply to all the arts. Painting, he says, is painting, poetry is poetry, music is music; and, even if they all do use rhythm, the attempt to subsume them under any one principle is vain. I suspect that Rupert Brooke — and how very English he was in that disdain of generalization — was right.

Which, after all, lets me out when my friends ask me what I think of Mr. Sherwood Anderson's pigmentary efforts in the expression of significant form.

A FANCY

By E. O. Laughlin

PERHAPS the little souls that float
Beyond the bounds of space, remote,
Await in dread the thing called Birth
Whose finger backs toward the earth,
And each life-stricken fugitive
Cries out, "I do not want to live!"
Aghast and shrinking, even as I
Protest I do not want to die.

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MAKING THE MOST OF YOUR GENIUS

By Mary Austin

X: ACQUIRED GENIUS

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We have usually considered genius a gift of the gods, bestowed upon only a chosen few. Mrs. Austin, after years of devoted study, emphatically asserts that genius can be acquired. In a series of articles, beginning in* THE BOOKMAN *for November and ending with this instalment, she attempts to analyze genius and talent and to point the way both for recognizing them and for utilizing them in life and art.*

IN the first of these articles the author expressed a belief that genius could be acquired. Perhaps "acquired" is not quite the word. If genius is, as we suppose, the untutored play of the deep-self, with all its inherited capacities, into the immediate-self, with its full equipment of talent and intelligence, then genius is natural. Seeking for it, the individual does not so much seek to add to himself something from the outside as to uncover that which is within. It is, as a matter of fact, impossible to think of man as cut off from his psychic past any more than he is from his physical past. To acquire genius, therefore, all that he has to do is to extricate the mechanism of the deep-self, in which the past registers, from the inhibitions imposed upon it by misadventures of the conscious life.

It is probable that the genius — that is to say, the man with full use of himself — is the normal type, and that the rest of the world is going about maimed, lopped of the most important limb of the mind, or at least with the limb hobbled and underdeveloped.

The first thing to be done by people who feel a lack of freedom in the racial limb, is to learn to recognize the processes by which it is made available. And that is something that surprisingly few people can do. In wishing for genius most of us are really wishing for talent, for talent of a particular scope, for a rich temperament, and for intelligence to make use of them. What the average person pines for is not the process but the product of genius. "I wish I could write a great play", he says, or, "I wish I were a great dramatist", when his wish, to be effective, should read, "I wish that I had a free use of the dramatic possibilities that belong with my inheritance." For there is no wish man may make about himself that is not subject to the limits of his instrumentation.

By his talents and his intellectual faculties, man is constituted the instrument of the racial drive. But talents and faculties are so securely tied to definite brain areas that default or injury to the one means the destruction of the other. In my notes I find an instance of a young art student who worked at the Beaux Arts with every indication of great gifts until she suffered an accident in riding, and a severe injury to her head. On her return to the school, it was discovered that though she could draw, as well as ever, *single objects*, she could no longer draw several objects and keep them in true proportion to each other. This is what I mean by

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limitation of the instrument. Trilby of the perfect voice box and the total lack of talent for tone discrimination was by no means an unusual example of the failure of coordination between talent and instrumentation. If you examine yourself carefully you may find that you have one or even two or three little tags of talent that you have never been able to make use of in your business, or secret yearnings for expression in directions for which you have no talent whatever.

In wishing for genius, then, it is important to have a perfectly clear concept of yourself as an instrument, and not to wish for more or less than suits with your endowment. For it is no good wishing for talent. You can only seek for it within yourself, drag it out from under any inhibitions that your faulty education or your mistaken notion of the nature of talent may have imposed upon it, and, having found it, carefully train and intelligently exploit. But so far I have not been able to discover a single instance of talent exceeding its cerebral mechanism.

A study of the distribution of talent and genius among men and women throws some light upon the nature of their relation to individual accomplishment. Talent being the fortunate variation of the individual instrument, and men tending to vary more than women, it follows that men have more, and more exceptionally differentiated, talents than women have. They have talent for music, for sculpture, for mathematics, for poetry and representative art, far in excess of women's endowment. There is, however, no reason to believe that men have more genius than women. I am not able to make a statistical report; but it seems likely from observation that genius is more generally the possession of women than of men. That is to say, of a given thousand women, a higher percentage will be geniuses than for a given thousand of men, but the greatest genius of them all, and the best endowed, will be a man.

It is easy to see how woman, being closer to the business of race continuation, has had a more constant need to revert to the stored experience of the race, thus keeping available, and fixed, the habit of such reversion in the form that we now know as genius. It is also possible to realize how the restricted activities of the mothers of the race have narrowed the range of their variation. Man, on the other hand, ranging freely in directions not constrained by problems of race continuation, has developed talents accordingly, without the constant necessity of bringing them back to the exigencies of the immediate generation. It would be easy to go on from here to demonstrate that the present unsatisfactory state of society is in great part due to the paucity of genius for social organization among men. Or that the modern uneasiness of woman is due to the tardy discovery of the limitation of her talent in directions in which she feels called upon to express herself. In fact the only talent, besides that for organization, which woman has developed commensurately with men's talent seems to lie in the direction of her genius for personal relations. She has as much talent for acting as man has, and for the writing of novels. And there is every reason to believe that as soon as she gets done blaming men for her limitation in other creative departments, there will ensue a rapid development of talent in women in the direction of the feminine drive.

For though talent cannot be acquired in one generation, it can in ten. The most casual survey of the evolution of talent in men and women shows the

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lines of divergence narrowing back along the track of major activities to the point where these had not begun to demand a differentiated instrument of expression. Among primitive women both painting and design rank as women talents. The evolution of diversified talents among women will go forward rapidly under the impetus of the intelligent wish for them, but it is probable that feminine talent will always follow the racial exigency more closely than the male talent, and consequently never vary so widely.

The confusion in the average mind between talent and genius is nearly equaled by the muddle of genius and intellect. It is, however, far less troubling. Within the ranks of admitted geniuses and near-geniuses, one finds a perpetual fret for more and still more talent — never enough to satisfy even the most richly endowed. But it is not often that you find people fretting for more intellect. When they are so found, they are usually victims of an indiscriminating educational system, or — and this is particularly the case with those wistful creatures who haunt night schools and university extension courses — they are going through the motions of intellectuation under the impression that this is the key to all the other things they want and do not attain. For the most part, by a provision no doubt merciful, people are very well satisfied with the intellect they have. So the man to whom the composition of "After the Ball" or "Daisy, Daisy" represents the most desirable pitch of song writing, is not likely to be defeated in his wish for exactly that sort of genius by contradictory intellectual concepts. And men of intellect, when they are discovered fretting, are not fretting for more of the same kind of mentality but for a keener appreciation of what they already have.

Whoever undertakes to write the history of genius during the past fifty years, will undoubtedly find the genius product of those years colored by our universal practice of offering only the so called classic examples of creative work to young students. In the work of most of our artists there is evidence of the heart breaking business of revising concepts of excellence formed on data which had nothing to do with the natural endowment of the worker. But fortunately, the majority of us have a natural feeling for an horizon commensurable with our range of sight as the best possible of all horizons; and the number of hearts that are irreparably broken is limited.

Neither is there much, in the way of help or hindrance, to be expected by the seeker for a freer use of his psychic inheritance from the so called measurement of intelligence. Probably the only conclusion to be drawn from the intelligence tests — and this may not be a true one — is that the natural scope of intelligence in the individual does not alter much with age or education. Perhaps I ought not to venture an opinion upon this point, certainly not insist upon my opinion; yet all my study of genius, resulting in the belief that a flow of genius can be set up where it does not natively show itself, leads me to suspect that the same thing may ultimately prove to be true of a flow of intelligence. What I suspect about the intelligence tests is that they do not test intelligence, but prevailing patterns of intellectuation. It seems to me just possible that intelligence, like genius, is not determined, but merely conditioned, by neuron patterns formed extremely early in the habit of the individual. And if this should prove to be the case, then all that is measured by the intelligence test is the capacity to make a response, the path to which has been

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cleared by the environment. If a way could be found, then, to prevent the fixation of these response patterns, there is no reason why the quality of intelligence could not be improved in the same way that the quality of the genius response can be improved by intelligent wishing.

For the present, however, it would be well to confine our wishing to that department of the psyche which we know to be suggestible, to the subconscious areas of the deep-self.

Having made all the necessary distinction by which genius is cleared from the operations of the immediate-self, we find that it consists solely in the capacity to make use of inherited psychic material. This then is what one wishes for — a prayer wish, pushed down into the deep-self from which the answer to the wish must come: "Oh, deep-self of me, become manifest in the free use of mine inheritance, in the direction of—"

It is assumed that you have already taken stock of yourself and know in what direction it is most profitable to direct your creative effort. It is also likely that most people who are desirous of genius already have had some intimation of having it. What they really wish is to establish the flow as deep and constant.

But suppose the wisher has never had the slightest intimation within himself of the existence of his racial inheritance? Then the beginning must be made at a point further back, the point at which presumably the inheritance was mislaid. For it is not logical that a normal man's racial past should be wholly lost to him. There do, however, seem to be mill ons of people who are cut off from everything in their inheritance except the ordinary race and life preserving activities.

If this lack is not due to lesion, or defect of cell formation, then it can only be due to accident of early education. Somehow or other, indurations have formed between the deep-self and the immediate-self which prevent the easy play of one into the other. This can so easily happen under our educational system, which wholly ignores the existence of the deep-self and works only for the exposition of the immediate consciousness! Frequently the stoppage of this necessary interplay can be traced to ridicule visited on the child because of some early, unconscious display of the genius process. More often than not parents will be found to have worked sedulously to destroy the connection under the obsession that it is not "practical". Occasionally the inhibiting idea is one that was seriously entertained by psychologists or educators of our youth, and since proved mistaken. Religious concepts are often responsible for obstructing indurations. A great many people, since these articles were begun, have made opportunity to discuss with me the use of the prayer process which I recommend. Most of them have some obstinately entertained notion of what can or cannot be prayed for. A few admit that you may safely pray for the quality of your work, not for its success; others that you may pray for success, but that to pray for genius is conceited, and therefore banned. Many are shocked at the idea of praying for money. Answered by quotations from the Founder of their religion, they admit that you might pray for just enough to keep you from starving, but no more.

Practically everybody, however, admits that you may wisely pray for health, and on that basis ought not to oppose prayer for the free and happy interplay of all the levels of consciousness which constitutes psychic health. The point is, that whatever the inhibiting notion is, it must be got rid of

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before satisfactory results can be had.

Next, after knowing what you want, and as nearly as possible why you haven't got it, it is important to recall the nature of the genius consciousness which you desire to affect. Genius is subjective, it lies below the threshold of immediate consciousness, and tends to remain latent unless called into activity by the exigencies of the immediate-self. It is therefore suggestible not in its content but in its activity. You cannot by suggestion change your genius inheritance from a Russian to a British inheritance. But you can by suggestion make it deliver up every item that it contains relative to a particular British or Russian experience. You may demand that it deliver up to the threshold all that it knows about high finance or pictorial art, to add to what you have learned of these things with your intelligence.

You can do this quite irrespective of whether or not you have ever done it before. And this is the whole of my meaning in saying as I did in the beginning that genius can be acquired.

Since this is the last of these articles, I shall conclude with a suggested technique, which must not, however, be taken as the fixed and only path to accomplishment. There is an oriental proverb to the effect that the altars of the gods must be adorned not with faded flowers, but with those freshly plucked in the garden of the heart. All formulas tend to fade quickly, and are much more effective when freshly formed to meet the personal need. They might, however, advantageously follow this general direction.

Generating the Wish

The only wish that is worth working with, arises spontaneously out of an inward need. It can be given form and clarity by reviewing examples of the nearest thing to it in the work of other people. With an open and quiet mind approach the chosen example, in any department of creative art, and absorb yourself within it, noting from point to point where it exceeds your wish and where it falls short, taking care not to formulate your wish too narrowly, but to have a definite realization of the place and general scope of its unrealized parts.

Formulating the Wish

Do not formulate the wish in words until realization has taken place. It is possible that in arts which do not make use of words, such as painting and music, the formula ought not to use words, but keep as closely as possible to the preferred medium, presenting itself as a vision or as a hearing rather than as a statement. But for all other types of activity, words are important, and the formula should be repeated a sufficient number of times and in a manner to insure its acceptance, as described by autosuggestionists.

Isolating the Wish

Most people find it necessary to secure practical isolation and freedom from personal interruption during the wish, but it is possible to acquire a habit of inward isolation in the midst of crowds and noise, through methods amply described by the mystics.

This power of inward isolation is a great gain, since time is of so little force in the inward life that a single instant of such complete psychic detachment will accomplish more than many hours of mechanical isolation can bring about without it.

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Preparation for the Prayer Wish

Meditation upon the nature of the inward self to be affected by the prayer wish, is an important and often indispensable aid. Meditate upon the unity of all life; upon the evolution of consciousness as manifest in man, upon the continuity of life experience as exhibited in the personal inheritance.

Meditate upon the suggestibility of the submerged levels of consciousness, recognizing in recollection all that you know about the manner in which the subconscious becomes manifest in consciousness. Close your meditation with a statement of the preferred manifestation.

The Prayer

. . . O, thou latent consciousness within myself . . . measure of my capacity and source of all my power . . . awake . . . arouse . . . be acted upon by my faculties in the direction of my desires . . . become active throughout the whole of my deep-self to the full extent of my inheritance . . . bring and deliver to the threshold of my conscious mind all that I know and have . . . especially bring all that I require in relation to (here name the subject of your prayers) and in such form that I may best make use of it in the accomplishment of my desire. . . .

Some such practice as the above regularly and seriously undertaken cannot be devoid of results. But whatever the results, the probabilities are that you won't be satisfied with them. There is a story of a French painter found weeping bitterly before his just completed masterpiece. When asked why he wept, he said because he realized that as an artist he was done for, quite at the end of his capacity.

"Nonsense!" cried his friend. "Look at this. Simply perfect!"

"I know", said the artist. "That is why I know I am played out; I can't see anything wrong with that picture."

THE HAPPY WIFE

By Alice Cox

CRYING children, laughing children,
Affectionate, importunate husband —
You are building a wall around me.
Your love, your demands, your eternal horrible giving
Make me writhe and fight and struggle — agonized, hopeless —
Against my entombment.
I strike out and hurt you,
I want to hurt you.
I hate you in your undefending sweetness.
Afterwards, bewildered, I find that my shame and regrets
Have but added a stone to the wall.

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A TRIO OF WEEKEND NOVELISTS

By Charles Hanson Towne

WHEN I was editing a popular magazine, it was astonishing how many young writers used to come to me and say, when I reprimanded them for not working harder, "Oh, I could write well if only I had more time!"

I wish I had known Frank Swinnerton, J. D. Beresford, and Michael Sadleir then, to toss their records of production into the faces of these lazy upstarts! But I didn't. Afterward, I met them in London; and I met every one of them in his office.

"You mean his study", I can hear the reader correcting me.

I do not. I mean his office; and they weren't very pleasant offices, at that. Frank Swinnerton gives three days a week — to be exact, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays — to Messrs. Chatto and Windus. When I presented a letter to him, I was asked to wait in a little reception room which contained a chair, duly labeled as in a museum, that used to belong to Charles Dickens at Gad's Hill. I did not sit in it. I wish I had now. I don't know why I didn't, for I have always been a great Dickens lover, and I like thrills — even vicarious thrills. But then we seldom do the things we really ought to do. (Will those young lazy writers whom I scolded in the opening paragraph please come back at me?)

In a moment I was asked by a very charming young English girl to follow her to Mr. Swinnerton's private office. It is always easy to follow a pretty girl, even when you are excited about being in close proximity to a chair once occupied by Charles Dickens.

She opened a door for me, after we had swung down a very dim corridor; and there, in a far dimmer interior room, sat a man with a blondish beard. I recognized him at once, for I had frequently seen his picture. His desk was as neat as mine is always untidy, and he rose to greet me in the most delightful and gracious way. Above his head was a somewhat soiled skylight; if you know London you will realize how gloomy the little office must have been. We talked in half darkness; and the foolish thought crossed my mind, I remember, that "Nocturne" might have been conceived, if not actually born, in this place; or maybe the middle aged "September". Yet the light that pours through those splendid pages and often blinds you with its brilliance was not in this room, and must have come from the fire in the man's soul. How could he work in such a place, I wondered. But I did not dare commiserate him. I once worked in a room without a window for six whole months, and got along very well indeed. There is a lot of bosh about the necessity of streaming sunlight and distracting views. If it is in you to be a writer you will be one, sooner or later. The only windows you need are your two eyes. (If this bears the Pollyanna hallmark, I am sorry; for I am by no means, I hope, a stupid optimist.) But Swinnerton does not write his own books here. He reads the manuscripts

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of others; and though it is dim, it is likewise quiet — which is also a point for the "glad" school of writers and readers.

Novelists, like poets, do not look "queer" these days. I recall once asking Richard Le Gallienne what Kipling looked like, and he answered, without a moment's hesitation, "Why, he might have been the man to come in and fix the gas metre — or he might have been the genius that he is."

Frank Swinnerton is everyday looking, if you know what I mean. He is "regular". There isn't any long or bushy hair, or badly fitting clothes, and his glasses are clean and ready for work. His shapely hands betray the artist in him; but so few people notice hands, I find. He is slim, and his voice is sympathetic and youthful. He seems ageless to me — I couldn't possibly make even a rough guess at the number of years he has lived. But this I do know: that he has lived much and deeply; and each novel of his that I have read seems to me better and bigger, more stupendous than the last.

He is such a good critic that it would be a tragedy for the coming tribe of English writers who send their manuscripts to him if he should take it into his head some day to give up literary advising. Arnold Bennett tells a story of once sending the manuscript of a new writer to him, with the request that he read it and then tell its faults to the young hopeful in his (Bennett's) presence. It was an illuminating hour; and not only was the inexperienced author convinced and impressed, but Bennett himself confesses that he learned something, too. And it is this kind of constructive criticism that is offered in this dingy little room. The light in Swinnerton's brain is generously shared. He finds it exhilarating to help other writers, remembering the first help he got from men higher up; and he holds that the reading of other people's manuscripts does not interfere with his own creative work. You see, he has that rare gift, which amounts almost to genius, of being able to lay aside his Chatto and Windus duties the moment he closes his office door behind him on Thursday afternoons. A Dr. Jekyll and a Mr. Hyde; only, instead of tearing down, he builds up. "What a lesson could here be learned!" some pious Sabbath School teacher might say, with great originality, to her class of ambitious boys. I refuse to say it myself, except in quotation marks; for I am no moralist. I flee from all moralists as fast as I lingeringly parted from Mr. Swinnerton.

Then it was Beresford I saw — the author of the thrilling "Revolution" and many another fine novel. He is somewhat luckier than Swinnerton, in that he gives but a day to Messrs. Collins and Company, in Pall Mall. And he has two large windows looking on the street, and a soft rug, and a much wider desk, on which there were even fewer manuscripts. Here, too, was that mysterious London calm and peace, though the whole world seemed to have been rolling by me only a moment before.

The English have a quality of detachment that I envy. Their ability to shove extraneous things into the dust heap is something that we might well emulate. If London crashes at their windows, they simply close the pane.

Now, anyone who knows anything at all about a publishing house knows that no one can simply drop the reading of manuscripts when the gong sounds, and go and live a totally different life. (This despite what I just wrote concerning the double barreled Swinnerton.) Those same manuscripts have

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a way of lopping over into the sanctity of one's home; or there is always something "very special" that must be read immediately, no matter what one's plans may be. Then, too, if one loves his work of literary adviser, there is perpetually that thrill of expectancy whenever a package is opened. "This may be IT!" one is apt to say to oneself. It is greatly to the credit of any man if he brings out an unknown author. J. D. Beresford is one of those who believe in young blood; it was he who inaugurated the idea of publishing the Collins group of "First Novels" which have gone so well. Prizes are offered for the best reviews — again these must be prepared by new critics, not by old standbys. Two years ago Beresford urged his house to introduce F. Scott Fitzgerald to the English public; and ever he has his eye on the New World for someone promising, interesting, and full of fire.

He told me that he tries to do his own writing in the mornings; and his wife aids him by keeping three strenuous little boys quiet. After luncheon he does what he wishes down there in the country, behind his hedge, until teatime comes round; then he works again until dinner is ready, and in the evenings he plays with the children, smokes, and reads — reads either an old volume or something fresh from someone's inspired typewriter. But all this will be changed for him soon. He must give up the country place — the long lease has run out — and he and Mrs. Beresford are afraid they may have to live in the sounding city the greater part of the year. With his quiet tastes, his instinct for contemplation, the novelist does not relish this shift. Yet he will not permit it to disrupt his work. The schedule must be adhered to, if stories are to continue to come from his pen — as certainly they are. Moreover, he has set himself the task of writing a play for a popular young actor in London. The stage has always tempted him; and when we talked, over our delightful luncheon, of the possibilities of his success in this field, he was humanly hopeful of his dialogue. It is brilliant in his novels; why shouldn't he be able to project that sort of talk over the footlights, and keep an enthusiastic London audience laughingly interested? Yet the novelist in Beresford must not be lost for the playwright. He does not intend to abandon one career for another. That would be unthinkable. One thing is sure: his genius for the apt and telling phrase will stand him in good stead when he lifts his pen to write for the theatre; and any comedy he produces will be a work of distinction, even if a new kind of public should unhappily fail to appreciate its worth.

Beresford wants to talk in America. He has never crossed the ocean. Yet he says he knows just what America is like. I'll wager he doesn't. America is changing so rapidly that what was yesterday taken for granted is today taken for idiocy. Where we used to carry books on our weekends we now carry flasks and radios. I told Mr. Beresford this; but he would not take me seriously. He doesn't believe that there is such a thing as prohibition — it is hard to realize it when you are enjoying a bottle of Chablis. Neither do we believe there is such a thing; so perhaps he knows, after all, as much about the States as we shall ever know. But we know one thing: we want Beresford to come over; and we like his novels tremendously.

It is young Michael Sadleir, who wrote that extraordinary novel, "Privilege", who is the real office worker of the trio; for there is not a day, literally,

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save sometimes Saturday, when he is not to be found upstairs in the house of Messrs. Constable and Company, diligently attending to the solemn business of bringing out other people's books. He gets out all the publicity for the house, lunches at the Garrick Club, and goes home rather late in the afternoon to Mrs. Sadleir and three young Sadleirs. In his leisure moments he collects first editions, and rambles about London to discover curious corners and crannies — he loves every foot of the monstrous town, and probably knows more about it than those wise men who write our guidebooks. He is but thirty four years old; and for a year after he left Oxford he came to America and worked in Boston for Houghton Mifflin Company. He liked us so well that he did not want to go back home; and now he is anxious to come again — this time to address any audience that wants to listen to him. I feel sure that Sadleir has the personality that will appeal to Americans — he is alive, genuinely interested in other people, and conscious of the arresting drama here.

"How do you find time to do all the things you love to do?" I couldn't help asking him.

"I use all the odd moments", he answered, as quick as a flash. "I write very slowly — only a few hundred words a day, at the most; but it is astonishing how a manuscript will grow beneath your hand if you keep at it all the time. I get so deeply involved with my characters that they come to be a part of me; and I want to utilize Monica and Anthony in 'Privilege' for another book — or books. I have by no means finished with them, nor they with me. You know how it is sometimes: a character will step into a story, and before you know it, he or she takes on new meanings. Though I started out to use a boy like Anthony only indirectly, he became, suddenly, an absorbing figure to me; and if in 'Privilege' he is little more than a peg upon which to hinge a few situations, I feel that I must one day do more with him; and with Monica, too, as I said. Some day I will plunge back to these old loves and see what I can make them do; or, rather, see what they can make me do!"

Men like these, who know so much about the way a novel should be written, are at the helm to advise the writers who will follow them. If a budding author has anything at all in him, it would be bound to be brought out after a talk with any one of my engaging trio. I should say that the British hopeful is rather well off for literary godfathers; for here are three men who know and love literature and are never too busy to dispense what they have learned.

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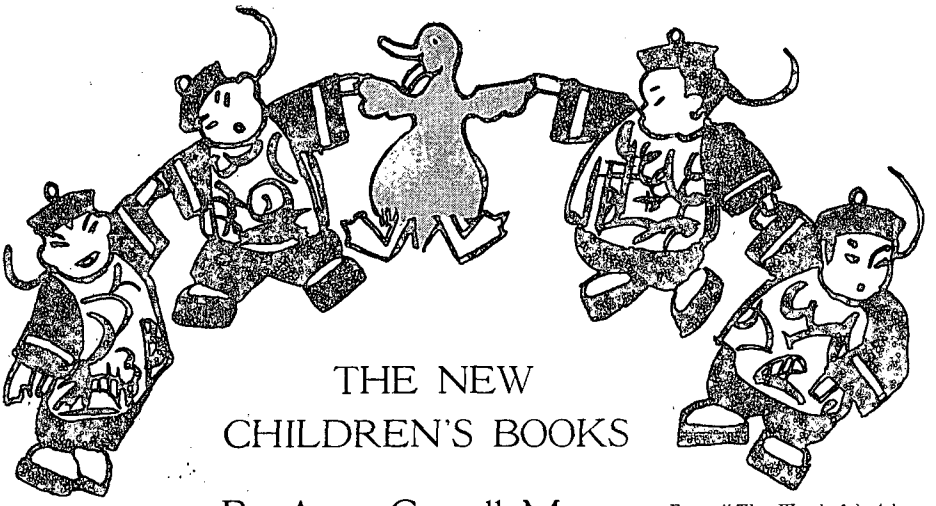

THE NEW CHILDREN'S BOOKS

By Anne Carroll Moore

From "The Wonderful Adventures of Ludo the Little Green Duck"

VARIETY in content and a happy release from static fashions of manufacture are refreshingly evident in the outstanding books of the autumn. Variations in size and color, close relationship between typography and illustration, a note of individual attention to makeup which is at the same time free from eccentricity, are in no department of publishing so essential as in the production of children's books. The form in which a new book appears, or an old one reappears, has a far more determining influence on whether the book will be read and kept alive in the memory than any well intentioned introduction or recommendation of it after publication. Children know the looks of the books they like — outside and inside — long before the names of authors or the words of a title stick in their memories. All honor then, to the artists and the makeup men who are achieving books of distinctive appearance.

"The Wonderful Adventures of Ludo the Little Green Duck" is such a book. It's gay, it's fresh, and it's different. It captivated my imagination at a psychological moment, for the dummy came into my office on the last day of the Democratic Convention in Madison Square Garden. Bored by the confined limits of her own pond, this delightful little Green Duck starts out to see the world and travels completely round it, enjoying many curious and brilliantly colored adventures before returning to her family life, a wiser but not a sadder duckling. The story is a translation from the French by Jack Roberts. And the color printing of the festive little book was done in France.

"The Little Green Duck" was accompanied that morning by the new cover jacket for Virginia Gerson's charming nonsense story for little children, "The Happy Heart Family", which has been out of print for several years and sadly missed in libraries on St. Valentine's Day, since it stands alone as a valentine book.

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I well remember my first delighted impression of this original picture-story-book when it appeared among the Christmas books of 1903. The whole setup was different from any child's book I had ever seen and the artist-author had very evidently played with the type with a true sense of a little child's interest. So entirely childlike is its quality that writers and artists may well look to the book for touches of child psychology not to be found elsewhere.

A more obvious type of story-picture-book of certain appeal to little children bears the delectable title of "The Poppy Seed Cakes". Auntie Katushka, fresh from the old country in the brightest of shawls, makes the poppy seed cakes, and Margery Clark tells the stories — tells them with a simplicity and sense of fun which must have made a strong appeal to the artists, for they have done their best work here. There is vanity, humor, and intimacy with old world life and character from a child's standpoint in these pictures by Maud and Miska Petersham, and the broad treatment in color has been well handled in reproduction.

The "Mother Goose" of C. B. Falls is a fine piece of decoration, color printing, and book making. The rhymes have been well selected from authentic sources. It is a book of distinguished appearance, but something highly important to little children is missing from its pictures — the quality that, differentiating Mother Goose characters from all others, makes them live again in a new way of their own. I found the key to the situation in Mr. Falls's drawing for "The Three Wise Men of Gotham" — they are easily recognizable as Wilson, Lloyd George, and Clemenceau. Then I knew that Mr. Falls had never really got back to "Mother Goose" at all. Man or woman, all must go empty handed, and clear sighted, with a quick ear for silver bells.

There are certain basic integrities of nursery tradition which no artist may ignore, or set aside, for they are timeless and ageless and without a country. Nearly every artist I have ever known has aspired to do a "Mother Goose", and my invariable response to such confidence is: Try out the idea and make sure you've got it in you before signing up. The true "Mother Goose" feeling is in the spirited little drawings of Claud Lovat Fraser for "Nursery Rhymes", no less than in his broader treatment; and grown ups, as well as children, will delight in the little book.

Ever since I began shaping up this article I've wondered how and when I could pass on the delightful impression left on my mind by "A Guide to Caper" without spoiling the surprise — for the pictures are nearly the whole thing in this original little book. Denis Eden, who made the drawings, has always known Caper, and he has drawn its streets and houses and delightful inhabitants with a delicacy and charm that fixes them in the memory. The Jocko Hotel is unforgetable, and so are the Hanging Bedroom and the window of the bookshop. Is the book, as a book, too subtle for children? The author of the text, Thomas Bodkin, has also lived in Caper, he says, but it does not appear that he has lived there with children. I am chiefly concerned with the highly imaginative quality of the drawings, and having enjoyed them with a girl of ten, accompanied by her dog, I would say by all means give the children a chance to tell whether they like them or not.

When Greville MacDonald wrote me that his old friend Francis Bedford was making the pictures for a new

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edition of his own favorite among his father's beautiful stories, I knew we should have something worthwhile. Mr. Bedford has not disappointed me. He has the true pictorial fancy of childhood and the skill to transmit what he sees. His drawings for "At the Back of the North Wind", as for "Billy Barnicoat", Greville MacDonald's own child story of last year, are worthy of reproduction in a limited edition which would give them full space value.

Few recent picture-story-books have given such pleasure in children's libraries as "The Magic Fishbone" of Charles Dickens with its festive pictures by Francis Bedford. The present day artist is often a little too fearful of drowning his own talent by deep diving in the author's text, and trusts to inspiration to yield him vision before he has knowledge of his subject. That's the reason why there are so many pictures in children's books which mean nothing to the text, or the child.

Jay Van Everen, in his pictures for "Nicholas", was spared the deep diving into the author's text, since the story was being written while the pictures were being made, and the artist was at no time in possession of the manuscript. This may seem a little hard upon an artist, but the alternative would have been not writing the story at all. Having lived with Mr. Van Everen's drawings for nearly a year before their publication in the book, I can bear testimony to the appeal of their authenticity and childlike quality to both young and old. Mr. Van Everen had to know New York very well in order to draw the kind of pictorial map of Manhattan and make the kind of pictures he has made for "Nicholas". He had to do more. He had to see Nicholas as he is seen through children's eyes.

Since the book has been previously announced in THE BOOKMAN, it is only fair to state the reasons for further delay in its publication. Nicholas was twins all the time, but his author failed to make this interesting discovery until after THE BOOKMAN for May had gone to press. To his much enduring publisher was then confided the news that "Nicholas, A Manhattan Christmas Story", could not possibly qualify as a spring publication for seasonal reasons within the text. "Nicholas and the Golden Goose", which opens in France, will be free to fly at any season when his artist and author have given it the best they have to give, but the second book will not be ready before 1925. I may add that I have discovered that second books are by no means always written at the suggestion of eager publishers. They may happen as naturally to a writer as anything else in life. I've thought it before, but now I know it as a personal experience.

It is a delight to find Nancy Barnhart's pictures in a new edition of Mrs. Thacher's "The Listening Child". Marguerite Wilkinson has added to this fine anthology an excellent selection from modern poetry. Personally, I would prefer always to have an anthology of the first rank as its compiler left it. From the practical standpoint of the needs of schools and libraries, however, we have gained an immediately popular book for the poetry shelves. Miss Barnhart, who made the delightful drawings for Kenneth Grahame's "The Wind in the Willows", gives to this book a life and color which is sadly needed in books of poetry for children.

"Silverhorn: The Hilda Conkling Book for Other Children" is a direct response to the suggestion for a selection of poems, from her two published

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From "At the Back of the North Wind"

books, which are known to be favorites with children. Dorothy Lathrop's drawings for the book are both decorative and fanciful, but are characterized by a sophistication and remoteness from a child's way of seeing that puts something between Hilda and the other children. Hilda's great charm in her own right, as in her poetry, is in her clear rendering of what she sees. Her work should have been spared all frills. "I cannot see Fairies", she says; "I dream them." The simplest of line drawings with beauty of line would have given this book an enduring place. Hilda may one day make her own choice of verses and drawings.

In his highly illuminating, and very readable, biographical and critical study of Walter de la Mare — a book which I opened with dread, and closed with a desire to place in the hands of every librarian, writer, artist, teacher, and reading parent in the country — R. L. Mégroz says many things about poetry in general in relation to childhood, and says them more clearly than

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From "The Listening Child"

they have been stated by any critic before. The rising tide of the new romanticism which he sees and feels has been pounding against the walls of American schoolhouses and libraries and publishing houses ever since the new century came in, to my certain knowledge, but we have not paid much attention to it. It is deeply significant that it should still be considered necessary to subject the published work of children to long and, all too often, patronizing introductions. If we have gained a new respect for the child's mind let's prove it by crediting good work for its own sake and introducing it on its merits. Nathalia Crane's "The Janitor's Boy" affords a capital illustration. It is accompanied by two introductions, a photograph, and an afterword. This afterword by Edmund Leamy tells all one needs to know about Nathalia.

I put off reading the book partly because of the introductions, partly because I had been so excessively bored by "The Elfin Pedlar", which to my mind should have been laid away in lavender until its author reached maturity. Determinedly at last I opened "The Janitor's Boy", and to the tune of "The Owl and the Pussy Cat Went to Sea" I began following Nathalia in her reading, as well as in what she's written. For Nathalia's poetry reflects her reading — reading done, I've since learned, just as I thought, with a father who has treated her as his equal. If she has been influenced by Kipling's metre she has held to her own fresh, spontaneous thought. One reads her book, not because a child has written it, but for sheer joy of her companionship. Nathalia's moods are objective for the most part and they are entirely true to her own childish experience of life in a big town. I can picture Walt Whitman chuckling with delight over Nathalia's keen enjoyment of her Brooklyn. One must have lived in Brooklyn to get the full flavor of some of her verses, but such poems as "Prescience", "The Blind Girl", "The Reading Boy", and "The Vestal" spring from soil that lies beyond local boundaries.

Whether Walter Barnes would have included Nathalia's verses in his "Children's Poets" I do not know. Probably not, for Nathalia defies analysis. Mr. Barnes has made a contribution of considerable value in his book of informative essays and appraisals of English and American poets who are known as children's poets. It is, as the author states, the first book in this field, and the lack of it has been so long felt in schools and libraries that it will find its place immediately. The essay on Walter de la Mare, fully illustrated by selections from his poetry, is timely in view of his visit to this country in October. The bibliography will be

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measurably strengthened by a number of recent anthologies.

"The Book of Story Poems" compiled by Walter Jerrold I have not yet seen, but his "Big Book of Nursery Rhymes" has made me ever hospitable to his other intentions.

"The Torch", compiled by Louise Collier Willcox, is described as an anthology for boys. This seems misleading, since the selection is general in character. The boy for whom it was originally made was a small grandson.

While Mrs. Richards did not spread "The Magic Carpet" for children, her book is a most suggestive one for the reference and reading room shelves of children's libraries and high schools.

The "Joy Street" annual is a capital idea if children's interests are put first, and the editorial standard is sufficiently keen and critical. "Number Two Joy Street" is even more attractive in form than "Number One" of last year, but some of the distinguished authors whose names are appearing on its title page must look to their laurels and write better stories if they want to be respected by the rising generation. I have as yet seen only the dummy of this year's publication. "The Dragon at Hide and Seek" by G. K. Chesterton has possibilities.

"The Island of the Mighty", Padraic Colum's rerendering of stories from the Mabinogion, is too distinguished a piece of work for so brief and informal a review as this. The stories live as they have not lived for boys and girls before, with a glow and color upon them that bids fair to keep them alive for years to come.

"Tales from Silverland" by Charles Finger is another book of strong character and definite quality. Mr. Finger absorbed many stories of South American folk lore while traveling in that country some years ago. He digested them, dreamed them over and over again until they shot through and through his imagination. Then he began telling them to his own children, who range in age from eight to sixteen. It is interesting to learn that they chose the stories to be put into this book. The wood cuts by Paul Honoré are exceedingly fine, and carry an atmosphere of the country to be found in no other book on South America. In its essential atmosphere, it bears a closer relation to W. H. Hudson's "A Little Boy Lost" and "Far Away and Long Ago" than to any other books I know. Mr. Finger makes his own dramatic appeal.

A romantic story of American pioneering is told by Cornelia Meigs in "The New Moon". You are held in Ireland by the first four chapters of the book, and then you cross in a sailing vessel with a flock of sheep, and land in Philadelphia. "We will cross the

From "Tales from Silverland"

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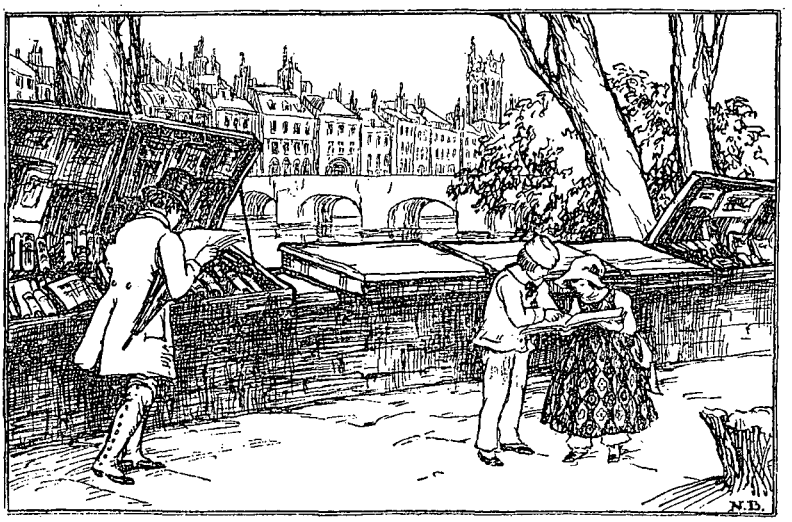

From "The Listening Child"

state of Pennsylvania which is bigger than Ireland and as green", says Thomas Garrity. "It might seem a tedious journey to walk at a sheep's pace across the whole state of Pennsylvania", says the author; but no more than the boy who came over with Thomas Garrity do we find it tedious to follow beyond the Mississippi, for there is beauty and authenticity on every page, and a light that does not shine on many stories drawn from American history. Miss Meigs has pioneered in a field of writing which holds rich possibilities for the historically minded who have the artist's sense of values in the selection and blending of their material.

It will be good news to the many admirers of the work of N. C. Wyeth and Maxfield Parrish to know that a notable reduction in price has been made in the well known series with which their names are associated. Mr. Wyeth has this year illustrated "David Balfour" by Robert Louis Stevenson.

New series and reductions in price are announced by other publishers also.

The Wonderful Adventures of Ludo the Little Green Duck. Duffield and Co.
The Happy Heart Family. By Virginia Gerson. Duffield and Co.
The Poppy Seed Cakes. By Margery Clark. Illustrated by Maud and Miska Petersham. Doubleday, Page and Co.
Mother Goose. Pictures by C. B. Falls. Doubleday, Page and Co.
Nursery Rhymes. Embellished by Claud Lovat Fraser. Henry Holt and Co.
A Guide to Caper. By Thomas Bodkin. With pictures by Denis Eden. George H. Doran Company.
At the Back of the North Wind. By George MacDonald. The Macmillan Co.
Nicholas. By Anne Carroll Moore. With drawings by Jay Van Everen. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
The Listening Child. Compiled by Lucy Thacher and illustrated by Nancy Barnhart. The Macmillan Co.
Silverhorn. By Hilda Conkling. Illustrated by Dorothy Lathrop. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
Walter de la Mare. By R. L. Mégroz. George H. Doran Company.
The Janitor's Boy. By Nathalia Crane. Thomas Seltzer.
The Elfin Pedlar. By Helen Douglas Adam. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
The Children's Poets. By Walter Barnes. World Book Co.
The Book of Story Poems. Compiled by Walter Jerrold. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
The Torch. Compiled by Louise Collier Willcox. Harper and Bros.
The Magic Carpet. Compiled by Mrs. Waldo Richards. Houghton Mifflin Co.

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Number Two Joy Street. D. Appleton and Co. Oxford: Basil Blackwell.

The Island of the Mighty. By Padraic Colum. The Macmillan Co.

Tales from Silverland. By Charles Finger. Doubleday, Page and Co.

The New Moon. By Cornelia Meigs. The Macmillan Co.

David Balfour. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. Charles Scribner's Sons. (Illustrated Classics Series.)

MORE NEW BOOKS

More Wild Folk. By Samuel Scoville, Jr. The Century Co. "The Reef", one of the stories of this collection, is exceptionally fine.

Tales from Nature's Wonderlands. By William T. Hornaday. Charles Scribner's Sons. Dr. Hornaday tells of pioneering among animals in terms of his own exploration and knowledge.

The Boy Whaleman. By George F. Tucker. Illustrated by George Avison. Little, Brown and Co. (Beacon Hill Bookshelf.) Based on facts of a New Bedford boy's three years' voyage on a whaling ship.

Yourself and Your Body. By Dr. W. T. Grenfell. Charles Scribner's Sons. A unique and valuable book embodying Dr. Grenfell's talks to his own children, with original and amusing drawings.

Taytay's Memories. Collected and retold by Elizabeth Willis DeHuff. Illustrated by Fred Kabotie. Harcourt, Brace and Co. Fully equal to the first book, with most interesting pictures.

America, the Great Adventure. By George Phillip Krapf. Illustrated by Philip Von Saltza. Alfred A. Knopf. An unromantic treatment but accurate as to economic and historic facts.

The Boys' Own Book of Frontiersmen. By Albert Britt. The Macmillan Co.

Filibuster. By Gordon Hall Gerould. D. Appleton and Co. A well written story of the Spanish War. Lacks dramatic strength.

Goin' on Fourteen. By Irvin S. Cobb. George H. Doran Company. Written for the man looking back on boyhood rather than for the boy.

The Colonial Twins of Old Virginia. By Lucy Fitch Perkins. Houghton Mifflin Co. Mrs. Perkins got her local color by going to stay on a Virginia plantation, and was drawn into telling a pirate story.

Days of the Pioneers. By Louise Lamprey. Frederick A. Stokes Co. (Great Days in American History Series.) Miss Lamprey is accurate as to facts.

American History Stories for Very Young Readers. By Eva March Tappan. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Adventures of Harlequin. By Francis Bickley. With decorations by John Austen. E. P. Dutton and Co. Not a children's book per se, but a delightful addition to reading room shelves. The pictures are enchanting.

The Dog, the Brownie, and the Bramble-Patch. By May and Margaret Baker. Duffield and Co. Another story for little children, illustrated in silhouettes. By the author and artist of "The Black Cats and the Tinker's Wife".

The Dream Coach. By Anne and Dillwyn Parrish. The Macmillan Co.

Tony. By Eliza Orne White. Houghton Mifflin Co. Tony and his little sister live and talk with humor and charm in Miss White's new story.

Rumpty Dudget's Tom. By Julian Hawthorne. Frederick A. Stokes Co. First published in "St. Nicholas".

Children of the Lighthouse. By Nora Archibald Smith. Houghton Mifflin Co. The story of an island in San Francisco Bay.

Peggy's Playhouses. By Clara Whitehill Hunt. Houghton Mifflin Co. The summer holidays of a little girl of nine who visits the White Mountains and an island camp, by the author of "About Harriet".

Buttercup Days. By Ethel Cook Eliot. Doubleday, Page and Co. For little children.

Forty Good Night Tales. By Rose Fyleman. George H. Doran Company. Stories by the author of "The Rainbow Cat".

Summer at Cloverfield Farm. By Helen F. Orton. Frederick A. Stokes Co. For little children.

Tell 'Em Again Tales. By Marguerite Day. Illustrated in color and black and white by Louis Glackens. Duffield and Co.

Dr. Dolittle's Circus. By Hugh Lofting. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

A Boy at Gettysburg. By Elsie Singmaster. Houghton Mifflin Co.

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The Silver Tarn. By Katharine Adams. The Macmillan Co. Mehitable appears again in this story.

The Vanishing Comrade. By Ethel Cook Eliot. Doubleday, Page and Co.

Redcoat and Minute Man. By Bernard Marshall. D. Appleton and Co.

Follow the Ball. By Ralph Henry Barbour. D. Appleton and Co.

Youth Points the Way. By Douglas Fairbanks. D. Appleton and Co. Boys and girls and grown ups will read this book with interest and profit. It's excellent.

NEW EDITIONS

Vanity Fair. By William Makepeace Thackeray. Dodd, Mead and Co. (Great Illustrated Novels Series.) An addition to an attractive series which has been reduced in price.

Peterkin Papers. By Lucretia P. Hale. Illustrated by Harold Brett. Houghton Mifflin Co. (Riverside Bookshelf.) The original illustrations are supplemented by some amusing new ones. An indispensable book.

The Dove in the Eagle's Nest. By Charlotte M. Yonge. Illustrated by Beatrice Stevens. Duffield and Co. As attractive in form as the new edition of "The Little Duke".

Feats on the Fjord. By Harriet Martineau. Illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff. The Macmillan Co.

Tales from Shakespeare. By Charles and Mary Lamb. Illustrated by Frank C. Papé. Frederick Warne and Co. This is a very beautiful book.

The Spy. By James Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated by Harold Brett. Houghton Mifflin Co. (Riverside Bookshelf.)

The Spy. By James Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated by C. LeRoy Baldridge. Minton, Balch and Co.

Jim Davis. By John Masefield. Illustrated by Mead Schaefer. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Jim Davis. By John Masefield. David McKay. (Golden Books.)

Martin Hyde. By John Masefield. With illustrations by T. C. Dugdale. Little, Brown and Co. (Beacon Hill Bookshelf.)

Peacock Pie. By Walter de la Mare. Illustrated by Claud Lovat Fraser. Henry Holt and Co.

The Kate Greenaway Almanac. Frederick Warne and Co. This is a reprint of the almanac for 1887.

The Bible Story. By William Canton. Illustrated by Harold Copping. George H. Doran Company.

Hans Brinker. By Mary Mapes Dodge. Illustrated by Louis Rhead. Harper and Bros.

Boys of '76. By Charles Carleton Coffin. Harper and Bros.

From "The Dog, the Brownie, and the Bramble-Patch"

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CHAPTERS FROM UNWRITTEN AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

VIII: OLD LOVES

By Henrietta Jewett Keith

OFF with the old love, on with the new! is apparently the tocsin for all this mad world. But it is not mine. "Old loves, old wines, old books" — dear and ancient things, that grip the heart as the dried petals of withered flowers hold fast the memories of their past bloom — I am faithful to.

My old, bookly loves; that along the dull roads of life, the arid and dreary ways, have left a shining track, and have lighted with their gentle glow the dark places . . . would that I could inscribe this page with warm, golden letters of tribute to all the delight they have given me. It would be a page more glowing, more bright, than any list of "best books", or any "five foot shelf" of dry and learned bibliophiles, whose books lodge only in the brain, the cold, intellectual part of us. *My* old loves keep their records on the tablets of my heart.

I hear the trumpets of the publishers braying; the shouting, the hurrahing, as the glittering throng of thousands of new books sweeps by. But all the brawling of this age of feverish fantasy moves me not; I am too busy courting my old loves, to kneel at new shrines.

I tremble, to allude even briefly to any personal reactions or experiences, even with such ghostly and immaterial loves as books. Still vivid in my consciousness is Miss Repplier's vivacious vivisection, in a late review, of autobiographers and their "happiness" . . . surely greatly shattered now. But how can I tell of my books, without some mention of me and their way with me? Safe in the shelter of my unimportance, I will not fear those blue lightnings, but come boldly out into the open with the brazen pronoun . . . I. Have I not the authority and example of Theodore Dreiser, and Henry Adams? *Et tu Brute!* Have I not read "My Convent Days"? So eat me not, good giant! Also, when I recall that Carl Van Doren says "it is only from autobiography that you learn something", I take heart of grace. But I fear there are no such delightful passages in store for the reader of these pages as are furnished in John Wesley's Journal, when he mentions his wife's leaving him. His sole comment on this supposedly important event was, "I did not leave her; I did not send her away; I shall not recall her." Such oases in the desert of an autobiography are worth what they cost.

Well, may I say then (because it really has to do with my choices in books) that my father was an educator, in Richmond, Virginia, in the 1840's, and published the first educational paper ("The Southern Journal of Education") south of the Mason and Dixon Line. Literary men were poor in those days; for there were no such things as "press agents". My mother used to read proof for my father with a baby on

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her lap. But she could have qualified with Savarin as a cook.

One of my earliest recollections is of a tall, black walnut bookcase, in my father's study. Behind the glass doors were ranged de Tocqueville's "Democracy in America", Lyell's "Geology", d'Aubigné's "History of the Reformation", Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations", Butler's "Analogy", Spencer's "Data of Ethics", Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" (now a precious relic, every page filled with penciled notes) . . . what dry, scanty herbage for a child to browse in. But there were succulent bits in the arid pasture. There were two volumes of "The Spectator", bound in yellow calf; and no novel has ever so piqued my interest as did then the varying successes of Sir Roger de Coverley in his courtship of the fair but perverse widow. Though I could not have been six years of age, I soon became an adept at picking out the story from the trash heaps of the politics of the period. Who speaks of arid pastures, when there was Oliver Goldsmith, with his perennial charm? Who could forget "my wife's pomades and petticoats", her matrimonial bureau, and the adventures of Moses in trade? Is there a modern play on the boards that can compare in plot or wit with "She Stoops to Conquer"? Years after, when high school dignity had given me authority, we "produced" "She Stoops to Conquer"; and Tony Lumpkin drove his mother round and round the bog, to the screaming delight of the audience.

Just where I could reach them were three bound volumes of the London "Athenæum" (all the advertisements bound in), as bulky as an old Webster's Unabridged. These I would drag out on the floor and, with head propped up on one elbow, pore over for hours. Here I discovered treasures in the mass of uncomprehended rubbish . . . poems, extracts from stories, reviews of books, eagerly devoured by my young mind, starved for romance and beauty. For my father permitted no "light reading". I recall, among these reviews, one of a book called "Episodes of Insect Life". Achata Domestica was the author's intriguing name, and she rivaled Fabre himself for intimate observation, delicate description, and poetic feeling. "The glowworm's fairy eyes are lucifers", she said, "to light Titania's household." Perhaps the old "Athenæums" were not so bad for the formation of a child's taste. I can recall my father's slow smile (his smile was in the eyes chiefly) as he paced the room and glanced down upon me. He was not unpleased to see his little daughter trying on his man's doublet, however much too large for her. I know not if such a "dipping" among old books could be called "educative"; I only know those old "Athenæums" gave me my love of books, and that I still love them and have them.

Later, there came a literal red letter day for me — a gift of Abbott's "Histories", the entire set of eighteen volumes of those fascinating tales of the world's heroes. They made a splendid line of color in their scarlet binding and gold lettering, quite filling one shelf of the tall bookcase, and lighting all its gloom. I was allowed to take them down, "if you will be very careful" — an injunction so faithfully obeyed that fifty years later they were bestowed in perfect condition upon my grandchildren. I wonder what they look like now! It seems unbelievable that "Mary Queen of Scots" and "Alexander the Great" were written by the same man who wrote the "Rollo" books. Stranger still, that he should have written the "Franconia Stories" . . . to me, the most delightful chil-

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dren's stories ever written. These also, bound in scarlet and gold, were added to the happy shelf that held the Histories, where they flamed gloriously. To this day, I can close my eyes and see Malleville eating her midnight bowl of bread and milk at the immaculate kitchen table, clad only in her little white nightie. To this day, those old woodcuts are dearer to me than all the halftones of the engraver's art. And what would those inimitable travel sketches of Porte-Crayon's, in the "Harper's" of the Fifties, be without the delectable woodcuts they are embellished with?

No . . . the children of today are welcome to "The Pied Piper in Pudding Lane"; to "Rootabaga Pigeons"; to "Aunt Polly's Story of Mankind"; to "Hen-Land" and "Doll-Land" and "Monkey-Land"; even to "Penrod". They have nothing on *my* childhood, star bright with the "Franconia Stories". I am sad, because they have just been reprinted in a de luxe edition, with all the moralizing left out in deference to the attitude of the children of today, who won't stand for it, and with halftones substituted for my beloved woodcuts. But they are not the same, and they are not "improved".

It was about this time that we children were set, on Sunday afternoons, to "get by heart" parts of the Bible. I shall never cease to be thankful for those noble and inspiring passages that thus became fixed in my memory, and have remained when the reading of later years has passed as a tale that is told. To this day, those majestic phrases . . . "The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork" . . . "Day after day uttereth speech, night after night giveth knowledge" . . . return to my mind, to thrill me again with their dignity and grandeur. In those days no attempt had been made to "lay the ghost of King James"; and we were steeped in the beauty and majesty of that version. Neither had we then the privilege of reading the Bible as interpreted for us by Mr. Van Loon or Billy Sunday. And I am thankful that, for me, those nobler passages of the Bible still have a far flung harmony, a rhythm like the winds and tides; and that they convey to me some great, primæval force: some spirit moving over shadowy waters; some voice, calling to struggling souls with strength and power to renew their fallen light. Thinking of it only as poetry, of the loftiest and purest kind, I am thankful that my earliest acquaintance with books included the Bible.

It may seem incredible to this generation that a girl of bookish tastes should reach the age of twelve years as innocent of fiction as a nun of rouge. But the only approach to such "fritterings of the intellect" were "Home Influence" by Grace Aguilar, and "The Home" by the Swedish novelist Frederika Bremer, the latter permitted to adorn the centre table by reason of the author's recent trip to St. Anthony's Falls, where, petrified with terror, she crossed the river in a canoe. I remember the exact position of these dull and innocuous tales upon the table.

To us, then, came Miss Eliza C., with eyes the "bluest of all things grey, the greyest of all things blue", and opened . . . heaven. "The Newcomes", previously secreted between the mattresses of my bed, came boldly out into the open; and Dickens became a household word. How great a change this involved, the following extract from a letter of my father's written in 1843 will show.

Richmond, Va.

March 19. Charles Dickens and lady are here. I have not seen him, probably shall not. Certainly, I shall not go out of

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my way, to get a peep at him. Pretty times! when sober Americans, run mad after a flimsy writer who sneers at them. What claim has he to all this parade! His "Pickwick" and "Nicholas Nickleby", I have for the most part read; and probably they served to while away several hours which might have been more profitably spent. As to his "Master Humphrey's Clock", I never had the patience to finish a single chapter.

In the year in which "David Copperfield" was published, London had little over St. Anthony's Falls; for a huge parcel was delivered from the river packet to the only stationer in the place, out of which emerged "David Copperfield". "Dickens's new novel has come", flew from lip to lip. We all, like Captain Brown in "Cranford", walked the streets reading the fascinating pages. It was the impressionable time with me, and the wonderful creations of Dickens's fancy have never dimmed. Still do I see Maggie among the flapping clothes lines of the Marshalsea Prison; I see the dim, desolate marshes in the early dawn, the terrifying convict dragging his ball and chain across them, and the frightened Pip stealing to him with the file. Still do I see the Bird of Prey dragging that nameless horror through the black water, and the shuddering Maggie in the bow.

One of Dickens's novels that made the deepest impression on me, one I never see referred to and no one seems to know, is his "Hard Times", one of the most powerful indictments of commercial greed ever written. Here are pictures indeed. The miner, lying crushed at the bottom of the open shaft; Thomas Gradgrind, who shut all beauty and imagination out of life, and his only son hidden in the circus ring; Mrs. Sparsit, forever knitting, her foot forever ambling in the stirrup of her yarn, while she forever watched Louisa endlessly descending an endless staircase to a black abyss of shame below. . .

Among my most precious memories are the high school days, when, after school was dismissed, my idolized teacher — Mr. Interpreter in the House Beautiful — sat down with me in one of the school forms, while I construed my two hundred lines of Virgil. Often he lapsed into a brown study while the murmurous lines flowed on, rousing suddenly, and pouncing upon some unhappy construction. One of my most cherished possessions is my old school copy of Anthon's Virgil, with its well thumbed pages and precious "Notes". A dear and ancient thing, from the days of my youth. In those imaginative years my mind became saturated with the music, the color, the exquisitely modulated lines, smoothly gliding, nobly sustained, of this matchless verse. Dearly as I loved the cadence of the resonant Latin, the Virgilian splendor of the voyage, it was the love story of Dido, with its intensity, its passion, that held my feminine mind entranced. Dido was ennobled and idealized by her great love. Beside her, Æneas sank to a contemptible figure. I was consumed with pity for the sorrows of the lovely queen. The human tenderness of the story, "the tears of things", choked me. When Æneas crossed the River of Forgetfulness, and passed with the Sibyl and the Golden Bough into hell, the terrifying journey left me cold as far as Æneas was concerned. I viewed him with dislike and contempt. I suppose some Strachey will now come along and strip Dido of all her lovely, pathetic robe of grief, make her out a "light o' love" as indeed some have already done. Yes, my old Anthon is one of my old loves — "All the charm of all the Muses, flowering in a single word."

My poets! My best beloved! On

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whose bright wings I have "sailed beyond the sunset and the baths of all the western stars" . . . with whom I have "touched the Happy Isles, and drank of Avon from brim-filled bowls of Intellectual day" . . . how can I follow your magic sails down that sea of Beauty, with all its bounding tides, all its purple flush of calms? There be those who cannot speak of poets without laughing: "dreamers in the dark; soothsayers in a teacup", they call them. Who cry out when asked what poet they prefer: "Never touch 'em. Poets? Ah, stars shine too high to reach such earthworms."

Aurora Leigh! Bright Chaldean, with all this smell of thyme about your feet . . . You set my heart beating still, as if I were fifteen. Nay, fifteen could not take in such large horizons; such orchestral melodies of pipes and stops. Her I thank for that fresh, spontaneous poetry that charms but does not preach. Not that there was any absence of thought in Aurora Leigh. She signed her poem royally, like a queen. But the June was in her, with all its multitude of nightingales singing. . .

The clouds, the skies, the fields,
The happy violets, hiding from the roads
The primroses run down to, carrying gold . . .

In his delightful "Confessions of a Book-Lover" Maurice Egan, now alas delighting other booklovers no more, finely says: "I have never read any worth-while book, that was not intimately related to at least a score of other books." And so I thank Aurora Leigh for a line —

I mind me how Theocritus did sing,
Of the dead years, the dear and wished-for years —

that led me to her own and other beautiful translations of the Greek poets. I thank her for all that radiance of "white-pillared cities that sit by the Ægean sea". For Euripides, with his "droppings of warm tears"; for "A Carven Cup", that most exquisite prototype of Keats's "Grecian Urn".

Do but sing! cry the shepherds,
For there is no more sunshine nor singing,
Under the grass, in the realm of the dead
Where all is forgotten.

"The cyprus plains of Theocritus yet echo with the call of the cicada, and the anemones still bloom. The pipes of Pan are not all silent."

How can I tell of Jean Ingelow, her bright rivulet of song, watering the parched places? Although mine is the sixteen thousandth copy of the Author's Edition of 1865, even now I hear the Bells of Enderby ringing, and

Cusha! Cusha! Cusha! calling
Where the early dews were falling,
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
Faintly came her milking song.

Who among modern lyricists, even Walter de la Mare, can equal the music, the exquisite cadence of Tennyson, my King of Poets? I say it boldly, in spite of the fine scorn of the Imagists. Is there an Imagist among them who ever "touched to finer issues the heart of the world" as did William Blake? Who among them can so transport us to those fields of light and "chambers of the sun"? From which of them do we get such pictures of the mystery of sleep, of the divineness of tears, of the wonder of the soft petals of flowers, the fantasies of fairies, of the "yellow sands"? Not Amy Lowell, with all her rich color and delicate effects of rhythm and non-rhythm, sweeping across our vision in gorgeous, stiff brocade and weaves of many colored glass. She dazzles, she challenges — but a "friend of the heart" . . . Ah, no!

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It was when poking about the bookshelves of a cousin's country house one rainy day that I came across a dilapidated volume minus the cover, and straightway forgot the wet leaves and the soggy sward outside. My cousin, who wanted me to hull the berries for a shortcake and who cared naught for poets, came over to see what was keeping me. "What, that old thing!" she cried. "Do take it home with you. I don't want it!" And so I became the joyful owner of the Journal of Eugénie de Guérin; and I met Maurice her brother, and the Centaur's Wife, redolent of the perfume of the valleys where the Centaur was born. Of course she got on my nerves, with her excess of emotion; just as Madame de Sévigné does, with her longings for the peerless Pauline. But if one skips judiciously the sadness and sentimentalism of the Journal, one falls under the spell of an infinite peace and calm. One seems to be in a lovely corner of the world, far from its madding crowd. It is strange how such a book will affiliate with both priest and pagan. There is the same strong, serene spirit in each. I have no "Daily Strength for Daily Needs", not relishing such chopped up provender. But on my table for many years have lain side by side "The Imitation of Christ" and my beloved "Senectute et Amicitiæ", with the preference given, if anything, to the pagan. To open these books is to go down into a still garden, where blow lilies of consolation and peace. Near these rests a plain little book, "Oh, Mother Dear, Jerusalem", which I love for the grand sound of the Latin version. It is a shabby little volume printed in 1864, and bought at a second hand store in 1885. It is hardly a fit mate for the sober richness of the à Kempis in flexible black morocco with its cross of gold; but they do not complain.

How can I choose among my old loves? They are so many; how they crowd and press around me; like the unborn souls in Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" — crowding the ship that is to bear them out on the sea of life. Gentle Elia — lifelong friend — how oft have you afforded me that happiness you craved for yourself, "to lose yourself in other men's minds". Desolate indeed would be the walls of Balelutha, the shelf, without Elia in his place. What would be the sofa corner among the cushions and the evening lamp — my beloved consort — without "Blue China", and "My Relations", and "Bridget" . . . "Bridget who, being fifty years old, is in some things 'behind her years'". Never do "I see the skirts of the departing year" without reading again his tender dissertation on New Year's Eve, and sharing with him the embraces of his "midnight darlings". And "Cranford", gentlest of my friends . . . can I forget Miss Mattie or the Honorable Mrs. Jamieson or my anxiety lest the most becoming cap should not be chosen? How distressed I am when Miss Mattie falls asleep in her chair after dinner, with her old lover, from whom I hoped so much, reading his favorite poetry to her. Shall I forget Lowell, and "The Potiphar Papers", and the Reverend Cream Cheese, and the prayer book bound in pale, skim-milk blue velvet? In this corner Howells stands, with "Silas Lapham" and "Their Wedding Journey", and Mrs. March with her perennial passion for lovers, doing up her back hair with all her hairpins in her mouth.

Will any reader forty years from now sit down on the floor, oblivious to dusting, and be lost in "Women in Love", or "The Waste Land", or "Flaming Youth", as I am lost in such an old fashioned novel as "The Minis-

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ter's Wooing" . . . a simple story, but how it possesses the heart. Can any Lost Lady do the like? What would my beloved Sarah Orne Jewett say to "A Lost Lady"? She to whom its talented author owed so much. To whom she wrote, "You must write to the human heart — the great consciousness that all humanity goes to make up . . . otherwise sentiment falls to sentimentality: you write about life; not life itself." Oh, I know how flat and insipid, to the writers and critics of today, seems that exquisite New England flavor, that fresh grace, that lightness of touch, that gentle humor, that charming *gaieté du cœur* that never, never could take wing among the crowd of glittering dragonflies darting around and above the waste lands of literature. Do but read her Letters; the canopic jar that holds the beautiful heart of her, with its fragrant, rose leaf fancies for covering, its spices of wit and humor. Though she became a classic (anathema to this generation) in American letters, and was translated into many languages, she never lost her gentle, friendly, affectionate ways. It was her pilgrimage to Madame de Sévigné's garden, with its fig tree and "all its wall flowers tumbling over the battlements like a brook", that sent me to the Sévigné Letters. It was to her friendship with "dear Alice Meynell" that I owe acquaintance with that *précieuse*, with the Essays, thick with lovely fancies "as flowers in an April meadow"; and with "Renunciation" which Pater calls "one of the four finest sonnets in the English language . . . with her heart shut between its lines like a flower between the covers of a book".

Yes . . . I am faithful to my old loves; even to that stateliest of them, George Eliot, who wove on such large looms a great network of life currents, acting and reacting on each other, until they gathered into one great final chord. Are there any among the two thousand English and American novels of the year with such power yet such perfection of form, and pervaded by a soul so gentle, so genuine, as that behind the strong, noble features, the blue eyes, the fair hair crowned with the fascinating little lace cap? For the sake of "Jeremy" — adorable Jeremy — almost I had included his creator, Mr. Walpole, among my loves. But when he called George Eliot "horse-faced", he cast a black frost upon my budding affection.

Did I say there was no room in my heart for new loves? I forgot. How could I pass by Charles Brooks, long beloved? Who has taken me on pilgrimage; who has regaled me with delectable "Pippins and Cheese"; who has gone with me of a warm spring morning over into the park, with daffodils waving in the grass and robins hopping in the hedge, and sung with me and played with me and with all the delightful people his fancy summoned up to keep us company. If I were writing a book, Charles Brooks should have a chapter to himself. I once loaned "Hints to Pilgrims" to a crusty old bachelor; and when he returned it he said, "That's a foolish book", and returned to Plutarch's Lives. Each of us has his own love. I, for instance, love to sit with Lavengro under the hedge, and drink innumerable cups of tea which Isopel Berner has kept the kettle boiling to make for him, her two long plaits of fair hair hanging down her back. My old bachelor friend would be oblivious to the hair and the hedge, though he would drink the tea. It was Barrie who said: "Women are canny; you could almost write a book about them", and so it is with books — those other loves. But this, alas, is not

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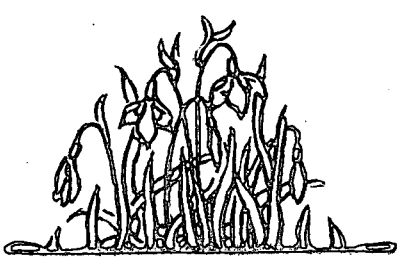
a book, only a little article. To write of women, or books, is to enter a vast unknown country. I can only touch the hands of my beloved in Hail and Farewell!

Last year Lachesis, in friendly mood, threw into my lap a winter in California. In the evenings, a blazing wood fire, bookshelves with all my old loves behind the glass doors; and a rose thatched pergola by day. Like the ancient Israelites, I journeyed with the pillar of cloud (of roses) by day, and the pillar of fire by night. Under that rose thatched roof I first strayed in "The Garden of Allah"; and yielded myself up to the enchantment of the desert and Dominie, thus late in life discovering beauty which I, in foolish prejudice, had ignored. What matter that the author could not make a man out of the monk. The desert, its mystery, its silence, its charm, the low hung Syrian stars, the wells with their fringing palms, the kneeling camels, all had me in their spell.

"What is that desert of water more beautiful than the land?" asked the Arab chief, when for the first time he beheld the sea. But I, through this book, for the first time felt the greater mystery of the desert sands. As with the old bookkeeper in "Prue and I", unseen by me save from my rocking chair in the rose covered pergola, forever wave those Egyptian palms, under whose shade I sat that day in that enchanted Garden of Allah.

Still under the spell of my old loves, I sit dreaming over the chef d' œuvre of all Mary Johnston's romances, "Audrey", and my throat tightens and aches as I read again the last chapter. Audrey is dying — by the bullet intended for her lover. Her mind wanders to the mountains, her childhood home, their sunny glades and purple mists. "The mountains!" says Audrey clearly; "the sun upon them and the rising mist." The man upon his knees beside her begins to speak to her thickly words of entreaty, of agony, of love. "The mountains!" he cries. "Ay, we will go to them together. Why you are stronger already sweetheart! You shall take me to the mountains; we will go to them together, you and I — Audrey! Audrey! . . ." But Audrey was already gone.

And so, when at last I am come to the Delectable Mountains and the Elysian Fields, when it is mine to answer to that last roll call "Adsum", may I be assigned to some corner of the "enameled green" where are gathered my old loves, my bookly friends; lest even in heaven I break my heart with loneliness, missing them.



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THE SKETCH BOOK

WHY LIE?

By Mrs. Joseph Conrad

I HAVE often wondered what satisfaction people get from that fictious form of lying. Such as, for instance, claiming an intimate acquaintance with some person more or less in the public eye at the moment. I imagine many well known writers have been victimized in this manner; once it was my unique experience to overhear a most romantic version of my own husband's life and habits, related with every appearance of truth and complete conviction.

It happened, for some now forgotten reason, that I traveled down from town unattended by either my husband or the boys. I was rather late for the train at Charing Cross, and was somewhat agitated by the time I was settled in my corner of a first class carriage. My porter, who from an excess of zeal had hurried me rather unnecessarily, announced triumphantly as he opened the carriage door, "'Ere you are ma'am, ladies only, fust stop Ashford." I gasped my thanks and tendered him my tip, and as I waited then some few minutes till the train started, I regretted that I had not had the good fortune to fall to the care of one of the many officials known to me on that line, who would not have hurried me so much. However, I had caught the train. As we drew out of the station I glanced across at my fellow travelers, two ladies no longer in their first youth. They were in animated discussion at the time of my entry. After favoring me with that apprizing glance which seems to price your garments and at the same time intimate how very insignificant a person you are really, they turned their gaze away and resumed their former discussion. I in my turn, completely uninterested, subsided in my corner and watched the fields and countryside slipping past the carriage windows with restful interest. I had a book with me but I have never been able to read in the train.

We had just cleared the outskirts of London when the mention of my own name, or rather I should say my husband's name, arrested my attention and I heard one of my two fellow travelers asserting that he was known to her intimately. I half rose in my seat, but the next moment I heard the rather shrill voice declaring that the man to whom I had then been married for nearly twenty years was still a bachelor. I gasped. "Yes, dear", the voice continued. "I should think you would have heard something from someone in our set. You remember the time when I was staying with Lady Milne; I met him there. He is a near neighbor of hers. There was even . . ." She lowered her voice and there followed a whispered confidence too low to be audible to me above the rumble of the train. "But Agnes, my dear," interrupted the other, "isn't that a trifle indiscreet of you? He's a foreigner, he may have a wife in his own country."

"Oh, as to that, I can assure you it's perfectly safe. I was reading in the paper only a few days ago that he left his country when he was only seventeen and hasn't been back since. He's a most charming man with the most perfect manners. I am simply devoted to him."

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Here followed a pause, in which I longed to proclaim the fact that I was the wife of the man they were discussing. Then I reflected that to one at least of these women I might appear to be lying, and I hesitated. Meanwhile the conversation began again and I listened, appalled, to the tissue of lies that flowed. The good lady, now fairly embarked on the tale of her conquest of my husband, began to enlarge freely; but as she mentioned dates in order to convince her friend, I was quite unruffled. I knew these statements to be a parcel of lies. From time to time she favored me with a somewhat hostile glance, while her friend indulged in a haughty stare. I perceived that quite unwittingly some of my interest must have appeared in my face. I half turned my back and kept my gaze fixed on the flying landscape. I was wondering how on earth I could acclaim myself with any show of truth, for my fighting spirit was aroused and I felt a passionate desire to speak out before I left the carriage.

Just then the train slowed down and I had a sudden brain wave. I would manage to make the railway official address me by name. I knew my husband would be at the station to meet me, and I knew that, owing to a recent attack of gout, he would not leave the car. I was also perfectly certain that some official would be told off to assist me from the train. Everything happened as I had foreseen, except that the official greeted me with a cheerful "Good morning, ma'am", without the prefix of my name. For a moment I was stumped, then I questioned: "Is my car here, do you know?"

"Oh yes, Mrs. Conrad, and Mr. Conrad is here too."

This was all I wanted. With what I hope was becoming dignity, I turned to the lady who had claimed such intimate acquaintance with my husband and who I noticed was looking a trifle confused, and remarked quietly, "Madam, I am Mrs. Joseph Conrad!"

AN EPILOGUE

By Guy Holt

OF course, she did not really marry the prince. That was a report sent out by the prime minister, who wished, he said, to protect the reputation of the last member of a family which had ever been distinguished rather for nobility of spirit than for discretion or common sense. And, for that matter, the young prince had never shown evidence of — well, of more intelligence than, say, even the least of vertebrates might require. Amiable? Charming? To be sure. But so to forget himself and his position over a common kitchen wench, merely because she possessed a tiny foot: and to spend literally millions in a search for her! It was most distressing. . . . Thus, in effect, the prime minister, in later years.

But I anticipate. . . .

As for Cinderella: She returned, then, at midnight, as I believe has been reported. She was all aglow with wonder and delight, and for a space the kitchen wench's dreams possessed something of the glamour that in later days youthful hearted people have cast about her memory. But the ashes had, by some unhappy process, seeped into her spirit. In the morning she awoke to become much the same person she had ever been: a trifle sullen, a trifle sodden, and, alas, not at all beautiful. And if within her there was still a slight fluttering of the wings that had so proudly borne her the

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night gone, it was not hope which agitated them but discontent.

In due course she married a young charcoal burner in a rising way of business. She was a good wife to him, men say: a bit tart of speech and slatternly in dress, but no less competent. She bore him five sons in as many years. She grew broader in girth and sharper of tongue. And, for a certainty, she thought no more about the prince, save now and then to recall importantly that one triumphant night.

And the prince? Why, poor fellow, I have already hinted that he came from a line in no wise noted for sensible conduct. Perhaps it was because the lights were dim upon that night of the ball; perhaps it was the potency of a certain fairy's magic which had terribly augmented her ward's beauty. However that be, the prince could in no wise forget the loveliness of his unbidden guest: and to him that remembered beauty seemed ever greater than any he saw thereafter in the flesh. After months of vain waiting he set out in search of her. . . . The manner of that search has been described elsewhere.

But success did not come to him although he sought the unknown beauty throughout seven lands and for as many years. All women, of whatever degree, had attempted to wear that crystal slipper he always carried with him; but it would fit none of them.

Upon a certain day he rode near the borders of his kingdom and observed of a sudden a house which he had never before seen. It was, in fact, a hovel, but one a little less abject than its near neighbors. The lands were broader which surrounded it; hogs well fed rooted before it; and five sturdy, ragged boys shouted and played nearby. Upon the lintel sat a woman.

The prince drew rein before the hovel. Might it be, he wondered, that here lived the maiden he sought? Of all homes within many days' journey, this place alone remained untried. He hesitated, as he viewed the unkempt dooryard and its mistress; almost he hoped for another failure. But one does not lightly become the servant of illusion or carelessly evade its commands. He dismounted and approached the woman.

But as he drew near to her an interruption occurred. One of his men, impatient perhaps at his master's continued madness — although it may have been an accident — pricked his horse ever so slightly with his spur. The animal started madly forward, out of hand in a moment. Into the dooryard he thundered, and before his rider could master him had almost trampled one of the ragged youngsters who played there. The child picked himself up, frightened, and ran to his mother who had risen furiously.

So it was the woman who spoke first. I pass over what she said, for her words were neither few nor seemly; they served, however, to express her opinion of men who, upon whatever errand, rode unasked into poor folks' homes.

"And you", she cried to the prince, who had stood silent but apologetic throughout. "You, who stand there like a loon, for all your fine clothes — be off with you, whoever you are. *I* want none of you." This was not all she said, but it is the gist of it.

The prince turned away. There was, indeed, nothing else to do, for the woman had found her breath again and was repeating in different words the insults she had flung at them before. As they rode away, the prince and his men could hear her railing at them from a distance. To the men, it seemed that their master sat his saddle with even less of sprightliness in his manner

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than before. He seemed, after these years, at last to have bid farewell to hope. . . .

It was later in the day that one of the charcoal burner's sons brought to his mother a glittering trifle he had picked up in the road. It was a crystal slipper which, evidently, one of the morning's visitors had dropped in his flight. The woman sniffed in disgust as she looked at it. And: "Vanity", she said. "Like enough one o' them town huzzies gave it away, for a token. She was no better than she should be, who wore it, I'll wager." She bade the boy cast it away.

"But it's pretty, mother", the lad insisted.

"Pretty!" sneered his mother. "A trifle like that! Much good it would be to work in. Cast it away, you brat, and look for something useful next time."

"And yet", she thought later, "time was when I could have worn a geegaw like that and would, right gladly. Eh, I was a senseless lass in those days, before my man and I were married."

And she remembered — but faintly — the evening so many years ago when she had danced with the prince. But for the life of her she could not recall many things that had occurred that night: and of how the prince looked or spoke she could remember nothing at all.

THE ILLUSTRATOR'S JOB

By Frank Weitenkampf

WHAT is book illustration?

A book is illustrated, from a printing standpoint, if it contains pictures or diagrams of any kind. A treatise on locomotives, let us say, or a book on French history, or a history of painting. But the pictures in such publications are primarily illustrative documents. Certainly they have not necessarily any determined relation to the type page; generally not, in fact. The same is true of most of the illustrations drawn expressly for a given text — say, a novel; they do, indeed, square with the general conception of book illustration, but they seldom have a planned part in the design of the page or the book. A. W. Pollard, in the introduction to his volume "Early Illustrated Books", puts the matter in a nutshell thus:

> A book may be very profusely and even judiciously illustrated without being much the better for it decoratively. Though I have taken all possible pains to avoid ugliness, the present volume itself affords a sufficient example of the distinction which I wish to suggest. The pictures in it have been chosen as illustrations of books of the past, not as a means of making my own book beautiful, and some of them are out of harmony with the size of the pages and the character of the types here used.

That's really the whole story. Illustrations may emphasize or illumine or interpret the text or they may adorn the type page. They may do both. Sometimes they do neither.

There are, then, two kinds of illustrations: those which illustrate, and those which illustrate and decorate.

As to the first:

What we ask of the illustrator is an understanding grasp of characters and scenes, gained by a receptive and sympathetic attitude toward the humanity and surroundings and ideas presented by the author. It is a question not of subjection to the latter, but of cooperation with him. An agreement in mental standpoint. But such honest and sympathetic study of the text by the artist is a duty not always observed. The obvious error of putting characters into dress or action or surroundings quite at variance with the author's

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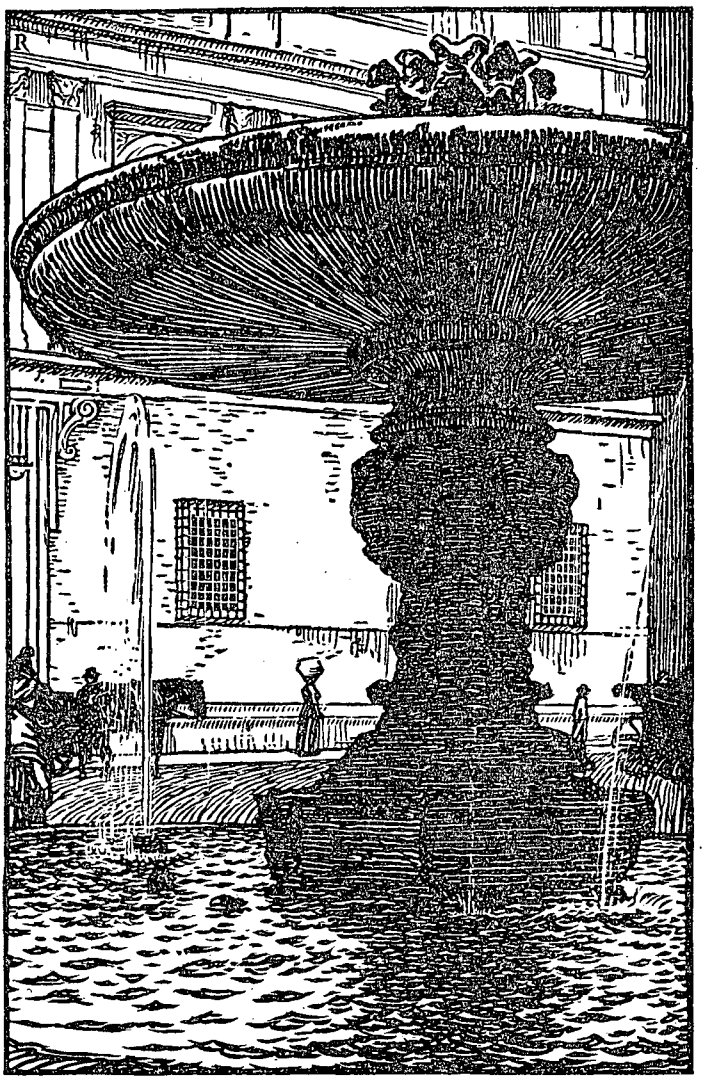

A contemporary example of an illustration which illustrates and decorates. Drawn and engraved on wood by Rudolph Ruzicka for "Fountains of Papal Rome" by Mrs. Charles MacVeagh. Reprinted by courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons

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description is a petty sin of commission or omission that may be left to be exposed by the "old reader" in his letters to the papers. It is a more basic disregard that is in question.

The illustrator that slights his job has lost the game. Illustration cannot be treated as pot boiling and made a success. As a definite branch of art it has its own importance and dignity to be brought out by the artist. Illustration, like any other profession or work or activity, is what the worker makes it. Furthermore, illustration is not mural painting, nor poster art, nor any other thing but just itself. That decidedly does not mean that there are not big and fundamental qualities in those other specialties in art which the illustrator must not disregard. There are certain sine qua nons for the accomplishment of the best art in any field (whether you are painting a Madonna or planning a "container" for goods) — thoroughness, understanding, sympathy, honesty, appropriateness — and they hold good equally well here.

The combination of temperament and technical ability often runs to specialization. Certain types or classes or phases of life may have a particular appeal to a given artist, so that we find illustrators identified with a special "line" of subjects — say, "society" pictures or animals or farm life or Indians or Negroes or children or military scenes or French Canadians. Names of artists who have made an enviable reputation in a particular field will readily occur to one. Such specialization may produce the happiest results. But honesty bars the use of the easy formula, the carefree employment of the same model for a member of the "upper ten" and an excursion boat fiddler.

Technical facility of a certain kind and degree is probably much more widespread today than formerly. This fact has had good results and bad. It has given us an increase in vapid cleverness. And the halftone will reproduce careless work, an undefined, half realized wash drawing, as well as a good one. That helps to take away the incentive to definiteness of statement. When the artist had to draw on the woodblock with a pencil, he had, perforce, to be definite. Of course, he might be definite in saying nothing. So much the worse for him, even though he pleased many. Cleverness, brilliancy, snap, and all the other "up to the minute" qualities are not, alone, enough. Nor will the easy way do in the end. And the best technique with nothing back of it will likewise not turn the trick.

Illustrating cannot be taught, only the preparatory training can be given. You cannot manufacture a good illustrator any more than you can "correspondence school" a fine cartoonist. All one can do is to equip the student with technique and start him on the road toward using his brain. The way to any success worthwhile is hard and thorny.

Given the finest ability in drawing, as a starter, there must be thought, taste, sympathetic and conscientious study, good judgment, added to produce adequate results. To the seeing eye, the understanding mind, there must be added human sympathy in order to meet human response and to hold it.

Today, many of our illustrators are painters, whose brush work on canvas is reduced in size by photography and reproduced by the halftone process. More than one artist of decided ability has entered this field who might conceivably have been deterred by the former restrictions of the woodblock. But this freedom from consideration of

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the medium of reproduction naturally lessens the artist's contact with the printer.

That brings up the other class of illustrations, those that decorate.

The great majority of even our best illustrations are pictures inserted in books the text of which they may elucidate, but with the artistic makeup of which they are quite likely to have no fundamental connection. Indeed, they are often painted with little reference to the book as a piece of printing. Printers and artists are strangers. And such illustrations are usually printed on coated sheets of paper, glossy and of unpleasant smell, tipped in between pages, and starting loose at the first opportunity, as though to get away from a place where they do not necessarily belong.

Adornment is synonymous with harmony, harmony between drawing and type, between the illustrative decoration and the printed page. That inevitably leads to line drawing, a matter for another paper, but to be mentioned here with emphasis as a significant and controlling factor in illustration throughout four centuries. The fact that wood engraving held its own for most of that time as the connecting link between designer and printer is easily explained by the other fact that woodblock printing and type printing are both relief processes, so that cuts and text can be printed in one operation. Which invites the obvious reflection that business economy is apt to impose appropriateness based on materials used and the end in view. The sense of appropriateness that fits the proper medium to the purpose is a potent element in any art. Its realization, in the production of a book harmonious in all its parts, is not possible unless illustrator, printer, and binder are in harmonious accord.

It is well to go back to the achievements of the early printers and illustrators, such as the Florentine books of the late fifteenth century, or Holbein's famous cuts for the Bible and the Dance of Death. Not to copy. It's a sorry archaizing that slavishly and thoughtlessly apes a style belonging to another age and land and spirit. Every age has its character and dignity worthy of expression. Even William Morris, fine though his influence was, has been criticized as not speaking for his own living period. Book illustration, like any form of art, should be an outcome of its own time and place. But it, too, has its traditions, its foundations. The example of those old fellows is precious. The early printers in their page arrangement practised principles that we have not surpassed. Among their illustrated books we have imperishable models for present day inspiration. There are books on this subject, written or edited by A. W. Pollard, Walter Crane, Joseph Pennell, Gleeson White, Grautoff and others, which reproduce numerous examples of book illustrations in which sound principles may be studied profitably in their application.

We have had, and have, illustrators who link arms with the author and make us interested in what they have to say about him. And others, some of them engraving their designs on wood, who, with knowledge of printing in its broadest aspect, serve to further the cause of good book making. For all such, here and abroad, may we be heartily thankful, and pray that their tribe increase.

In the end, it is more important to produce well illustrated and designed books — which does not necessarily mean sumptuous ones of *édition de luxe* expensiveness — than to produce many books with illustrations.

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"JACK SHALL HAVE JILL"

By Alice Van Leer Carrick

"WOMEN", said Sir Willoughby Patterne, "are matchmakers by nature", and I agree with him; it is a feminine failing that I acknowledge — and justify. Now usually, according to convention, a matchmaking woman is a nuisance to her acquaintance; constant in endeavor, inevitable; hurrying along her devastating path scattering engagements right and left, and sulking when her plans miscarry. All this I avoid; in real life I am as little disposed to encourage matrimony as Mr. Woodhouse himself. Not that I am any friend to celibacy; I merely do not bestir myself actively against it, and I satisfy what I am told is a true womanly instinct not by marrying off my friends, but by arranging matches between my favorite heroes and heroines of fiction. In other words, I am like that lovable old gentleman who could not bear to talk scandal, but who freed his soul from its natural human malice by abusing Judas Iscariot. Do not mistake me; for nothing would I interfere with manifest destiny or meddle with the fate of those fair, unhappy, happy lovers of all time: Tristram and Iseult, Romeo and Juliet, Paolo and Francesca; they who forever hold high festival in our dreams. But, for example, take Patient Griselda who, though a poor, weak, shillyshallying, good sort of creature, truly never had a chance. *I* should have married her to King Arthur who would have appreciated her qualities, and given the keeping of that detestable Count Walter's destiny into the hands of Vivian, or Madame Pernelle, or Lady Catherine de Bourgh, any of whom, being women of determination, would have taught him a lesson.

That's just for instance. To go on, there are book matches, of course, that I do ungrudgingly approve: "Jane Eyre" and "Wuthering Heights" leave me completely content; they couldn't have ended otherwise. But I believe that I am one of the very few readers of the whole world who is delighted to have Ivanhoe safely wedded to Rowena; Thackeray's sequel to the contrary, I am convinced that Rebecca was not the woman for him; her oriental gloom would have driven him back, despondent, to the Crusades within a year. And I thrill when Evelina, escaping the wiles of Sir Clement, the amorous pursuit of Mr. Smith and Mr. Brangton, "united herself forever with the object of her dearest, her eternal affection". I rejoice at the somewhat acrobatic devotion of Lord Mortimer as he "alternately embraced Amanda, and alternately fell at her feet"; and I am only *too* thankful when the nuptials of Sir Charles Grandison and Miss Harriet Byron are finally consummated. They weren't fit to marry anybody else! (By the way, did you ever notice the spiritual affinity between Sir Charles and Sir Willoughby, the one difference being that Meredith knew he was dealing with an egoist, and Richardson didn't? Oh, well, another. They both "had a leg", but Sir Charles certainly was luckier with the ladies!)

Still, if these few marriages please me, there are many, many more that leave me quite unreconciled. How Thackeray — otherwise greatly beloved — can chill my blood with the matches he makes! I am determined to undo some of them! To my thinking it was given him to create just one perfect love story, "The Virginians", with George and Theo living its happy protestants to be. But this one, only. Now for me Beatrix Esmond — ah, divine! — never grows old, never sinks into Mad-

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am Tusher-Bernstein, querulous, infinitely pathetic. She is always radiant youth clicking down that stately stairway in high heeled shoes and scarlet stockings; beautiful, imperious, dangling young Lord Ashburnham, or the Duke of Hamilton, or poor Harry, luckless lover that he was. Oh, I know it all was different; I just "pretend" because I care too much. And I don't see why Clive Newcome had to marry Rosie; and I never, never, never would have allowed Charlotte to accept that swaggering Philip, nor Laura Pendennis. If Laura had taken Warrington — and destiny was defied when she didn't — she might have amounted to something; struggle would have benefited her, strengthened her, and prevented her from degenerating into "a dowdy woman out of the nursery". That's what Talbot Twysden called her, and he was right; mentally dowdy, she grows more steadily tiresome with each succeeding volume. Besides, Pendennis never was meant to marry. He had burned up his heart in that first hot flame kindled by the Fotheringay; in those early days when love woke him at dawn and drove him, breathless. "Men like that always live in comfortable bachelor lodgings with broken hearts, and are adored by their landladies." Can you really see Pendennis a settled married man? Come now, confess!

And Jane Austen even more distresses me; about just two matches, it is true. But she is usually so complete, so understanding, she marries off her heroes and heroines with such sensibility *and* such sense (a very necessary combination, let me tell you) — she so justly joins Catherine Morland and Henry Tilney; Frederick Wentworth and gentle Anne Elliot; Mrs. Elton and her "*cara sposo*" — that I am disposed to consider Fanny Price's refusal of Henry Crawford, and Edmund's repudiation of Mary, as little short of a calamity. Do you remember when first you read "Mansfield Park" and, midway, felt the delicious little thrill of prescience that Fanny's destiny was about to blossom? I have never entirely lost it; after many years it still comes to me afresh. "'She will be late', said Sir Thomas, drawing out his watch." Oh, joy, it is beginning! And then, when Fanny drives off to the dinner party at the Parsonage, in the carriage that Aunt Norris didn't want her to have, and you see Henry Crawford's barouche drawn up in the door yard, you are very little surprised. You are even less surprised when, some weeks later, Henry confesses his love for one of the charmingest Cinderellas that all literature has given to us. Mrs. Norris is going to rage ineffectually at Fanny's promotion over Julia, and we are to have the felicity of hearing her — another happiness! But to have that beautiful bubble burst, the dream disappear! To marry Fanny to Edmund; to be obliged to think of her as eternally listening to his sermons in the pulpit and his sermons at the dinner table ("My dearest Fanny", taking her hand and *reasoning* with her); to have her condemned to a life all bread and butter when it might have savored a trifle of caviar! Mated with Mary Crawford, Edmund Bertram had the chance of becoming an interesting man as well as a respectable one; and, if I know women at all, Henry would have made Fanny Price very happy. Further I do not complain; I do not go so far as a Friend-in-Jane-Austen who insists that his favorite writer lost the chance of making the most eugenic match of all time — that of Mary Bennet and Mr. Collins. Still, had this happened, Elizabeth might never have visited Rosings, nor met again the adorable Fitzwilliam

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Darcy, the only other "book man" besides Harry Warrington that I ever wanted to marry.

With Dickens I have very little quarrel; in almost every case Jack has his Jill and all does go well. Excepting always, of course, Dora, who ought not to die, who *doesn't* die, now that I think "David Copperfield" over. Rather I am tempted to accept another friend's solution, and marry Agnes to Steerforth. "It", so this man says, "would have served him right." And with Trollope I have no quarrel at all, principally, I suppose, because I don't care; because I so much prefer his countryside to his characters, his frames to his portraits. A little mild wonder, perhaps, at Lady Glencora's giving up Burgo Fitzgerald whom she really loved for that stupid, arrogant Plantaganet Palliser; a gentle pleasure in the happiness of the Vicarage couple at Bullhampton. But nothing to make me *ache* the way Maggie Tulliver's death does. For I would have her live; come back triumphant in "that maize coloured satinette", with Stephen adoring, and all St. Oggs smiling upon her. Poor Maggie, who so prophetically wanted "to avenge Rebecca and Flora MacIvor and Minna and all the rest of the dark, unhappy ones".

Ah, well, we all have "matchmade" more or less, all of us women, at any rate; twisted and twined the threads of destiny into a golden web of our own patterning, from the time that we were old enough to grieve when Jo refused Laurie, and weep when Prince Charlie died and never could marry Rose in Bloom. I suppose of all people in the world the ones least disposed to actual matchmaking are the women who write novels; they have enough of it in the dailiness of their lives. You remember Mrs. Humphry Ward's telling Agnes Repplier that nobody knew better than she how *totally* unsuited Jacob and Julie were to each other, but that she simply could not endure the agony of contriving other marriages for them? So you and I, dear bookish matchmaker, who marry off our fiction friends, may suffer torments, but our acquaintance will not, and thus we acquire merit even in this world. How much better than cajoling and urging and wondering about our friends matrimonially it is to say, for instance, "Have you heard of Newland Archer's engagement to Ellen Olinska? I persuaded him to go to see her when he was in Paris, and now it's all so happily settled." Or, "I've just heard that Carol Milford is going to marry Dr. Kennicott, and live in that absurd Gopher Prairie, wherever that is. Somewhere out in Minnesota, I believe. And Carol's such a complete Cockney. Do you think it *can* last?"

Let me commend my method to you. I divert myself, I satisfy my "purely female instinct", and I still am beloved by my friends, relatives, and neighbors. As a social safety valve it is incomparable; as a pleasure, permanent, for sometime or other you must come to the end of your visiting list, but books go on forever.

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THE LONDONER

The Net Book Agreement and the Book War — A New Edition of James Joyce — Mrs. Woolf and Mr. Walkley — Human Nature and Its Vagaries — Mr. Conrad.

LONDON, *September* 1, 1924.

JUDGING by their correspondence, publishers are not much given to personal authorship. They know, of course, what authors ought to write — and they mention it — but they do not dash into print with much eagerness. They remind me of the English professional cricketer, recently reprimanded, whose gem of written apology reads:

> DEAR SIR, — I beg to express regret that any action of mine during the Yorkshire v. Middlesex match at Sheffield caused unpleasantness and which had the effect of my being reported by the umpires. I am exceedingly sorry, and it shall not occur again.

This might almost have been written by a publisher. As I said above, however, publishers prefer to tell others what to write. I once made a small collection of remarks to authors which seemed of value as coming from eminent publishers. I wonder if I can recall them. One publisher used certainly to tell his authors that whatever they wrote must be done "*con amore*" — or, in other words, for low royalties. Another used to say, "Let's have a rattling good story!" A third addressed his authors with the command, "Pile on the sentiment. You can't have too much of it." And a fourth, bidding myself farewell upon one occasion, said: "Goodby, my boy. Mind and make the next one *human*." All of which pieces of advice, except the first, I judge to be extremely fine commercial and æsthetic advice for the growing novelist without conscience. Of literary publishers, who are dangerous men, I think I am right in saying that William Heinemann used to write tragedies which were published for him by John Lane, but as I never read any of these tragedies I may be wrong, and in any case they cannot be taken unread as any evidence of literary talent. It has been left to two of our "elder" publishers to come out as serious authors (I do not mean as novelists) within the last few weeks. Sir Frederick Macmillan has written — and in the course of his work has included an interesting and able contribution which Edward Bell has written — accounts of two important episodes in modern book publishing. These matters concern all who take any professional interest in books. They relate to the Net Book Agreement and the Book War produced by the action of the "Times" Book Club in going behind the Net Book Agreement. To American readers this fuss might seem academic, as I am not aware that there is any widespread movement in the United States for the sale of books at anything less than the published price; but perhaps this means only that the American publishers have already had their battle, or that the American booksellers are a more sensible body than their English confrères. At one time, according to Sir Frederick Macmillan, the issue was actually clouded by the introduction of most disingenuous references to the sacred doctrines of Free Trade. It will

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hardly be believed at this time, but it is none the less true that famous writers were led to take violent sides with booksellers who were nothing better than blacklegs. These booksellers wanted to cut prices, to undersell their more honest rivals, and by increase in turnover to make good the losses created by the sale of all books at starvation profits. For many years the enforcement of net prices was held up by the booksellers themselves. There were no prices which were not subject to varying discounts. The public came to expect such discounts, and attempts to regulate the prices at which books were to be sold to their purchasers were all baffled. Then came along Sir Frederick Macmillan and his stalwarts, who experimented with some books sold to those booksellers only who would swear to take no discount off the fixed price set by the publishers. The experiment succeeded. Other firms followed. Nowadays no purchaser of a book expects to get it for something less than the price printed by the publisher upon the dust cover. As a consequence some, though not all, booksellers can show a profit upon their bookselling business. Whereas at one time no bookseller could live without selling also toys and stationery, nowadays a bookseller who sells toys and stationery is either incompetent or is out to make his shop into a sort of general store for the elect. This is because he can make a profit out of selling books. And as published prices grow more strict so do the demands of booksellers for larger discounts to themselves increase, until they actually take per copy a larger percentage than author or publisher. The bookseller in England nowadays expects to buy books in quantities from the publishers at something like a third off the publishing price, or certainly at a discount of not less than thirty per cent. The author may get twenty five per cent if his sales are large and his agent pressing. This leaves the publisher with barely forty five per cent with which to pay his printers, stationers, binders, advertising bills, etc., and, having paid also his assistants and rent, to live. It is sometimes supposed by booksellers that authors and publishers live rent and service free, but this is a mistake. They have their "overhead charges" as well as the trade. I mention these details, not in order to express regret (since although I really think the author's share in a book is the most important of all, I realize that this view is confined to authors), but in order to signify how much the bookseller's position has improved. I believe the Net Book Agreement to have begun the task of ameliorating the bookseller's lot. The bookseller, I feel, whatever his private emotion toward Sir Frederick Macmillan and the Macmillan firm, should recognize what great good has been done by this firm and this agreement.

* * * *

The second part of Sir Frederick's book, while it deals with what is comparatively a minor matter (though it threatened at one time to destroy the Net Book Agreement), is to the lay reader more interesting still. It is interesting because it has something of the exciting character of a detective story or a political crisis. It has also the charm of being secret history. I must outline the situation that arose with the establishment of the "Times" Book Club. As all readers of these pages probably know, we have in England a system whereby books are lent to the public by organizations known as "select" libraries. They are not "public" libraries as we know them,

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but are "subscription" libraries, the difference being that our "public" libraries, unlike our "public" schools, are practically free to all, and without charge. Now in 1905 there was originated, apparently as an aid to the circulation of the "Times", a new library, subscription to which was included in a subscription to the "Times" itself. This was the "Times" Book Club. Nobody objected to the existence of this new organization for the selling of books (except, perhaps, the already existing libraries), but trouble immediately arose from the Club's reservation to itself of the right to sell books at second hand prices while the publishers were still actively engaged in trying to sell them as new books. The dangers of this course were immediately obvious to the publishers. Only a few sticklers for unblemished dust covers were going to find fault with copies, at half price, of new books which looked new and unused, and which they could possess at the reduced rate within a month of publication. Driven to the act, the publishers began to stop supplies. The "Times" Book Club began subterranean methods of acquiring stock. It employed secret agents, who bought as for themselves and then hurried the books to the Book Club's premises. These agents were successively confounded, and then booksellers' collectors (harmless drudges who perambulate London asking unintelligibly for books in the offices of publishers who do not publish them) were bribed to buy as if for their legitimate employers. That, too, was discovered and checked as a method of circumventing the publishers. The net (I might say the Net Book Agreement) began to close round the "Times" Book Club. Frantically, it employed skilful writers to compose advertisements intended to suggest that the publishers were enemies of the people. The advertisements had great influence. Such a writer as Bernard Shaw insisted on publishing a special edition of his works which could be on sale at the "Times" Book Club. He delighted in combating an iniquity. And then at last one of these advertisements went too far. It was printed in the form of a letter to the editor of the "Times". It accused John Murray of extortion in the matter of the price of "The Letters of Queen Victoria". A libel action followed, the publisher's moderation in the matter of profit was vindicated, and the jury awarded him damages to the extent of £7,500. That was the beginning of the end. Lord Northcliffe bought the "Times", and after some compromises had been reached, which assisted the "Times" Book Club but left the Net Book Agreement intact and reenforced in power, the situation was cleared. I have dwelt upon this question somewhat at length, and I apologize for being prolix over it; but the whole thing was of so much importance to writers as well as to publishers, and to readers as well as to writers, that I could not neglect it. Particularly in view of the fact that Sir Frederick Macmillan's book is printed for private circulation, and may therefore not receive the customary amount of notice in the press.

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In years previous to my active knowledge of what was going on in the literary world, James Joyce published through the firm of Elkin Mathews a small work of poetry which I have never seen. In 1914 I can claim that I was one of the first to appreciate the talent of the author of "Dubliners", though I cannot pretend to have found that book altogether edifying. I did in fact write a review of "Dubliners"

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which I should be prepared to stand to even today. The book was published by Grant Richards, who also at a later date published James Joyce's play, "Exiles". But for some reason Grant Richards did not publish "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man", a book which was launched upon enthusiastic praise by H. G. Wells, who, as far as I can recall, felt warmly because the book was an extraordinarily vivid account of the life of young men at a Catholic seminary. He did not, that is, as far as I am aware, commit himself to æsthetic judgment. I may be wrong about this. I thought, however, and still think, that the "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" was an overpraised book. Apart from its title, which is very attractive, and from some passages of distinction, I believe the "Portrait" to have been disagreeable without compensation. The author's next work, unless I am mistaken, was the play "Exiles", published here by Grant Richards; and it was followed by the much discussed "Ulysses", published in Paris in what I believe was a limited edition, now exhausted. I mention these bibliographical facts because I understand that Jonathan Cape has now made arrangements to reissue all Mr. Joyce's works in England. Whether the projected new edition will include a cheaper reprint of "Ulysses" I am not in a position to say. If it does, I shall be very interested to see what happens. It must not be forgotten that extremely strong pressure was brought to bear upon the authorities at the time "The Rainbow" was successfully prosecuted, this pressure being attributed, either rightly or wrongly, to a prominent and successful popular novelist. Clement Shorter received most of the blame for the prosecution of "The Rainbow", but he was innocent. His contribution to the whole question was no more than a characteristically vigorous denunciation of the book. It must be borne in mind, however, that there exists in England a social purity society the members of which appear to spend their time in reading reviews of books which ought, in their opinion, to be kept from the young. It is a commonplace to say that really salacious books, which do in fact undermine the morals of the young, are very amiably regarded by such societies, the members of which never hear of them. The books attacked are always books containing subversive ideas. My own belief is that books containing subversive ideas are read and discussed, and that there is at the present time a tremendous amount of talk about the right to libertinism. But I am not so sure that the talkers carry their doctrines into effect. The penalties for eccentricities of morals are quite as severe as they ever were. Pariahs are still pariahs, even though they are, as somebody has said, increasingly gregarious. For this reason I continue to believe that the suppression of all books is a great mistake. Such suppression only makes martyrs of the authors, and attracts attention to books which otherwise offer little entertainment to the young of either sex. I always remember in this connection two little stories. Some perfectly agreeable young women of my acquaintance told me long ago that when they were young their father placed a copy of "Pamela" out of their reach. The extra trouble in obtaining the book was a fillip to their interest in it. And in another case I remember hearing a young girl say, "I was told I mustn't read 'Sinister Street', so of course I read it." I should imagine that the number of people who have surreptitiously read "The Rainbow" without understanding what so tedious

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a book could contain to make it such an adventure, must have been ten times as large as the number who would have read it if there had been no prosecution. Does not any prohibition romanticize defiance?

* * * *

I see that Mrs. Woolf is back again at her bone, the great superiority of the Woolfian novel over its predecessors. She has been reading a paper to a society of undergraduates at Cambridge, and the paper has been printed in "The Criterion". Mr. Walkley has made it the text of one of his weekly articles in the "Times", and has managed to insinuate into his survey the customary amount of polite impertinence which we expect from him. Now if there is one person less likely to produce good criticism of the novel than Mrs. Woolf it is certainly Mr. Walkley, who has for too long been the airy fairy commentator upon the theatre to adapt himself successfully to the consideration of another art. Remember, it is the theatre, and not the drama, that interests Mr. Walkley. He does not care two pins about the earnest middle aged men and women who establish societies for the encouragement of the renascence of the drama, who give performances of Euripides to a scattering of puzzled villagers assembled in barns and suchlike places ("wherever two or three people are gathered together"). So far, I sympathize with Mr. Walkley. He is evidently not taken in by solemnities and the pathetic enticements of amateurish theatricals. But when Mr. Walkley comes to the consideration of literature he is so intolerably familiar, as if he winked at Jane Austen and found her a pretty little dear, that he puts himself out of court as a critic. He confounds both Jane Austen and Proust. Reading Proust, he is complacent at his ability to read French and savor the delicious snobbery of Proust. Reading Jane Austen, he fancies himself very much as a refined ironist. Accordingly, Mr. Walkley never quite attains to enjoyment of his favorite authors for their own virtues: his attention is too much absorbed by the spectacle of A. B. W. engaged in the act of appreciation. Nobody will regret that Mr. Walkley has such pleasures, but nobody will allow Mr. Walkley to be a master in the art of criticism — certainly outside the theatre. In the theatre he can still make most of our dramatic critics look what they are, clumsy imitators of the Shavian egotistical sublime. Round about midnight he can produce a neat and slightly malicious comment upon a new play which will almost always be worth reading, not for its truth, but for its decorative ease. Few other dramatic critics can do this. Dramatic criticism — except in the hands of Hazlitt and Lamb — has never been much of a thing, but it was ruined by Mr. Shaw. Mr. Shaw, being one of our few authentic geniuses, could do certain things in an article. His followers, taking the formula but lacking the genius, make weary messes of egotism for their readers. And among such tedious roarings Mr. Walkley's brief and polished comments shine like good deeds in a naughty world. That is so much for the theatre. It is different when we come to books. In judging books, one does not sit in an armchair twiddling one's thumbs and concocting epigrams as one goes along. Hence books are outside Mr. Walkley's province. He makes Mrs. Woolf look very silly in his article upon her article, but he does this principally by quoting Mrs. Woolf's own words, which are particularly easy game. Mr. Walkley

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adds little of his own, because, as I have said, he has not very much in the way of æsthetic criticism at his command. But as regards Mrs. Woolf he can and does make several amusing points. Mrs. Woolf is still busy with her bone, which is called Mrs. Brown. And she is still optimistic about some people she calls the Georgian novelists. They consist of James Joyce, E. M. Forster, Lytton Strachey, D. H. Lawrence, and T. S. Eliot. Mrs. Woolf thinks that these men are dealing with essential character, that they are omitting the detail or the bias of earlier novelists, and that they are accordingly recreating the English novel. Strangely enough, two of them are not novelists at all, but that does not hinder Mrs. Woolf from including them in her list, because otherwise her list would be so very meagre. It would consist only of Mr. Forster, Mr. Lawrence, and Mr. Joyce. And apparently it is not something that any of these writers (except Mr. Strachey and Mr. Eliot) have done that brings about their inclusion, but only the need for their presence in the list. Lists are the devil. They are always being concocted, and they never manage to mean anything at all. They are merely a useless pastime. Mrs. Woolf also tells us a little story about two people in a railway carriage, at the same time disclaiming any attempt to illustrate her own cleverness in telling the story. Mrs. Woolf does herself injustice. Her story is very clever. So are her satiric accounts of Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett and Mr. Galsworthy. But just as the story is principally amusing as a revelation of Mrs. Woolf's cleverness, so are the satiric accounts of Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett and Mr. Galsworthy amusing for the same reason. That is, Mrs. Woolf strikes at familiar foibles of all three writers, but she does not create convincingly the characters of Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett and Mr. Galsworthy. If she had been a real Georgian novelist, she would have cast aside all her details about Mr. Bennett and Mr. Wells and Mr. Galsworthy, and would have made these three men live before us. We should have been reminded of the very character of their work. We are only so reminded because we find that Mrs. Woolf's descriptions are inadequate. Mr. Wells is *not* — in his stories of emotional excess — always picturing an oversanitary world. Mr. Galsworthy's emotional novels are generally free from social propaganda. Mr. Bennett, depicting a form of society alien from Mrs. Woolf's world of æsthetic cliques, may use cumbrous machinery to establish that world in the reader's eye, but at least when he gets to business, he does stimulate the reader's imagination, which Mrs. Woolf never does. Would it not be open to me to take the long — the excessively long — pages of "Night and Day" and make fun of them? Somehow I believe it would. But there is no need to make fun of "Night and Day". Mr. Massingham once attempted to count the number of times the people in "Night and Day" had tea; but when he had passed two hundred he gave up the computation. He let the characters go on having their tea. But he did not remember anything about the characters themselves. I doubt if anybody could now tell us anything about the characters in "Night and Day". The one thing about them that I now recall is that one of them once looked out of a window. I think this is significant. Mrs. Woolf does not, if I may say so, think in terms of character at all. She thinks in terms of intuitions. Her story of the old lady called Mrs. Brown is an instance of this. She does not allow me to realize a Mrs. Brown,

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but she does remind me of my own attitude to people in railway carriages. That is, she indicates the vague, wambling currents of intuition which pass through the consciousness in face of railway carriage companions more than of any other class of people. She is occupied in receiving intuitions. But the creation of character is something quite different from this. It is not something picked up in railway carriages, but something generated in the imagination of the writer. Of this imagination Mrs. Woolf gives no sign, either in her critical writings or in her novels. Given a person, one can speculate about his or her character — that is easy. It is the novelist's off-time job. To create character that is subsequently memorable is a different thing. One does not remember the characters in Mrs. Woolf's books, because Mrs. Woolf's method is the vague and speculative method of an inactive dreamer. One does remember characters in Mr. Bennett's books or Mr. Wells's books, or Mr. Galsworthy's books, because these characters have been created, and not dreamed about. One remembers them as one remembers real people, whom one has known actively, not as casually encountered strangers about whom one has idly speculated. Do I make myself clear? Mrs. Woolf, like other expositors, is again making qualities of her own defects.

* * * *

There is another point. Mrs. Woolf comes to the conclusion that human nature changed about 1910. She bases this information upon the character of her own cook. Strange how expert our women writers have become upon cooks and household helps. We had Rebecca West the other month being very authoritative about servants, and now it is Mrs. Woolf's turn. Her cook, apparently, comes in and out of the drawing room to borrow the "Daily Herald" and to discuss a new hat. This Mrs. Woolf regards as sufficient proof that human nature changed in or about 1910. If Mrs. Woolf will read again the plays of Shakespeare or the novels of Fielding or Dickens, she will find that servants were quite alive in the Elizabethan era, the eighteenth century, and the nineteenth century. It may be true that the servants she remembers as a child were subdued in face of their masters and mistresses, but those perhaps were servants in large establishments, where segregation was practicable. In smaller households, such as the smaller establishments of the present day make inevitable, the servants have always been upon more friendly terms with their mistresses. Let Mrs. Woolf read that great book, "Little Women", and decipher the character of Hannah. Let her read any domestic chronicle of a family which supports only one or two servants. In each one of these she will find that servants were human beings before 1910. It is not human nature that has changed. It is Mrs. Woolf who has become self conscious. She should mix with the world a little more, and learn from the lives of her comrades in the field. It is much better training for the novelist than the introspectiveness which has spun a short yarn about hypothetical Mrs. Brown. As for Mrs. Woolf's list, apart from Mr. Lawrence, all the members of it are intellectually capable, but creatively sterile. It is not a revolutionary impulse, as she seems to think, which makes these writers so very refined and pernickety. Their trouble is that they can none of them think what the devil to write about.

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I cannot conclude my article this month without reference to a novelist of whom Mrs. Woolf, I think, appears never to have heard. I refer to Joseph Conrad. The death of Mr. Conrad, which has occurred just as I am about to dispatch this letter, is a loss to the novel which we cannot exaggerate. Some of Mr. Conrad's later work seemed to me inferior to his earlier masterpieces, such as "Youth", "Lord Jim", and "The Nigger of the Narcissus". But those earlier books will have their place in English literature for all time. I ventured a short time ago to say as much in an article — to say, that is, that the later novels of Mr. Conrad, although well up to the standard of other writers, were not what we required from him. To my surprise, I received from Mr. Conrad a letter of acknowledgment which expressed the most lively gratitude. The letter, I believe, was not ironic, but was the product of a profoundly dignified modesty. Mr. Conrad, that is, recognized that what I wrote was not intended impertinently, and he wish to assure the writer of the fact. I think such a letter a mark of greatness. Mr. Conrad I never saw, and I had no communication with him of any kind. I was merely one of his many great admirers. I do not know whether Mr. Conrad's Napoleonic novel was finished at the time of his death. We shall no doubt hear very shortly if it is to be published. There is, however, no doubt at all that the short novel in which he collaborated for the third time with Ford Madox Hueffer, which novel has been serialized in Mr. Hueffer's review, will appear this autumn. Indeed, it may already have appeared by the time this letter is printed.

SIMON PURE

PREVISION

By Babette Deutsch

I HOLD you now, cherished, inviolable
As a pearl hidden in a close-locked shell,
Tender as petals when the bud is folded,
And quick with secret tremors as a bell.

I feed you on my heart, that no more stammers
Or leaps or halts because of love's bright thorn;
The blood runs coolly through my cradling body
That you must tease and trample, yet unborn.

But oh, my swinging bell, my pearl, my petal,
My pain, my flesh, my bone that is not I —
How shall I bear the stranger that you will be?
How shall I live, knowing you too must die?

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WHAT'S WHAT AMONG THE SEASON'S BOOKS

READING through publishers' catalogues and making lists of books is one thing. Devising a means of making these lists seem to be other than lists, is another. I long ago gave up the attempt; for, after all, when the reader approaches this article he does it, I judge, in order to select, from selected lists, the books of the new crop that he may possibly want to purchase, those he wants to be sure *never* to see, those he might like to draw from the library. With this in mind I offer you lists of those volumes which, after a study of announcement after announcement — beautifully printed announcements some of them, too — seem to me to be worth at least a glance.

Of the novels, I have picked eleven I shall most assuredly read (if I have not already done so) and I'm adding why I shall read them.

"Plumes", by Laurence Stallings (Harcourt, Brace), because he writes brilliantly. I am still interested in the late war, and this is a study, by a man who suffered much in France, of a wounded man and his wife and how they adjust to postwar conditions.

Arnold Waterlow: A Life. May Sinclair. MACMILLAN.
Balisand. Joseph Hergesheimer. KNOPF.
The Old Man of the Sea. Compton Mackenzie. STOKES.
The Old Ladies. Hugh Walpole. DORAN.
Sard Harker. John Masefield. MACMILLAN.
Women. Booth Tarkington. DOUBLEDAY, PAGE.
To-Morrow and To-Morrow. Stephen McKenna. LITTLE, BROWN.
Professor, How Could You? Harry Leon Wilson. COSMOPOLITAN.
The White Monkey. John Galsworthy. SCRIBNER.
The Green Hat. Michael Arlen. DORAN.

Those ten, because whatever their authors write is well done, and whether the story itself be poor or fine the writing of it will be worthwhile. Among this batch of novels we may know that we shall find some of the season's best.

Next come three novels from the left wing of fiction, sure to be interesting, sure to annoy many:

An American Tragedy. Theodore Dreiser. BONI, LIVERIGHT.
Humpty Dumpty. Ben Hecht. BONI, LIVERIGHT.
The Boy in the Bush. D. H. Lawrence and M. L. Skinner. SELTZER.

Certain authors are being constantly recommended to us by critics and friends, yet somehow we never get to read them, we never seem to know these authors well. Of such, happen to be the five following; but indubitably worth both your attention and mine. Shall we herewith resolve to read them?

Wings. Ethel M. Kelley. KNOPF.
A Passage to India. E. M. Forster. HARCOURT, BRACE.
Entranced. Grace H. Flandrau. HARCOURT, BRACE.
Nina. Susan Ertz. APPLETON.
The Little French Girl. Anne Douglas Sedgwick. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.

Far from all the books that Mary Johnston and Harvey O'Higgins have written is the sort of book I like; but some of their novels have been admirable pieces of work. This season they offer, respectively, "The Slave Ship" (Little, Brown) and "Julie Crane" (Harper).

Second novels are dangerous points in authors' lives. As a matter of fact, "The Golden Village" is Joseph Anthony's third novel; but "The Gang",

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with its sombre brilliance, was in the key of first noveldom to me. Here are four, then:

R. F. D. No. 3. Homer Croy. HARPER.
The Golden Village. Joseph Anthony. BOBBS-MERRILL.
Harvey Landrum. Ridley Wills. SIMON, SCHUSTER.
The Dark Cloud. Thomas Boyd. SCRIBNER.

Three novels, the titles of which have a mystic ring, attract my attention. From what I know of the authors, the first two of them are sure to have the spark of fantasy.

The King of Elfland's Daughter. Lord Dunsany. PUTNAM.
Blind Raftery. Donn Byrne. CENTURY.
Elaine at the Gates. W. B. Maxwell. DOUBLEDAY, PAGE.

Here are three novels most especially recommended by their publishers. The first one of them, a study of race, I happen to have read in proof and found stirring in the extreme.

The Fire in the Flint. Walter F. White. KNOPF.
Sails of Sunset. Cecil Roberts. STOKES.
Some Do Not. Ford Madox Ford. SELTZER.

Here follow five novels by favorites, with me at least, among the tellers of adventure-mystery tales.

The Passionate Quest. E. Phillips Oppenheim. LITTLE, BROWN.
Shackled. Achmed Abdullah. BRENTANO.
East of the Setting Sun. George Barr McCutcheon. DODD, MEAD.
The Time-Worn Town. J. S. Fletcher. KNOPF.
The Wolves and the Lamb. J. S. Fletcher. KNOPF.

Eight lesser stars of the same constellation, with the exception of Temple Bailey whose romances are usually distinctly within home limits:

Peacock Feathers. Temple Bailey. PENN.
The Show-Off (after George Kelly's play). William Almon Wolff. LITTLE, BROWN.
The Surprising Adventures of Jimmy Lavender. Vincent Starett. HYMAN-MCGEE.
The Chronicles of a Great Prince. Marguerite Bryant and George McNally. DUFFIELD.
Vultures of the Dark. Richard E. Enright (New York's Police Commissioner). BRENTANO.
The Valley of Voices. George Marsh. PENN.
Moon Country. Gladys E. Johnson. PENN.
The Uncertain Feast. Solita Solano. PUTNAM.

The list of translated novels is not so large, it seems to me, as usual — at least the list of those that look interesting. Five I found:

A Pilgrimage. Johan Bojer. CENTURY.
We. Eugene Zamiatin. DUTTON.
Queen Calafia. Vicente Blasco Ibáñez. DUTTON.
Marbacka. Selma Lagerlöf. DOUBLEDAY, PAGE.
Annette and Sylvie. Romain Rolland. HOLT.

There follows now a long list of novels by popular favorites. Only you can tell which of them you like, which of them you will read. Many on this list are better than merely popular; but I shall leave you to judge.

The Innocents. Henry Kitchell Webster. BOBBS-MERRILL.
The Green Ray. Vance Thompson. BOBBS-MERRILL.
Unity. J. D. Beresford. BOBBS-MERRILL.
The Enchanted Hill. Peter B. Kyne. COSMOPOLITAN.
The Devonshers. Honoré Willsie Morrow. STOKES.
The Golden Bed. Wallace Irwin. PUTNAM.
After the Verdict. Robert Hichens. DORAN.
Ragged Water. Joseph C. Lincoln. APPLETON.
A White Stone. Ruth Comfort Mitchell. APPLETON.
The Green Stone. Harold MacGrath. DOUBLEDAY, PAGE.
The House of Prophecy. Gilbert Cannan. SELTZER.
Laura. Ethel Sidgwick. SMALL, MAYNARD.
The Coming of Amos. William J. Locke. DODD, MEAD.
The Triumph of Gallio. W. L. George. HARPER.

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The Glory Hole. Stewart Edward White. DOUBLEDAY, PAGE.
Isles of the Blest. Wilbur Daniel Steele. HARPER.
The Needle's Eye. Arthur Train. SCRIBNER.

Collections of short stories are not usually so plentiful, and especially those that promise such excellence:

Love Me, Love My Dog. Walter Dyer. CENTURY.
Creeping Jenny. Kate Douglas Wiggin. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.
Iliana. Konrad Bercovici. BONI, LIVERIGHT.
Temperamental People. Mary Roberts Rinehart. DORAN.
Wide Waters. Captain Dingle. BRENTANO.
Elsie and the Child. Arnold Bennett. DORAN.
Three Flights Up. Sidney Howard. SCRIBNER.
Stories from "The Dial". DIAL PRESS.

The increasing popularity of biography and autobiography is witnessed by the fact that there are very nearly as many books of this character that one would like to list, had one the space, as of fiction. Of literary folk writing their reminiscences there are six whose work should be fascinating:

Memories of an Editor. E. P. Mitchell. SCRIBNER.
Recollections of a Happy Life. Maurice Francis Egan. DORAN.
A Story Teller's Story. Sherwood Anderson. HUEBSCH.
Memories and Adventures. A. Conan Doyle. LITTLE, BROWN.
Straws and Prayer-Books. James Branch Cabell. MCBRIDE.
The Wind and the Rain. Thomas Burke. DORAN.

Those who care for unconventional autobiographical narratives should find pleasure in the following:

My Thirty Years' Battle in the Ministry. Stephen S. Wise. BRENTANO.
Uncensored Recollections. Anonymous. LIPPINCOTT.
Beggars of Life. Jim Tully. A. AND C. BONI.
The Diary of a Country Parson. James Woodforde. OXFORD.
Louder Please! Earnest Elmo Calkins. ATLANTIC.
The Diary of a Dude-Wrangler. Struthers Burt. SCRIBNER.

Three autobiographies of a perhaps more conventional type are:

Leaves from a Russian Diary. Peterim Sorokin. DUTTON.
Seventy Years of Life and Labor. Samuel Gompers. DUTTON.
A Business Man Looks at His World. Edward A. Filene. DOUBLEDAY, PAGE.

And three theatrical memoirs:

Marie Dressler: The Life Story of an Ugly Duckling. MCBRIDE.
The Truth at Last. Charles Hawtrey. LITTLE, BROWN.
Francis Wilson's Life of Himself. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.

Eight literary biographies there are, and of varying importance:

John Keats. Amy Lowell. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.
Life and Letters of John Muir. William Badè. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.
Henry Thoreau: Bachelor of Nature. Leon Bazalgette. HARCOURT, BRACE.
Clyde Fitch and His Letters. Montrose J. Moses and Virginia Gerson. LITTLE, BROWN.
James Elroy Flecker: A Biography. Douglas Goldring. SELTZER.
Anthony Trollope. Hugh Walpole. DORAN.
Lafcadio Hearn's American Days. Edward Larocque Tinker. DODD, MEAD.
Wolfgang Goethe. Georg Brandes. BROWN.

Five thoroughly American portraits should be of interest as studies in sociology, if not in themselves. They are:

Joshua Barney. Ralph D. Paine. CENTURY.
Woodrow Wilson: The Man, His Times, His Task. William Allen White. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.
Barrett Wendell and His Letters. M. A. DeWolfe Howe. ATLANTIC.
Joseph Pulitzer — His Life and Letters. Don Seitz. SIMON, SCHUSTER.
Presenting — Morris Gest. Samuel Spewack. BRENTANO.

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And six further biographical narratives of historical significance:

Bare Souls. Gamaliel Bradford. HARPER.
A Life of Christ for Young People. Harold Hunting. MINTON, BALCH.
Magellan. Arthur S. Hildebrand. HARCOURT, BRACE.
Napoleon. Elie Faure. KNOPF.
Marie Antoinette. Hilaire Belloc. PUTNAM.
Wagner as Man and Artist. Ernest Newman. KNOPF.

Somewhat near to the biographical, yet varying a shade in their leaning toward the general, are:

Heroes of the Sea. Chelsea Fraser. CROWELL.
Famous American Naval Officers. Charles Lee Lewis. PAGE.
The Gallants. E. Barrington. ATLANTIC.

Classifying the general list is something like arranging straws in a barn, particularly when so few of the authors are known to me; but from the mass I have been able to pick a few that interest at least the eye.

In science we have:

A Popular History of American Invention. Waldemar Kaempffert (editor). SCRIBNER.
Human Origins: A Manual of Prehistory. George Grant MacCurdy. APPLETON.
Keeping up with Science. Edwin E. Slosson (editor). HARCOURT, BRACE.
The Evolution of Man. G. Elliot Smith. OXFORD.

In politics and history:

Racial Realities in Europe. Lothrop Stoddard. SCRIBNER.
The Political Parties of To-day. A. N. Holcombe. HARPER.
The Causes of Industrial Unrest. John A. Fitch. HARPER.
A Short History of International Intercourse. C. Delisle Burns. OXFORD.
Blockade and Sea Power. Maurice Parmelee. CROWELL.
Public Ownership. Carl D. Thompson. CROWELL.

For the home and garden maker, and for those who dabble in architecture and furnishings, there are:

Collector's Luck in France. Alice Van Leer Carrick. ATLANTIC.
Mohammedan Architecture in Egypt and Palestine. Martin S. Briggs. OXFORD.
A Garden Book for Autumn and Winter. Charles Downing Lay. DUFFIELD.
Old Glass, European and American. N. Hudson Moore. STOKES.
American Homes of To-day: Their Architectural Style, Their Environment, Their Characteristics. Augusta Owen Patterson. MACMILLAN.

Distinctly for the ladies:

The Well-Dressed Woman. Anne Rittenhouse. HARPER.
How to Dress Well. Margaret Story. FUNK, WAGNALLS.
Clothes That Count and How to Make Them. Bradda Field. STOKES.

The following list, which at first blush would appear to be an incoherent conglomeration, resolves itself into matter intended to further our well being, mental and spiritual as well as physical:

Why Be a Goop? Gelett Burgess. STOKES.
The Health Book. Royal S. Copeland. HARCOURT, BRACE.
Friends with Life. Anne C. E. Allinson. HARCOURT, BRACE.
Best Sermons of 1923. Joseph Fort Newton (editor). HARCOURT, BRACE.
The Happy Baby. Prepared under the supervision of Dr. L. Emmett Holt. DODD, MEAD.
National Health Series (20 volumes). FUNK, WAGNALLS.
Youth Points the Way. Douglas Fairbanks. APPLETON.

About travel books I am vastly particular, for I am fond of them. They are one way of escape from town and suburb. Ten favorites give us new volumes:

Voyaging. Rockwell Kent. PUTNAM.
Glimpses of Japan and Formosa. Harry A. Franck. CENTURY.
The Land of Journey's Ending. Mary Austin. CENTURY.
The Adventure of Wrangel Island. Vilhjalmur Stefansson. MACMILLAN.
The Pearl Lagoon. Charles Nordhoff. ATLANTIC.
In Brightest Africa. Carl E. Akeley. DOUBLEDAY, PAGE.

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The Conquest of the River Plate. R. B. Cunninghame Graham. DOUBLEDAY, PAGE.
Uncharted Waters. Ralph Stock. DOUBLEDAY, PAGE.
Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad. Donald Ogden Stewart. DORAN.
Everywhere. A. Henry Savage Landor. STOKES.

Ten, less known, write of interesting climes:

In the Land of the Laughing Buddha. Upton Close. PUTNAM.
The Arab at Home. Paul W. Harrison. CROWELL.
Beautiful Mexico. Vernon Quinn. STOKES.
Angkor the Magnificent. Helen Churchill Candee. STOKES.
Gypsy Fires in America. Irving Brown. HARPER.
The Romance of Forgotten Towns. John T. Faris. HARPER.
The River of Seven Stars. Arthur O. Friel. HARPER.
Two Years in the Forbidden City. Princess Der Ling. DODD, MEAD.
Seeing Canada. John T. Faris. LIPPINCOTT.
Among Wild Tribes of the Amazons. Charles W. Domville-Fife. LIPPINCOTT.

Not so many plays are announced for publication, largely because the new season is not yet under way. Two volumes, at least, look interesting:

Six Plays. Rachel Lyman Field. SCRIBNER.
The Selected Plays of Henry Arthur Jones. LITTLE, BROWN.

Six general books on the drama are:

The Contemporary Drama of Russia. Leo Wiener. LITTLE, BROWN.
Playwrights of the New American Theatre. Thomas H. Dickinson. MACMILLAN.
The Actor's Heritage. Walter Prichard Eaton. ATLANTIC.
The Twentieth Century Theatre. Frank Vernon. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.
Conversations on Contemporary Drama. Clayton Hamilton. MACMILLAN.
The Art of the Theatre. Gordon Craig. SMALL, MAYNARD.

Volumes of poetry that should merit fairly serious scrutiny are seven. In the order of my preference they are:

Heliodora. H. D. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.
The New Spoon River. Edgar Lee Masters. BONI, LIVERIGHT.
Honey Out of the Rock. Babette Deutsch. SELTZER.
Spring Thunder. Mark Van Doren. SELTZER.
Loves and Losses of Pierrot. William Griffith. DUTTON.
A Pilgrim's Scrip. Cale Young Rice. CENTURY.
Poems for the New Age. Simon Felshin. SELTZER.

Three lighter volumes for lighter moods are:

Songs of the Open. Grantland Rice. CENTURY.
So Much Velvet. Franklin P. Adams. DOUBLEDAY, PAGE.
In Earthern Bowls. Nellie Burget Miller. APPLETON.

And the anthologies:

Modern American Lyrics. Stanton A. Coblentz (compiler). MINTON, BALCH.
Roll and Go, Songs of American Sailormen. Joanna Colcord. BOBBS-MERRILL.

Of general and critical books on poetry I should like to mention:

Poets of America. Clement Wood. DUTTON.
The Way of the Makers. Marguerite Wilkinson. MACMILLAN.
Aspects of Modern Poetry. Alfred Noyes. STOKES.
The Poetry of Walt Whitman. William Lyon Phelps. MACMILLAN.

In the field of the essay, let us glance first at the Americans. Here are volumes from some of our most brilliant critics and chatters:

Points of View. Stuart P. Sherman. SCRIBNER.
Travels in Philadelphia. Christopher Morley. DOUBLEDAY, PAGE.
Definitions (Second Series). Henry Seidel Canby. HARCOURT, BRACE.
My Dear Cornelia. Stuart P. Sherman. ATLANTIC.
The Procession of Masks. Herbert S. Gorman. BRIMMER.
A Poet's Proverbs. Arthur Guiterman. DUTTON.
Literary Lanes and Other Byways. Robert Cortes Holliday. DORAN.

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Materia Critica. George Jean Nathan. KNOPF.
Prejudices (Fourth Series). H. L. Mencken. KNOPF.

From English writers we have essays philosophical, historical, and literary:

Impressions and Comments (Third Series). Havelock Ellis. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.
Pencillings. J. Middleton Murry. SELTZER.
In Praise of England. H. J. Massingham. DUTTON.
Ding Dong Bell. Walter de la Mare. KNOPF.
A Gallery. Philip Guedalla. PUTNAM.

Of special interest perhaps for BOOKMAN readers are the general literary volumes:

Genius and the Short Story. Frances Newman. HUEBSCH.
The Reader's Guide Book. May Lamberton Becker. HOLT.
Patriotism in Literature. John Drinkwater. HOLT.
Modern American Writers. Ernest Boyd (editor). MCBRIDE.
The Genius of Style. W. C. Brownell. SCRIBNER.
The Literary Spotlight. Anonymous. DORAN.
Portraits: Real and Imaginary. Ernest Boyd. DORAN.
One Thousand Best Books: A Household Guide to a Lifetime's Reading. Asa Don Dickinson. DOUBLEDAY, PAGE.

"Humor" as a classification is often dubious, but the following give promise of containing that elusive quality:

Sixty Years of American Humor: A Prose Anthology. Joseph Lewis French (editor). LITTLE, BROWN.
Twisted Tales, A Book of Parodies. Christopher Ward. HOLT.
Distressing Dialogues. Nancy Boyd. HARPER.
The Family Album. Arthur "Bugs" Baer. A. and C. BONI.

Classify for yourselves, if you must have pigeonholes:

Lions 'n' Tigers 'n' Everything. Courtney Ryley Cooper. LITTLE, BROWN.
Dr. Little's Dog Book. George Watson Little, D. V. M. MCBRIDE.
Advertising Copy. George B. Hotchkiss. HARPER.

Last of all, since the chilly season is upon us, I commend to you, by way of preparation for indoor sports:

The Book of Hobbies. Charles W. Taussig and Theodore A. Meyer. MINTON, BALCH.
The Cross Word Puzzle Book (Second Series). SIMON, SCHUSTER.

— *J. F.*

MISDIRECTION

By Eleanor Slater

I SHAPE the vessel of my life,
Hammer it cold, hammer it hot.
I try my best to make of it
What it is not.

Blow, bellows, blow.
Burn, fire, burn. —
I try to shape a silver vase
Out of a copper urn.

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PORTRAIT OF A LIBERAL

By Ernest Boyd

With Sketches by Dwight Taylor

HE is one of the strange byproducts of Anglo-Saxon civilization, the fine flower of a social order based upon parliamentary government and evangelical Protestantism. As these fundamental elements of his being indicate, compromise is the breath of his nostrils; his very essence is the uncompleted gesture, the half truth, the safe evasion of harsh facts. His point of departure being those two colossal compromises, representative government as a substitute for revolution, Dissent as a substitute for free thought, his ideas have been vitiated ever since by an inherent dishonesty. His representative government does not represent, and his Protestantism confers no freedom of opinion — both are travesties of the ideals which first inspired them, and they are typical of Liberalism and its works. They are the jewels set in the crown of modern radicalism: both false.

The marrow and quintessence of Liberalism must not be forgotten if we are to arrive at a proper estimate and understanding of the curious biped evolved from that primæval slime of ill conceived and unrealized ideas. In his strictly contemporary incarnation the Liberal may seem to belie his origins. He is perpetually engaged in a querulous denunciation of the evils of political democracy, and, more often than not, he has discarded the simple gospel teaching of his parents. But it is characteristic of him, that he proposes to improve political democracy by extending its ravages, and into what he doubtless calls his intellectual activities he carries the evangelical unction of the gospel tent mission and the furtive equivocations and shufflings of Chadband and Pecksniff. Whatever is, is bad; whatever was, is worse; whatever will be, must be better. In short, the Liberal believes in progress, while he demonstrates that it is impossible.

Politically the Liberal is almost extinct and completely absurd. When the world war crashed through the glass of the hothouse in which he had drowsed so securely for a generation, when his ideas were dragged out of the padded cells where they had gyrated so harmlessly, he discovered a very wicked world, indeed, which spurned his nostrums because of their obvious futility. With the return of peace he found his occupation gone. Since then he has taken refuge in a lachrymose benevolence, in the hope that this exhibition of the tenderness of his heart will divert attention from the paucity of his ideas. The economic tangle presented by a newly delimitated Europe and the problem of reparations, involving, as they do, a fundamental revaluation of all previous social, industrial, and national values, dismays the Liberal, who never faced a fundamental idea during the whole course of his existence. Consequently, he turns gladly to the obvious escape provided by the actual misery of the people, and counts with an almost sadistic empha-

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sis the protruding ribs of starving school children. These more accessible totals make a counterplay to juggling with the trillions and quintillions of reparations, reconstruction, and depreciated currency.

However deep in the sand of sophistry he buries his head, the Liberal cannot quite evade the spectre of his own performances in the years preceding the war and during the apocalyptic years of the conflict. When the social order in which he had trifled so comfortably with brilliant and advanced ideas was engulfed, when the victim's chin was just above the water, he was running up and down the shore making frantic noises, lapsing into hysterics, and crying out to heaven that he had always besought his dear friend not to go swimming beyond his depth. To those who suggested rescue, he argued as to the exact whereabouts of a certain life belt, which ought to have been in its place but was not. Suddenly he was taken by the scruff of the neck and thrown in, whereupon he swallowed his fears and shouted lustily in praise of aquatic sports, lost in admiration for his own daring. An artificial contraption was thoughtfully provided, in the shape of air filled propaganda wings, and as he floated with the help of these he began to upbraid such of his obstinate friends as remained ashore. He denied that he had ever declared those seas dangerous, protested his infinite pride in this opportunity to prove his skill and courage, and, whenever the waters broke over his head, he rejoiced in the common danger which beset them all. He no longer thought of a danger but insisted that, so long as the chin was visible, they were actually on dry land.

When the great experience was over the Liberal became suddenly conscious that he had not cut a very brilliant figure. His bathing suit did not fit, he had a perceptible paunch, and his muscular development was of the slightest. He noticed that there was a lamentable tendency to smile on the part of those who had witnessed his being rushed in where his ideals feared to tread; that esteem was reserved only for those who had acted either on impulse or principle, but for the forced acquiescence of such as himself there was only contempt. His prestige was irrecoverable. The very objects of his vast solicitude in the old days proved ungrateful. The vipers nourished in the tepid bosom of Liberalism bit hard. The oppressed nationalities, whose woes had formerly incited him to such tearful eloquence, turned out to be monsters of imperialism, drilling and arming and taxing, oppressing those in their power, in a thoroughly democratic imperialist manner. His poems about the horrors of war are now remembered only by the Liberal literati; the men who fought prefer the lewd epic of "Mademoiselle from Armentières" to the defeatist stanzas of the Liberal warriors. The rendez-vous with death is forgotten in memories of rendez-vous of an all too human kind. As for the plain people, whose aims the Liberal insisted upon interpreting, they collapsed safely into the arms of Mussolinis or, unkindest of all cuts, elected Labor governments with programs indistinguishable from those of Liberalism in its heyday, but unsoiled by the contamination of that ludicrous word.

With a more or less subconscious realization that his political life is ebbing away, the Liberal is beginning to turn upon the object of his solicitude an inquiring eye. What, he wonders, can be the explanation for the failure of his Messianic mission? And in due course he produces pseudo scientific volumes of meditations upon the crowd

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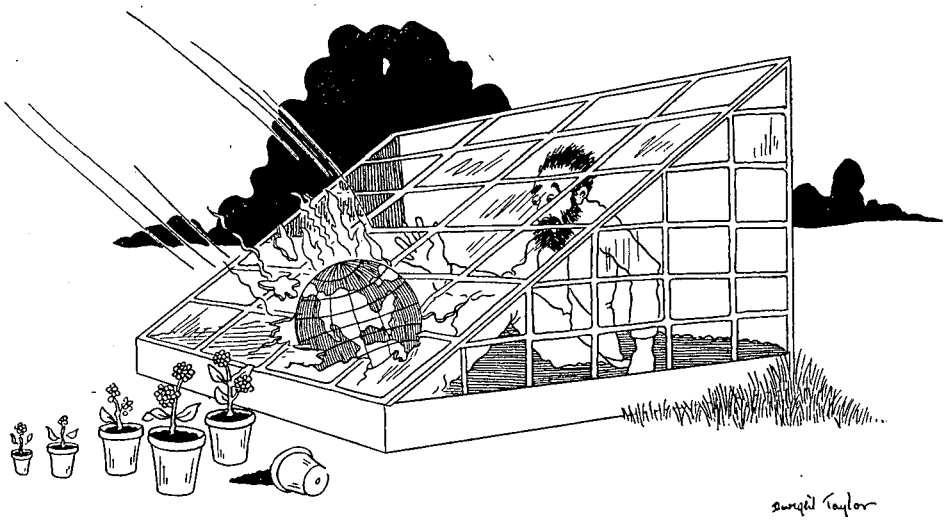

"The world war crashed through the glass of the hothouse"

mind, the manufacture of public opinion, and the behavior of herd instincts. Having utterly failed to impress the masses, the Liberal feels himself to be an expert authority on the ways and means of impressing them. Nobody can excel him in diagnosing the evils of the press, in sketching its vast power for good, in divining the supreme excellence of the mob's tastes and intentions. The reason, therefore, why Liberal papers do not flourish is not because they are ineffective, and entirely out of touch with human life, but because the sterling nature of the public is exploited for nefarious purposes by the corrupt capitalist press. Papers which thrive on the incurable delight of the people in scandals, comic strips, and pictures of wayward wenches do so contrary to the laws of nature, apparently, for the Liberal knows that the readers really crave for enlightened articles on the theatre of tomorrow, fearless reports of coal strikes, and impassioned pleas for Peace, Justice, Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.

As a journalist, however, the Liberal places a curious interpretation of his own upon what ordinary, unregenerate human beings understand by fair play. His censorship is vastly more rigid than any known to the organs of commercialism and corruption which he denounces. His periodicals are almost always tied to some propaganda, and everything that appears in them must be shaped so as not to conflict with the delusions of the editors or the particular panacea advocated by their subsidizers. There is rarely room in the columns of a Liberal editor for controversy involving his own beliefs, but controversy concerning the errors and misdeeds of others is welcomed. Usually a sacrosanct group of the elect completely monopolizes every avenue of opinion, and the evils of competition are thereby eliminated. No heresies are allowed to creep in to disturb the somnolent minds of the fraction of the public which constitutes the Liberal's audience. If a rival happens to gain an advantage in the prior, or simultaneous, publication of an article in some common field of moral endeavor, in truly

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Liberal fashion each pretends that his own publication is the only one which has had the foresight, courage, and sense of the public welfare to undertake that particular crusade. For their respective superstitions all cordially despise each other, carrying their feuds and animosities to a point far exceeding the worst malefactions of their favorite scapegoat, the Associated Press.

In his accusations against the world in general, the Liberal wholly uncovers his own methods and practices. He clamors incessantly for impartial and honest men in the press and in public affairs, raising a great lamentation whenever he discovers evidences of friendship and bias usurping the place of objective judgment, but his own weaknesses in this respect transcend the merely notorious and become positively ludicrous. Every Liberal is a hero to his own press valet, and radicalism will cover a great multitude of sins unpardonable in others. Let a writer trample upon the holiest superstitions of the sex-conscious feminists, let him exceed in vituperation of majority opinion the secret dreams of the most impenitent trust magnate, let his repeated ideals be those of Prussian militarism and monarchical absolutism, the Liberals will fasten to him like leeches because, when they awoke from the hypnotic trance of Wilsonism, they discovered that their new and strange ally had consistently vilified and blasphemed their fallen idol. Observe a female of the species, who refuses to be known by her husband's name, persuading herself and others that "In Defense of Women" is a delightful contribution by H. L. Mencken to the propaganda of woman's emancipation. Here the Liberal lambs lie down with the frankest of wolves in so Biblical a manner that one is moved to tears . . . of mirth.

It is the Liberal's aim, apparently, to be the first to throw not a stone but a bouquet at the woman taken in adultery, provided the affair is turned into literature, and the woman becomes a radical novelist. Be she as far removed from reality as the late Eleanor Porter, her æsthetic sins will be forgiven her because of the exemplary irregularity of her private life and the old fashioned unconventionality of her point of view. When reviewed by a Liberal, the novel of a Liberal, however bad, is never so bad as the novel of a conservative, however good. The fellow feeling which makes them so wondrous kind to each other reaches its logical climax in the more ardent spirits who develop a positive phobia toward everything in literature that is not "modern". From these comes that most superb of all the tribe's variations, the educationalist, intent upon substituting "science" for the humanities, and magnificently impatient with the classics and with classical education. Hear him inveigh against the time wasted upon the literature of the past, when there are so many "splendid books" being written today. One is expected to dismiss the Brontës and Jane Austen, in order to revel once more in the autobiographical narrative of some earnest *révoltée* against the yoke of Methodism in Iowa, who comes to New York and realizes the possibilities of synthetic gin and promiscuity in the neighborhood of Washington Square. One must abandon the mature and charming hedonism of Horace for the sophomoric eroticism of some queen of the Poetry Society of America.

Let us be modern, says the Liberal, while the way to his heaven is paved with half intentions; for needless to say, in his educational theories, as in all other things, he takes immediate flight from the full realization of the ideas

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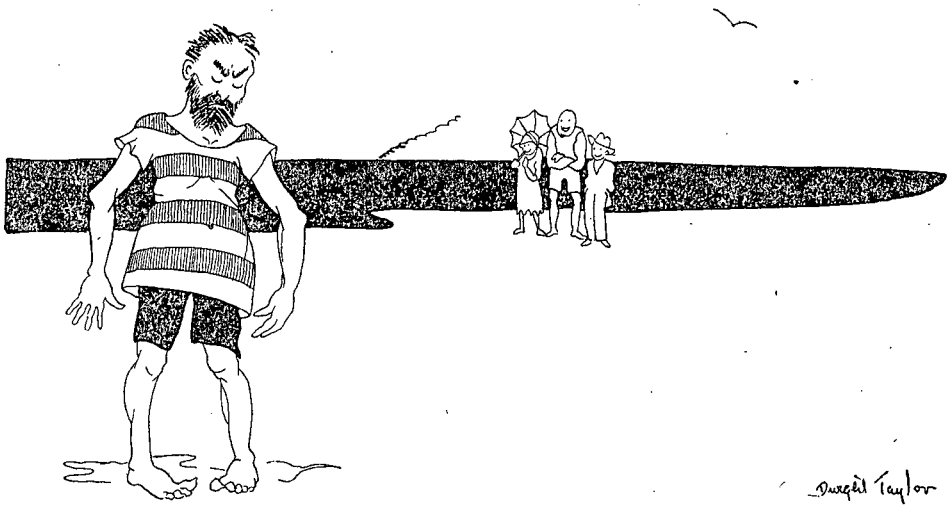

"His bathing suit did not fit"

with which he plays. When the well barbered, standardized, practical, tiled bathroomed, thoroughly sanitated, radio-fed product of modern education looms up, armed with diplomas in ad writing and automobile mechanics, but unencumbered with any knowledge of the unenlightened past, then we hear a tirade about the goose step in American education. Once again the Liberal discovers that the beneficiary of his theories has no sympathy whatever for his benefactor, that another Frankenstein has been created to terrify his creator. The perversity of human nature once more asserts itself, to remind Liberalism of the existence of that one fascinating and eternal element in life which is so resolutely ignored by Liberals. However colossal the demonstration of man's natural talent for backsliding into the jungle where he belongs, the Liberal succeeds in improving upon the traditional practice of the Bourbons, for he learns nothing and forgets everything.

It is a touching spectacle to watch him trying to piece together his shattered world of 1914 with diplomatic telegrams as sticking plasters. If he can unearth, in archives rendered indiscreet by revolutions, evidence showing that in Russia someone telegraphed at 9.06 instead of 9.15 on a certain date, and that somebody else was fishing in Norway on a particular day in July, 1914, or bathing in a Baltic watering place — then, he feels that the world war is explained. When a new régime publishes information solely to discredit the old régime, he fondly imagines that this is done in the disinterested service of Truth and Peace, and proceeds to found hopes on the new order, until the inevitable and never long delayed moment when history repeats itself. The performances of the British Labor government are a source of weekly anguish, because of the punctiliousness with which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald follows the precedents of all statesmen before him, talking to the Mexicans as though he were a Lord Curzon, and adding to the naval estimates with the Britannic enthusiasm of a Winston Churchill or Lord Fisher. Owing to the unkind facts of time and space, the telegraphed news

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of these imperial gestures frequently coincides with the hebdomadal horoscopy of some wild eyed prophet of the Liberal millennium who announces that the stars are at last propitious to the dawn of a new era.

His brighter and better day is always just about to break, and the auspices are as regularly incredible to any intelligence less resolutely closed to the lessons of actual life and experience. In his fact-proof shelter the Liberal can live through the fiercest assault unscathed. He can go through a war believing that the date of a telegram determined the conflict, and that the horrors of battle have only to be realized in order to make war impossible. The collective animosities and racial antagonisms of different peoples may flare up every hour of the day even among troops that are Allies, but he imagines that nations would love and understand each other if it were not for the incitements of wicked capitalists, themselves perhaps the only genuine internationalists in the world. His own publications, periodical and otherwise, demonstrate to an ordinary bookkeeper that the public does not want that kind of reading matter, but he is certain that, if Marx or Thorstein Veblen were substituted for the memoirs of Count Boni de Castellane, the editors who now perversely prefer the latter would double their circulation. When a radical newspaper is launched on its brief career, its readers are not the toiling masses, who never forswear their allegiance to the capitalist paper which sells two million copies daily. It is read by well to do Liberals, who finally write the obituary in which it is regularly stated that the failure of this organ of liberty is a grievous loss to the working classes.

The Liberal is the pathetic victim of a fetish known as the People, an abstraction situated outside of time and space, and having no connection with the people whom people know and see. In the cult of this strange and exacting deity, this mythical monster, the Liberal develops into the paradoxical creature familiar to all of us, the man whose personal gloom and melancholy, whose dissatisfaction and discontent, are counterbalanced by a limitless theoretical optimism; a person whose sentimental passion for freedom makes him the most intolerant and biased commentator upon life, for he is the slave of a propaganda whose ends everything must serve; a champion of all hopeless causes, because if any of them could be realized he would be frightened and horrified, as is proved whenever political realists actually set to work upon his assumptions. In the eighteenth century the French Revolution induced in him a revulsion of feeling which had its counterpart in our own time when Tsardom was destroyed. It would have been so nice if the thing could have been done by passing resolutions in New York and London.

It is little wonder that the Liberal is querulous and narrow, that prevarication, evasion, and compromise are the arts at which he excels, for he, alone of all men, can never be honest with himself. He must deal obliquely with situations that cannot theoretically arise, but which he must face every day. He must think in terms of half measures, for he can follow nothing to its logical end. Ruthlessness and cynicism, the saving graces of his adversaries, are refuges to which he cannot resort. He must be unfair for the noblest motives, since he cannot admit his real motive, which is always the usual human one — material necessity, vanity, or sheer prejudice. He never hesitates to make two bites of a cherry,

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for his policy is to nibble at it furtively a dozen times, and then declare that the fruit is intact. If he were not in a minority, he would have no means of existence, since it is his function to talk while other people act, either in defiance of, or in obedience to, his theories. In both cases he is dismayed by positive results, for in neither is there any place for such as he. In the last analysis he probably prefers to be flouted by his avowed enemies rather than shamed by his logical friends. The former enable him to go on talking, whereas the latter produce results which reduce him to silence. The emotions of a reformer's tomorrow are so much more soothing than the revolutionary *Katzenjammer* of the morning after the night before.

SEVERUS TO TIBERIUS GREATLY ENNUYE

By Joseph Auslander

IN places the water had thumbed the thick sunglow to patches
Of oil bloom, peacock flare, adroit black bronze;
And I was a diver, slim-silkened, hot with hot gold scratches
Of hammered glitter, slipping from hammered bastions
Down under dense foam slaver, down under tons
Of weed trash, polyp, down to the cool uncluttered deep sea garrisons.

There I blundered through smoke of dim turquoise, corroded old
Quinquiremes and galleons and Chinese
Junks and swan ships of Egypt crazy with gold;
Every vessel that had ever brawled with the seas;
Green wrecks, and there went out a glittering vapor from these;
And blunt inquisitive fishes vexed their beauty with vacant solemnities.

Tiberius, I tell you it would have seriously pleased your flesh,
It would have curiously delighted the bone of your thighs
To go under as I did, pulled through a shimmering mesh
Of sun-maddened water, bumping fish with enormous eyes;
You would leave your slim dancers, your gleaming women with cries
To go under as I did, sliding down a sleek-shouldered dream, not otherwise.

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TO SEE OR NOT TO SEE

By Stephen Vincent Benét

PLAYS IN NEW YORK WORTH SEEING

1. THE SHOW-OFF: *Best American home comedy of seasons.*
2. EXPRESSING WILLIE: *Airy social comedy well played.*
3. FATA MORGANA: *Farcical tragedy of youth's pitfalls.*
4. FASHION: *Revival of 1845 comedy proves enchantingly comical.*
5. SWEENEY TODD: *A melodramatic revival only slightly less amusing than "Fashion". (Reviewed below.)*
6. ALL GOD'S CHILLUN GOT WINGS: *O'Neill fans will find this to their taste.*
7. THE GRAND STREET FOLLIES: *Really clever satirical revue.*
8. KEEP KOOL, I'LL SAY SHE IS, KID BOOTS, CHARLOT'S REVUE, *and* GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS *are smooth entertainment for the musical comedy seekers.*

THE theatre always seems a little embarrassed to us, in the summer, except for those giant dahlias, the summer revues — and revues, as a sex, are as difficult to embarrass as the Four Marx Brothers. Nor do we apply the adjective to those hardy perennials of theatredom that, having bloomed in the winter, linger in the lap of the ticket brokers still, to the pleasure and profit of everyone concerned. But the others — the wistful little plays that sidle inconspicuously into town during late July and August, when the white slip covers shroud the orchestra seats like the souls of departed authors still looking for their royalties, and the hum of the electric fan lulls the mind like the song of a drowsy giant mosquito — these have an air of mild apology about them that touches our heart. We see the golden haired little manuscript, saying its bedtime prayers at Uncle Producer's knee — "Oh God, make me a good play and don't put me on in the summer" — we hear its reedy pipe — and then — ah well, it's a hard world.

We shall never forget one play of such a gender that we viewed upon a particularly torrid August night. It was one of those hispid dramas of the Great Northwest where men behave like police dogs and women talk French with a strong South Brooklyn accent. The blizzard raged off stage in a cloud of infuriated cornflakes — the wolves howled almost as dismally as second night critics — everything was getting along pretty well. But when at last the hero staggered in from the snow, blazing with obvious excitement and perspiration, announced that he thought his feet were frozen, and was forced to sink helplessly into a chair and fan himself for several minutes before he

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could go on with his lines — the production then and there joined the ranks of the four out of five who wear those neat little white labels just over the oral cavity. Climate is very unfair, sometimes.

However — now the cool of the year has begun — we must be at our report anent the first of the new season's theatrical crop. Of the two most recent musical comedies — "Marjorie" and "No Other Girl" — both are slightly encumbered by definite plots that will get in the way of the dancing, and in neither is the music, while tuneful enough, anything to embarrass the song hits now current. To us "Marjorie" proved the more pleasing. Elizabeth Hines, the star, is as agreeable as ever; and the saturnine jocosities of Andrew Tombes, the pathetic worriment of Skeet Gallegher as a budding author whose great-great-great-great-grandmother was the girl who swam home from the "Mayflower", and the comely blond vivacity of Ethel Shutta — combined with the agilities of an excellently trained chorus — furnish a lively if unincisive evening's entertainment.

"No Other Girl" is another model of "The Gingham Girl" — and a pretty sirupy one. Helen Ford plays the Quaker Cinderella whose hair remains defiantly unbobbed, and Eddie Buzzell the wistful village good-for-nothing whose advertising genius transforms a sleepily picturesque community into a distressingly wide awake and pushing metropolis, adorned with tire signs and Rotarians and fully in accord with all the best ideals of "The Saturday Evening Post". Doris Eaton and William Sully assist the plot and there is a great deal of rather repetitious dancing and any number of tender ballads concerning little homes for two. But John Sheehan as a hoarse and blustering detective is utterly admirable. If you want to take the kiddies to a musical comedy you might as well take them to this, for it certainly is aseptic.

Coming down to the more or less serious drama, the eternal problem of the younger generation and the older disports itself anew in "Dancing Mothers" — one of those conventionally unconventional plays that try so hard to be daring. Well cast and suavely directed, this very probable hit repeats the story of the mother who sits at home while husband and daughter frequent roof gardens, Philadelphia, and places even more sinister. The mother, according to schedule, decides to follow their example and thus reform them — but for once an alteration in the coiffure and the adoption of demonstrative earrings do not bring about a family reunion on the sofa before the gas log. Instead — and this is the one semi defiant twist — the mother decides, after ample consideration, that the primrose path may have something in it after all and departs for Europe under the escort of the very agreeable villain, leaving husband and offspring quite at a loss for words. The dialogue is often genuine. Mary Young as the mother gives a performance of great mechanical excellence, the rest of the cast — which includes Helen Hayes, Henry Stephenson, John Halliday, and Elsie Lawson — assist her nobly; but for all the air of sham reality which the play possesses it never goes deeper than the plaster.

Exit the present day and enter "Sweeney Todd", the Demon Barber of Fleet Street, a gorgeous hotchpotch of Victorian sentiment, blood and thunder, orginally produced at the Britannia Theatre, London, in 1842, where it was seen and praised by

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Charles Dickens, and later selected by Queen Victoria for her first "Command Performance". Of its principal character the "Newgate Calendar" cheerfully remarks, "In the annals of crime no blacker-hearted villain than Sweeney Todd ever existed", and we are more than ready to confirm its verdict. His specialty was entrapping his victims by means of a disappearing barber chair into the murderous depths of a darksome cellar, whence, later, they emerged as hot veal pies — and it was with deep regret that we beheld just vengeance overtake him in the final scene. Produced after the manner of "Fashion", with asides directed point blank at the audience and songs of the period interspersed between the scenes, "Sweeney Todd", in our opinion, runs a very fair second to that unique theatrical venture. No member of the BOOKMAN audience should fail to see it — both for its historical interest, its shuddersome villainies, and the stressed unconscious humor of the admirable moral sentiments expressed by its nobler characters.

Among the obituaries — "Dr. David's Dad", a German second cousin of "Abie's Irish Rose", succumbed to *rigor mortis* after a four nights' run, demonstrating that successful bad taste is not always international. "Easy Street", a Chicago favorite, convulsed its first night audience when the suburban husband remarked in accents of solemn pathos to his wife who was about to depart for the movies, "I do not know that I entirely approve of these De Mille pictures", but otherwise seems to have little in its favor except a title that is easy to put up on an electric sign.

OUTSTANDING MOTION PICTURES

1. THE COVERED WAGON: *Still the most genuine of the hundred per cent American pictures, and now available in smaller theatres.*

2. DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL: *Miss Pickford's beauties adequately revealed in a charming if somewhat heavy setting.*

3. MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE: *Formalism, great pictorial beauty, grace, make Mr. Valentino's return to the screen memorable.* (*Reviewed below.*)

4. JANICE MEREDITH: *The first half of this American history romance is excellent. The second not so good but yet interesting.* (*Reviewed below.*)

5. THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE: *The best of the "Chronicles of America" series; in fact, one of the best historical pictures yet made by any company.* (*Reviewed below.*)

FOR a time it seemed to me that there never would be another good picture. That may very probably have been explained by the fact that the producers were rendering summer months duller by keeping their jewels bagged until autumn. However, along came "The Side Show of Life" and "Manhandled", both good entertainment. It is true that "Manhandled", in spite of its sensational title, has no story. It is an excellent example of what can be done in the motion pictures; for it is without doubt one of the

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best pictures from a box office standpoint that has been released this year. Miss Swanson as a shopgirl, as a masquerading Russian countess, as Charlie Chaplin, as herself, does her best piece of characterization and proves a comédienne of protean capabilities. That Alan Dwan, the director, has made use of aged and occasionally vulgar comedy tricks may spoil the picture for you. For me, "Manhandled" proved an amusing evening, in spite of titles which, though widely praised elsewhere, seemed to me distressingly obvious.

The contrast between the titles of "Manhandled" and "Monsieur Beaucaire" is striking. The charm of the latter is partly attributable to Mr. Tarkington. I have heard much adverse criticism of the new Valentino film. Some say it is difficult to watch because of peculiar lighting. Others feel that the action, slowed to the pace of a formal age, drags. Still others criticize Mr. Valentino's acting, as well as that of his support of famous beauties. I find it difficult to discuss these criticisms, since I have a weakness for the period of Pompadour, and a certain respect for Valentino's indubitable magnetism. The picture seemed to me almost perfect. When action was lacking, superlative pictorial beauty and grace of movement atoned. To see "Monsieur Beaucaire" is like looking through a volume of old French prints, like wandering through an art gallery. Lowell Sherman's performance as Louis XV is calculated and more restrained than have been some of his stage impersonations. Lois Wilson as his consort has far too little to do and has never looked so beautiful. Valentino, himself, is alert, graceful, at ease. His screen rest has seen a vast improvement. If his embraces are a bit stressed, surely the answer is that his public demands him to be a great lover.

Again the critics arise to malign what seems to me a fine picture. Why do they so often praise the mediocre attempt and despise the man who tries to shoot high? "Janice Meredith" was charming and exciting as a novel. It has the same characteristics as a motion picture. The first half of the story is better told by far than Griffith's "America", although it perhaps lacks moments of real genius. The picturization of Washington's crossing of the Delaware is splendidly made. The continuity writer and not the actor is responsible for "Janice Meredith's" falling short of being a great picture. It breaks woefully in the middle, and the second part is built upon a lover's quarrel that is hard to believe. I suspect that if I were the owner of "Janice Meredith" I should destroy the end, or most of the end of my picture, even though it contains some striking and beautiful scenes. Marion Davies wears the famous curl with abandon, and is more lovely to look upon than ever before. She is at her best in comedy scenes. May Vokes and W. C. Fields prove that stage comedy transferred to the screen is still stage comedy; but they are nevertheless entertaining.

In "The Declaration of Independence", one of the "Chronicles of America", the Yale University Press has at last given us a veritable masterpiece. Here is a film in which there was very little to tell, yet how adequately suspense has been supplied by characterization and by the use of social background. Ben Franklin, John Hancock—both are exquisitely played. Scenic effects, lighting, grouping—here seems to me to be a beautiful piece of motion picture chronicling.

—*J. F.*

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Retail Bookseller", and* "THE BOOKMAN'S *Monthy Score". Such books as the editor specially recommends are marked with a star.*

GEORGIAN STORIES, 1924 — *Putnam.* Extremely uneven. The editor's penchant for tales with trick endings is rather annoying.

SIEGE — Samuel Hopkins Adams — *Boni, Liveright.* More younger-older generation struggle.

* THE GREEN HAT — Michael Arlen — *Doran.* The ultimate adventure comes first, but afterward the hero learns a lot of surprising things about Iris Storm, all of them related by Mr. Arlen in those charming mannerisms. (*See page 220.*)

THE BAZAAR — Martin Armstrong — *Knopf.* Tales to suit all tastes, weird, mystical, whimsical.

WIND'S END — Herbert Asquith — *Scribner.* Man or beast, after nightfall the ghost of Wind's End field spares no one. A fair enough mystery yarn save for its pseudo scientific explanation.

MISS PARKWORTH — Edward C. Booth — *Dodd, Mead.* Morbid stories that will appeal to students of Freud.

THE BELLEHELEN MINE — B. M. Bower — *Little, Brown.* Helen saves her mine and defeats a monster of selfishness with satisfactory thoroughness.

* THE GREEN BAY TREE — Louis Bromfield — *Stokes.* Splendid first novel with great charm of characterization.

THE THREE HOSTAGES — John Buchan — *Houghton Mifflin.* Sir Richard Hannay again; this time he downs a gang of Bolshevists in a contest full of perils.

THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT — Edgar Rice Burroughs — *McClurg.* The weird island of Caprona gives birth to a grotesque and absurd romance.

THE HOME-MAKER — Dorothy Canfield — *Harcourt, Brace.* The problem of man or woman or neither or both in the home.

* THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE — Struthers Burt — *Scribner.* The reconstruction period shown as interpreted among social New York folk.

AUGUSTUS CARP, ESQ. — Himself — *Houghton Mifflin.* The record of a small, mean nature, enlivened (?) by elephantine attempts at humor.

ORDEAL — Dale Collins — *Knopf.* Sea adventure, sex adventure, and shrewd psychology combine in a story that provides more sensation between the appearance and the gorgeously manœuvred disappearance of the leering, one eared Ted than can be wrung out of half a dozen ordinary thrillers.

THE GOLDEN COCOON — Ruth Cross — *Harper.* A charming girl flitting to various American scenes and making them her own.

THE SAINT OF THE SPEEDWAY — Ridgwell Cullum — *Doran.* A story of gambling in Alaska — gambling with hearts of course!

A GENTLEMAN OF COURAGE — James Oliver Curwood — *Cosmopolitan.* The Lake Superior forest this time becomes happy hunting ground for loves, deceits, and final huzzahs.

* MADAME CLAIRE — Susan Ertz — *Appleton.* This lovely old lady persists among best sellers, which seems to show that we still like lovely old ladies to rule our lives for us.

* SO BIG — Edna Ferber — *Doubleday, Page.* Another middle western story, full of fine truth and real sentiment.

THE HEAVEN-KISSED HILL — J. S. Fletcher — *Doran.* Mr. Fletcher's celebrated charming English atmosphere but very little else this time.

THE GOLDEN BED — Wallace Irwin — *Putnam.* A story of a growing southern town and some of its people, in which atmosphere and the lovely little gold digger who is the heroine are particularly well done.

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OFFICER! — Hulbert Footner — *Doran.* The lighter side of the mystery-detective market with an engaging romance.

* HEIRS APPARENT — Philip Gibbs — *Doran.* What is the postwar generation doing? The answer as a story is here given.

THE PRICE OF THINGS — Elinor Glyn — *Authors Press.* More sensationalism that goes for propaganda.

STILETTO — Ernest Goodwin — *Bobbs-Merrill.* Love and murder in Venice in the days of Casanova, a swift tale with a picturesque setting.

THE CALL OF THE CANYON — Zane Grey — *Harper.* This Zane Grey thriller pits the primitive west against New York society. One guess as to the winner.

AFTER THE VERDICT — Robert Hichens — *Doran.* After the verdict it still takes 460 pages to find out whether or not Clive Baratrie was guilty of killing Mrs. Sabine; a few pages at the end scarcely seem adequate for the adjustment with his wife.

RE-CREATIONS — Grace Livingston Hill — *Lippincott.* A novel of brightness, gaiety, pluck, etc. — characterized by the names of two of the girls, Clytie and Evadne.

* THE COVERED WAGON — Emerson Hough — *Appleton.* This epic of colonization has been a best seller constantly ever since it was published — years ago.

THE GOLDEN LADDER — Rupert Hughes — *Harper.* History with the Hughes sparkle — wherein Hamilton and Burr react to the charm of the famous Mme. Jumel.

SUBSOIL — George F. Hummel — *Boni, Liveright.* This pitiless disclosure of rural life heaps on dirt thickly, at times nauseatingly.

ISLE OF THORNS — Sheila Kaye-Smith — *Dutton.* Reissue of an early novel by one of the best of England's women writers.

RECOMPENSE — Robert Keable — *Putnam.* The sex struggle of "Simon Called Peter" continues through another volume.

TOLD BY AN IDIOT — Rose Macaulay — *Boni, Liveright.* The absurdity of life shown tastefully over a period of years in England.

TONGUES OF FLAME — Peter Clark Macfarlane — *Cosmopolitan.* Its publishers advertise it as a story of "stalwart men, wilful women and throbbing hearts". What more can they ask of a reviewer?

THE PLASTIC AGE — Percy Marks — *Century.* College exposed in a rather interesting tale.

AFTER HARVEST — Charles Fielding Marsh — *Appleton.* A little English farm is the scene of a sombre narrative with a happy ending.

HIGH FIRES — Marjorie Barkley McClure. — *Little, Brown.* Capitalization of the religious quarrel — pretty well done.

IN A SHANTUNG GARDEN — Louise Jordan Miln — *Stokes.* The author's evident knowledge of Chinese life does not help her to write a good novel. Stilted characters, wading through a sentimental morass of language, enact again the Madam Butterfly theme.

PANDORA LIFTS THE LID — Christopher Morley and Don Marquis — *Doran.* A rollicking adventure told in collaboration.

ROSE OF THE WORLD — Kathleen Norris — *Doubleday, Page.* In which Mrs. Norris reverts to pale pink sentimentality, spreading treacle with a generous hand, beginning with her title and including a voluptuous photo of her heroine in colors.

BACK STAGE — Roland Oliver — *Macmillan.* An entertaining piece of pure fiction, not a thinly veiled story written around the Provincetown Theatre, though ninety nine out of each hundred readers are apt to draw the latter conclusion.

THE WRATH TO COME — E. Phillips Oppenheim — *Little, Brown.* Prophecies of future wars and super wars.

THE BARBARIAN LOVER — Margaret Pedler — *Doran.* India and England again form the background for this author's usual mixture of adventure and heart interest.

THE TEST OF DONALD NORTON — Robert E. Pinkerton — *Reilly, Lee.* Another soul struggle.

HUSTLER JOE — Eleanor H. Porter — *Doran.* Last scrapings of the barrel left by the author of "Pollyanna".

THE DARK CHAPTER — E. J. Rath — *Watt.* Clean comedy which actually has a plot and is amusing.

* TEMPERAMENTAL PEOPLE — Mary Roberts Rinehart — *Doran.* A queen, a secretary, a singer, a wife, and a philanderer, as contrasted with sculptor, cowboy, and doughboy in these stories makes the ratio of temperament in the sexes safely feminine.

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MARK ONLY — T. F. Powys — *Knopf.* It takes remarkable craftsmanship for a pronounced stylist to combine realism with symbolism, and write an understandable tragedy in dialect foreign to most American readers. Yet Mr. Powys's genius (a permissible term) surmounts all obstacles.

PROUD FLESH — Lawrence Rising — *Boni, Liveright.* A rather unconventional love story told in a California setting.

THE SAD ADVENTURERS — Maryse Rutledge — *Boni, Liveright.* Another case of the Show-Off and the girl who had to put up with him.

BARDELYS THE MAGNIFICENT — Rafael Sabatini — *Houghton Mifflin.* In Languedoc, in the year of the Rebellion, Sieur Marcel de Saint-Pol behaved as all Sabatini heroes should.

TALK — Emanie N. Sachs — *Harper.* A painstaking study of the life of a woman who shrank from what "They " might say.

THE ROUGHNECK — Robert W. Service — *Barse, Hopkins.* Melodrama concerning a fine nature overwhelmed by malignant fate in a South Pacific island.

PLUPY AND OLD J. ALBERT — Henry A. Shute — *Dorrance.* The boy at Christmas and the author's experiences as a cook are easily the best of these short stories and essays.

POLLYANNA OF THE ORANGE BLOSSOMS — Harriet Lummis Smith — *Page.* Rivaling the Cheshire Cat — neither war nor marriage can drive away the famous smile.

JOSSELYN — Henry Justin Smith — *Covici-McGee.* The tale of a dreamer told with compassionate verity.

* PLUMES — Laurence Stallings — *Harcourt, Brace.* A better war novel than "Three Soldiers" — brilliant, human, true. (*See page 219.*)

AN ASTRONOMER AT LARGE — A. G. Thornton— *Putnam.* An Innocent Abroad on Epsom Downs, fun from cover to cover.

MRS. PARAMOR — Louis Joseph Vance — *Dutton.* A tale abounding in such unbelievable situations that only a certain facile airiness of dialogue saves it from complete imbecility.

THE TATTOOED COUNTESS — Carl Van Vechten — *Knopf.* An amusing, if slightly vulgar, period skit. (*See page 221.*)

DEEP IN THE HEARTS OF MEN — Mary E. Waller — *Little, Brown.* A coal miner, his family, and his heart's emergence form sentimental material for this ramble among New Hampshire hills.

THE FOURTEENTH KEY — Carolyn Wells — *Putnam.* After reading this mystery yarn one remembers thankfully the author's admirable nonsense verse.

THE DREAM — H. G. Wells — *Macmillan.* At play in his finest mood, Mr. Wells spins a story of today in terms of years to come.

BE GOOD, SWEET MAID — Anthony Wharton — *Boni, Liveright.* Because if you're clever, Mr. Wharton sets out to prove, you will have a bulbous nose and nobody will love you. But he doesn't tell you how to prevent it.

* OLD NEW YORK — Edith Wharton — *Appleton.* Well written novelettes of old but always aristocratic New York.

THE THREE OF CLUBS — Valentine Williams — *Houghton Mifflin.* War clouds in the Balkans still burst into tales of love and diplomacy.

REDEMPTION — Beckles Willson — *Putnam.* A Blue Book of Canada imperfectly mixed with home seeking struggles of an English family.

* THE ABLE MCLAUGHLINS — Margaret Wilson — *Harper.* A strange but apparently successful combination of realism, historical romance, and downright melodrama.

WOODSMOKE — Francis Brett Young — *Dutton.* Another African story in which words judiciously selected from the native lingo supply the atmosphere which is at times a bit thick.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

LIBRARY OF THE EARLY NOVELISTS

By William Lyon Phelps

THOSE enterprising, indefatigable, catholic publishers and importers, E. P. Dutton and Company, not content with issuing many new books by known and unknown writers, have launched in America three series, by which some almost inaccessible classics of past time are made available for the student or reader. I refer to "The Bodley Head Quartos", an exceedingly valuable collection of reprints of Elizabethan booklets and pamphlets; "The Broadway Translations", containing works like the Greek Anthology and the "Gesta Romanorum"; and "The Library of Early Novelists", where at all events quantity is supplied at a reasonable price — "Early English Prose Romances", edited by Thoms, contains nearly a thousand pages, and is obtainable at $3.50. The volumes are printed in readable type, are handsomely bound, and with the exception of the tome of Thoms, pleasantly light in weight.

Some of those that have already appeared are "The Monk" (1795); Brooke's "The Fool of Quality" (1766), with Charles Kingsley's biographical preface; Sidney's "Arcadia" (1590); Johnstone's "Adventures of a Guinea" (1760); Defoe's "Moll Flanders" and "Roxana" in one volume; all of the above edited by E. A. Baker. Then there are "The Heptameron", translated by Arthur Machen; Smollett's translation of "Gil Blas", edited by W. M. Fullerton; Morley's edition of "Gulliver's Travels", containing also the account of Cyrano de Bergerac — how little Morley dreamed of what that name would soon signify!

In looking over these reprints, one is forced to the inevitable conclusion that in the long run public taste is accurate. The most easily accessible of all these works is "Gulliver's Travels", and why? Because it is by far the greatest. It is indeed one of the supreme masterpieces of the world's literature, supreme from any point of view you choose to take. Among all the satires directed against life and the human race, this is the most terrible; paradoxically, as a story for little children, it is the most charming; it is a model of prose style, wherein language and idea, execution and conception, are not only harmonious, they are identical. It seems to me that even the most secret meditations of Swift must have taken instinctively a perfect literary form. As a work of imagination, "Gulliver's Travels" is flawless, the characters living people, and the drawings in the first two books exactly according to scale. Nor, until human nature changes, will this book cease to be pertinent. Incidentally, the prophecy of the two satellites of Mars, of particular interest in 1924, and first discovered in 1877, is one of the uncanniest things in literature.

In spite of the accessibility of this work, there are three reasons for buying this particular edition. First, it is an accurate reprint of the first edition of 1726: second, it has valuable edi-

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torial matter contributed by Henry Morley and J. P. Gilson: third, it includes seven of the best of Swift's independent essays. Let us now begin to prepare for a world wide celebration in 1926 of the two hundredth anniversary. I am as certain as I am of anything that there will also be a celebration of its two thousandth birthday.

Swift spoke his mind, and used plain words; but nobody ever read "Gulliver's Travels" except for legitimate reasons. This cannot be said of some of these other reprints, which, however much hypocritical cant may be uttered concerning their art and beauty, owe their circulation today chiefly to their pornography; if it were not for that element, they would be covered with dust. For the truth is that most of them are intolerably, insufferably dull, and the majority of their readers are drawn to them even as Peeping Toms go to burlesques and revues, where they can peep legally at $3.30 a peep. Time was, too, and not so long ago, when readers of this class were compelled to go to the classics, old, "standard" works; but now many contemporary writers are competing to supply this particular demand.

Sidney's "Arcadia" is a lovely, flowery old romance, which while it cannot possibly be called exciting, has a certain momentum that carries the reader along. The best thing about it was said by the late Barrett Wendell: you always want to find out what happens next, though you invariably forget what happened last. Furthermore, there is a quaintness in the antithetical quality of the style, which is perennially amusing, thus:

> The messenger made speed, and found Argalus at a castle of his own, sitting in a parlour with the fair Parthenia, he reading in a book the stories of Hercules, she by him, as to hear him read: but while his eyes looked on the book, she looked on his eyes, and sometimes staying him with some pretty question, not so much to be resolved of the doubt, as to give him occasion to look upon her: a happy couple, he joying in her, she joying in herself, but in herself, because she enjoyed him: both increased their riches by giving to each other; each making one life double, because they made a double life one; where desire never wanted satisfaction, nor satisfaction ever bred satiety; he ruling, because she would obey, or rather because she would obey, he therein ruling.

The chief fact about Sir Philip Sidney; he was infinitely greater than anything he wrote. His personality was so radiant that even today he is a living force, a vital influence. Compared to such sunshine as "David Copperfield", the "Arcadia" is like moonlight; like a dead moon, it gleams only by reflected light.

How totally different is the case of Daniel Defoe! Defoe proves that it is possible to be a first rate literary genius without having any personality at all. An enormously voluminous writer, he is more elusive than Shakespeare. It is impossible to tell whether his continual moralizings are sincere or satirical, or what his actual point of view was on any subject. My guess is that in the ranks of literature he resembles the old professional soldier of fortune, who took no interest in any "cause", but was devoted to his trade. In other words, Defoe was a professional hack writer elevated to immortality by the possession of genius. It was as essential for him to scribble as to breathe. His works would in every respect be as interesting to read as if their authorship were unknown. In a sense, it is unknown; for while everybody delights in "Robinson Crusoe", no one knows anything whatever of the inner mind whence it came.

These volumes, like "The Bodley Head Quartos", will be of particular value in the numerous courses given in universities on the history of fiction.

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

BOOKS THAT MAY HAVE ESCAPED YOU

1. "Spinster of This Parish" by W. B. Maxwell (Dodd, Mead). By far the best of Mr. Maxwell's novels, a real novel with a real plot.

2. "Raw Material" by Dorothy Canfield (Harcourt, Brace). Sketches that reveal at once a woman's understanding and an author's technique.

3. "Sunrise Trumpets" by Joseph Auslander (Harper). One of the best of the season's collections of poetry.

4. "A Fable for Critics" (Houghton Mifflin). First published anonymously, then acknowledged by Amy Lowell. A delightful criticism of American poetry.

5. "The Genius of America" by Stuart P. Sherman (Scribner). Essays of great worth by the new literary editor of the New York "Herald-Tribune".

Another Fine War Novel

SINCE Thomas Boyd's "Through the Wheat" nothing so fine as "Plumes" (Harcourt, Brace) in the way of a war novel has appeared. In this case it is foolish to make comparisons; for the stories are so different from each other and so fine, both of them, that they are sure to remain permanently a part of our war record. "Plumes" is the story of what the war did to a young Anglo-Saxon and his wife. Laurence Stallings has already proved himself one of the most brilliant of the young critics. If he can go on writing novels as passionately conceived, as well planned, as swift and as true as this one, there is no question about his future as a writer. Anyhow, he has written "Plumes", and no consideration of his future is necessary. It is the story of a patriotic young man, backed by generations of patriotic Americans, who leaves his wife, about to have a child, and goes off bravely to be a hero in France. He becomes a hero but his body is shattered; and when he returns to face life, comparative poverty, and the vagaries of governmental care of wounded men, the tragedies arising are staggering. "Plumes" is not a book of war scenes — only occasionally do they flash into the picture. It is a story of the problem that thousands of people are facing today, the awesome task of reconstruction, of body and soul. The woman of the book is heroic. If the story errs at all it is in slighting the proportions of the hero. Yet this slighting is probably a part of Laurence Stallings's plan of fairness, for his is a fair book if there ever was one. He is bitter, yet understanding. He would fight to end war; but he knows the greatest tragedy of mankind to be the fact that war is inevitable. His final picture is clear and terrifying. I can remember no recent novel with a more vivid opening chapter, and the climactic scene of the story has such psychological power that I shall not attempt to dull it by description. If only there were some new way of saying that here is a book every American should read! Well, then, if you have any respect whatsoever for my opinion, if you aren't afraid to look at war without sentimentality, I say this book is for you. Mind you, this is no "Three Soldiers". It is a book written by a brilliant young writer, a well bred normal young American, who knows every inch of the path he writes of, and more too — and can be impersonal about it!

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A Fiery Biographer

"IMAGINARY LIVES" by Marcel Schwob (Boni, Liveright) is translated by Lorimer Hammond, whose interpretation from the French seems excellent. At any rate, here is a book that will please all lovers of unconventional biography to a point of hysteria. Schwob has taken, for the most part, figures little known to ordinary biographical shelves. To be sure, here are Empedocles, Lucretius, Petronius, Pocahontas, Captain Kidd; but in the main these fine sketches portray the small life as it meets greatness, both of outward event and of actual passion and tragedy in its own soul. The piece on Lucretius is only seven pages long, yet it is a superb example of expert dramatization; likewise the brittle sombreness of the chapter on Gabriel Spencer. Every sketch in this book is a fine short story in itself, compact to a point which shows absolute mastery of technique. I should like to quote a little:

> That is why he [Lucretius] returned to the bleak house of his ancestors, seeking the beautiful African, whom he found brewing something in a caldron over a fire. She, too, had been thinking, though her thoughts were as mysterious as the source of her smiles. Lucretius looked down into the bubbling brew as it cleared slowly, like a green and stormy sky. The woman trailed one finger gently over her forehead when she handed him the cup. Lucretius drank and his reason left him as quickly, so that he forgot all the Greek words from the papyrus scroll. Then, being mad, he learned real love for the first time, and in the night, being poisoned, he learned death.

This is not a book for those who shrink from plain speaking. It is terrifying, frank, brutal, outspoken. Its stories are of all types of persons, of muckers, degenerates, poets, princes, priests; yet for all its frankness it has a robust quality that, for me at least, seems to make it healthy.

The Brooklyn Girl

OCCASIONALLY a child prodigy arrives on the scene who has accents of reality as a writer. Nathalia Crane's "The Janitor's Boy" (Seltzer) comes to me late, and has already been mentioned in several other parts of this magazine; but if you do not know these whimsical fancies of a little girl, you will want to do so; and if you do, you will want everyone else to do so. Nathalia Crane is a more sophisticated little girl, judging from her writings, than is Hilda Conkling. Moreover, she writes in fairly regular rhyme and rhythm. Now there is something pretty real about this:

> Riches never will be ours,
> We have said it o'er and o'er,
> Till they make things all "One Dollar"
> In the ten cent store.

And about this couplet closing verses titled "Old Maid's Reverie":

> And me, a maiden mendicant may ask an alms, forsooth,
> As one who missed the rubrics in the litanies of youth.

For the Sophisticates

MICHAEL ARLEN'S "The Green Hat" (Doran) is unquestionably one of the most absorbing of sophisticated romances. It puzzles, it dazzles, it is embroidered with gaiety of color and of phrases — and its interest seldom flags. The story of the mysterious Iris Storm is told with multiple inversions of words and of method. The result is that a passionate, moving, almost melodramatic tale is made to seem highly specialized. Far be it from me to quarrel with Arlen's style. I find it, quite the contrary, fascinating; but his method of plotting a story seems

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both annoying and unnecessary. He jumps from the future life of one character to the past life of another. His long digressions when he takes the pains really to describe are permissible only because they are magnificent examples of skill. About all that can be said for Mr. Arlen at the moment is that you must read him. He has become a fad both in England and America. You will enjoy him. You will doubtless quarrel over his merits or demerits with your friends. So far, in my opinion, while his work has been exceedingly charming, it does not seem overwhelmingly important.

For those who like this type of story Carl Van Vechten's "The Tattooed Countess" (Knopf) will also bring respite — even though ever so slightly vulgar it be — from the realistic cares of today. This is not quite so good a book as "Peter Whiffle" but it has verve and audacity and is, in the main, well written.

—*J. F.*

A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

By Wilbur Cortez Abbott

THERE is one certain recipe for an interesting book. It is to get together as many great names as possible, persuade their owners to tell as much as they are willing to commit to print of what they know, or think, or believe, or what they wish others to know, think, or believe; interlard the result with some articles written by men who are not great actors in affairs but who have studied various phases of human activity; sprinkle well with pictures; bind; and serve as hot as possible upon the heels of the events.

This recipe the publishers of the Encyclopædia Britannica have followed with conspicuous success. In two huge volumes totaling nearly fourteen hundred pages they have presented not merely a sort of conspectus of the history of the past quarter of a century, with some glances backward and at least one look forward, but they have brought together a series of opinions, prejudices, points of view, judgments, and a few obsessions, into an extremely interesting and informing book. Its value is considerable in the facts which it contains. It is still more important in the revelation of the men who have made the history which they now profess to write.

If one may judge from some of the articles which they have here set forth, these "makers of history" are not wholly, or even in great part, enormously pleased with the results of their activities. Indeed nothing is more extraordinary than the fact that even those who most bitterly bewail the existence of national hatreds in the world are precisely those who express most vigorously that unenviable quality. On this ground meet such different souls as Quartermaster General Ludendorff and H. G. Wells. The former — representing the nation which devised and sang the Hymn of Hate — complains bitterly that other nations were

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taught by their governments to hate Germany. The latter — in preaching some hope of world association — fills his pages with hate and fear of France, with that entertaining ignorance of politics which he has always displayed. Bertrand Russell, who is nothing if not a propagandist, denounces government by propaganda — though propaganda is nothing new save in name only. Philip Snowden, who has done so much to produce the phenomena which he describes, tells us of social and revolutionary unrest, in moderate and, one almost inclines to suspect, somewhat disillusioned spirit.

In fact, not to linger too long over individuals, disillusionment seems to be a characteristic note of many of these articles. Mr. Wells has lost faith in Communism and the League of Nations. Maximilian Harden, who alone of all the world — he confesses it himself — foresaw everything in relation to William II, hopes without enthusiasm that the "new apocalypse" of a Germany devoted to sweetness and light "may not come too late". Mr. Mavrogordato heads his article "Greece: A Record of Triumph and Disaster". Sir Percy Sykes says of Persia that "until there is a change in Persian character, and until the ideas and customs of the middle ages are left behind, there is little hope". Professor Chapman says of Spain that "socially and politically the country is still groping".

Yet if there is evident in many quarters a spirit of depression, it is no less apparent that there is also in many others an even more powerful spirit of optimism. In Russia the abandonment of the Communist program, with, it may be guessed from what is not distinctly said, the rise of statesmen to take the place of the Bolshevist adventurers, offers hope. (Yet, so fast does the world move, all this seems to have changed even since these lines were written.) Sir Horace Plunkett is still sanguine that Ireland may find sanity and sound government. There would seem much hope for Germany as soon as she finds real political life; and much for Italy. But it is evident that hope and optimism and all that goodly company find more congenial atmosphere in the new lands, in the Americas, in Australia, even in South Africa. Above all they find their real habitat in the realms of science and invention. It may be true that, in the words of the heading of one article, "Exploration Writes 'Finis' to Discovery" so far as geography is concerned; but the spirit of most of these interesting articles in the scientific field is that of "The Harvest Time in Medicine and Surgery". It may be that we perceive the "Breakdown of International Law", but it is no less evident that — despite Mr. Wells — no one can read the account of the League of Nations from the pen of M. Bourgeois, whether or not he be a "Leaguer", without some feeling that, whatever the function of the League as the savior of civilization, there lies in the idea which it represents the hope of a newer, and one may hope a better, system of international relations.

The trouble about such a work as this is that it leads to endless reflections, and, unless one watches his pen — and his space — to endless disquisition on this fascinating subject of the world in which we live. For, with all due respect to similar publications, with all due allowance for the utter absurdity of some of the views here presented, and the spirit and ignorance of some of the writers — which are no less important as signs of the times than if these gentlemen were wise and well informed — there has not yet appeared a work which is so informing, so stimulating,

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and so entertaining as this survey of the century in which, for good and ill, we play our part in history.

These Eventful Years. The Twentieth Century in the Making. As told by many of its makers. Edited by Franklin H. Hooper. The Encyclopædia Britannica Co.

LOVE DISSECTED

By Woodbridge Riley

THIS is not a book of etiquette for lovers, not a manual to tell the amorous novice what is wrong with this picture of Romeo and Juliet.[1] It is rather a characteristic French work on a difficult subject, a witty and learned treatise on love in all its phases — for that word to the author suggests not only sentimental attachment but also the love of objects such as the family and fatherland, of abstractions like truth and justice, and even the church and its doctrines.

The inquiry, then, ranges from romantic love to mystical adoration, from the works of the novelists, particularly the Gallic, to the philosophies of the idealists and pragmatists, of thinkers as wide apart as Hegel and William James. Thus Berl proceeds with a light touch through the various explanations of the divine passion. There are the magical theories of occult potency and the "*femme fatale*"; there are, at the other extreme, rationalistic theories like that of Plato according to which any love is but a part of a greater whole, a participation by the individual in a sublime idea. This notion is reflected in what the Frenchman calls the Anglo-Saxon prophets of optimism, believers in the "One", disciples "in tune with the Infinite".

Though wide apart, these theories are really akin; they are both magical. The primitive mind believes in the occult potency of the object, such as the love philtre. The modern optimist believes in the potency of "Principle", or some equally recondite notion. Besides his references to the findings of anthropology and the vaporings of the New Thoughters, the author implicitly criticizes one theory which has been recently revived in the latest form of American philosophy. The so called critical realism is little but a revival of mediæval doctrine. It makes out that reality consists in the "essence", that two objects are beautiful because each partakes of essential beauty. As applied to his subject, the Frenchman neatly disposes of this by supposing that if Romeo's love for Juliet and Juliet's love for Romeo are one and the same in which both share, then we should have to distinguish between the Romeo whom Juliet loves and the Romeo who loves Juliet.

Descending from these fanciful theories, we come to the most prevalent explanation, the biological. Here love is considered a vital tendency; for without a tendency to be, to preserve, increase and reproduce itself, there is no individuality possible. The origin of love, then, is in the nature of things, whether we call it effort, evolution, will, life, or the Bergsonian *élan*. Yet even here there are difficulties. Facts, says Berl, sufficiently prove that sentimental love opposes the reproductive tendency quite as much as it favors it. There may be a tendency to reproduce, but there is also an independence of feelings in reference to tendencies, as witness the hold of chivalrous love, of the strangely ascetic affairs between the mediæval knights and their ladies.

The sociological explanation seems no better than the biological. The school of Auguste Comte would make

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out that groups as such engender feeling, that whenever a new social unit is created by artificial grouping there springs up one or more feelings corresponding to the existence of this group. Men will love their own regiment, which they will extol at the expense of other regiments. Now Comte based his worship of humanity on the growth of the group, and Tarde showed how mob psychology will explain sentimental contagion. But Berl goes too far in asserting that everything happens as though society has a sentimental ideal, varying with country and age, an ideal imposing itself on individuals, who do their best to conform to it. On the contrary, sentiments cannot always be artificially created. In war times there are many who are bored with the propaganda of patriotism; in a political campaign the sentimental gush about party loyalty simply manufactures mugwumps. So in sentimental love between individuals. The different ages have their types, and Berl ingeniously suggests a history of such variants: the "courteous" love of the Middle Ages and the sensual love of the Renaissance; the matrimonial bourgeois type of the seventeenth century and the libertinism of the Regency, where woman is the "male friend" type and in place of the "*femme bourgeoise*" the novelist extols a liaison outside of marriage. Finally there is the twentieth century type — a certain economic state, an increase in the number of young women relative to that of young men, creates feminism which calls in question the nature of the love bond. Here the author ironically quotes a compatriot who holds that we are reduced to the initial state of things: women choosing their husbands as do the bees, men representing strolling idleness, fantasy and lyricism by the side of their grave companions, amazon mistresses responsible for social order.

This is all very well, but the ideal types of one generation are not compelling upon all of that generation, and Berl's own principle of the irrationality of love might be used to refute his neat scheme. The present sentimental ideal of society may be largely in favor of the flapper, and the strong arm gang of new women may monopolize the headlines. But feelings are not wholly subject to fashions, and the author confesses as much in describing the opposition of feeling to social influences. As he puts it: Men say to themselves: "I love this woman who belongs neither to my country, to my religion, nor to my social rank. Everything conspires to prevent my loving her . . . consequently I love her truly."

The Nature of Love. By Emmanuel Berl. Translated by Fred Rothwell. The Macmillan Co.

THE HIGHWAY TO AVALON

By Myles Tierney

NO one, I take it, who has read "The Secret Glory" can have forgotten Mr. Machen's protagonist in that golden book. Vincent Starrett, in collecting the items for "The Shining Pyramid", has given us two short sketches anent this same Ambrose Meyrick — addenda which, presumably, the author did not see fit to include in the original story. In one of these pieces — "In Convertendo" — I especially cherish the following passage as being indicative no less of Arthur Machen's own philosophical tenor than of Ambrose Meyrick's elevated and highly unpopular trend of thought.

He understood the difficulty of the great Act of Faith, which must be renewed day by day, again and again, by a constant exercise of the will, or else the abyss, the fall into the

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black pit of nonsense and despair which most people think of as the world, "and not half a bad place either, if you take it the right way". It was so simple, the "not half a bad place" creed; one fell in with it so easily, without any conscious effort of acquiescence; one conformed even against one's own steadfast convictions unless these were constantly renewed and proclaimed. One knew better, perhaps — one had been vouchsafed sure proofs from within and from without; and yet it was so entirely natural to believe that man is sustained by loaves from the baker and meat from the butcher, and to take one's measures accordingly . . . he resolved that this should be amended, that for the future he would daily remind himself that he was fed not by baker's bread and butcher's meat, but by miracles and wonders.

And so, throughout the many remaining essays and tales in "The Shining Pyramid", we read discourses of manifold miracles and wonders by that finished stylist who is, himself, the miracle and wonder of literary England today. Mr. Machen is so far behind the times as to find material for panegyrics in Dickens, Cervantes, and Homer. Nay more, here is a man who would disparage the industrial revolution, who bewails the splendid new factories of Manchester, who has even the temerity to gird at the admirable G. B. S.! But when he seriously repeats to us that dictum of man not living by bread alone, when — as in the matter of the loaves and meat — he affirms, to put it briefly, the world's need of visions rather than provisions, then we realize that we are coping with a belated idealist of the old school — one of the few who have managed to survive that irrationally scientific nineteenth century. And, if we have a remnant of the old wisdom, we might be grateful to Mr. Machen and take grave counsel with this mad visionary; but, somehow, I think we shall do nothing of the kind.

In "The London Adventure", as in the author's two former volumes of autobiography — "Far off Things" and "Things Near and Far" — we are given to see the magnificent conquest of poverty and sordidness by one whose Act of Faith in the things of the spirit never wavered, nor sanctioned those paltry compromises wherein weaker men take timid refuge. With a quiet humor that all but conceals the underlying pathos, Mr. Machen relates the picaresque tales of his days as a Fleet Street reporter.

One is not surprised to learn that, to this alchemistical mystic, the most absurd errands and most foolish of reportorial assignments were but baser matters to be transmuted into the gold of high adventure. Thus was the everlasting search for "copy" turned into a quest for that strange beauty that the artist's eye is given the light to see even in the most squalid of London's slums. Just such an eye had Dickens, and the rare discoveries — æsthetic, dramatic, and historical — in "The London Adventure" are not unlike those odd flashes of vision of the author of "Pickwick Papers".

The London of Arthur Machen is a far cry from the eternal museums and traditional relics beloved of Cook's tours. The reader will journey through Islington and Clapton, he will hear mention of Edmonton and Spa Fields, and, if he be a knowing and appreciative soul, he will sigh with relish at the good hearty ale in certain small taverns of Soho. Then there is the author's love of antiquity for its own sake — a characteristic affection omnipresent in his work:

I can look with a kind of pleasure on a very doorstep, on a doorstep approaching a shabby grey house of 1810 or thereabouts — if the stone be worn into a deep hollow by the feet of even a hundred years and a little over. . . . The feet of the weary and hopeless, the glad and the exultant, the lustful and the pure have made that hollow; and most of those feet are now in the hollow of the grave; and that doorstep is to me sacra-

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mental, if not a sacrament, even though the neighborhood round about Mount Pleasant is a very poor one. For, it seems to me that here you have the magic touch which redeems and exalts the dull mass of things, by tingeing them with the soul of man.

One turns from the quaintly casual manner of "The London Adventure" to the jeweled style of "Ornaments in Jade" with a hope that the Machen of "The Hill of Dreams" has given us another volume of his resonant prose, rich imagery, and spiritual beauty. But these few fugitive pastels, although in format the handsomest of the author's books, are slight and nebulous things filled with suggestions of enormities and horrors that stimulate one's risibility too often to produce their intended effects. To add, in extenuation, that they are exceedingly well done as to style, is quite unnecessary when we remember that they are from the pen of Arthur Machen.

The Shining Pyramid. By Arthur Machen. Edited by Vincent Starrett. Covici-McGee.
The London Adventure. By Arthur Machen. Alfred A. Knopf.
Ornaments in Jade. By Arthur Machen. Alfred A. Knopf.

THREE ENGLISH LYRISTS

By John Donelson

IN these three small volumes is a striking commentary on modern poetic moods. I have called "H. D." English, although she is in reality a somewhat expatriated American; but she is even more truly Greek, ancient Greek, in background and in desire. She is, in my opinion, one of the few living poets who speak with absolute accents of genius. Many of you are doubtless impatient of her mannerisms, do not catch the slow but nevertheless certain cadence of her verse, do not certainly understand her meaning. Yet, to me, there are few poets who speak so movingly of the subtle cadencies of love, its ardors, its languors, its disillusions. Nor of all those who are confessedly or unintentionally Imagists, is there one who is so sure of color, so unfailing in the selection of the image. Take one of the shortest pieces in "Heliodora", for example. It is complete, it is not only a nature but a soul picture:

OREAD

Whirl up, sea —
whirl your pointed pines,
splash your great pines
on our rocks,
hurl your green over us,
cover us with your pools of fir.

This is the singing of a pagan, a pagan who finds gods in fire, and their chantings in the movements of the sea. "Centaur Song" is a superb piece of music. I quote the opening, only:

Now that the day is done,
now that the night creeps soft
and dims the chestnut clusters'
radiant spike of flower,
O sweet, till dawn
break through the branches
of our orchard-garden,
rest in this shelter
of the osier-wood and thorn.

They fall,
the apple-flowers;
nor softer grace has Aphrodite
in the heaven afar,
nor at so fair a pace
open the flower-petals
as your face bends down,
while, breath on breath,
your mouth wanders
from my mouth o'er my face.

For W. H. Davies's new book of lyrics there is far less to say. They are cerebral, a trifle remote, with moments of music and of beauty, but with moments only; and I think there is no lyric in the entire collection that is not spoiled by some curious and unreasonable cadence. Robert Frost uses this

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same type of cadence with good effect; but in Davies I find it both annoying and prosaic. Take this stanza, for example, from a poem called "One Token":

> But what I want I cannot have:
> One token from beyond the grave,
> That hour I neither dream nor sleep,
> To prove death but a veil to hide
> Another life on the other side.

The thoughts are some of them exquisite, there are lines of power and of beauty; but there is not an accent of real musical worth. I find Davies far more satisfactory in his dramatic lyrics.

As for Edith Sitwell's "The Sleeping Beauty", it is a lengthy narrative or interpretative poem, interspersed with lyrics, which is silly, remote, difficult to understand, and yet filled with a certain magic of stanza and phrase. It is a great pity that Miss Sitwell did not choose to construct her poem so as to provide a reasonable setting for such lovely lyric pieces as:

> Oh the pomp that passed those doors;
> Trains still sweep the empty floors,
> Pelongs, bulchauls, pallampores,
>
> Soundless now as any breeze
> Of amber and of orangeries
> That sweep from isles in Indian seas . . .

However, as a whole she chooses to employ elaborate and silly images, and to make the enjoyment of what was really a lovely conception almost impossible.

Miss Sitwell's book annoys me particularly because it seems to represent a state of mind dangerous to modern poetry. She is, judging from the poem, a most sentimental person who is afraid of showing it and tries to cover her sentimentality by indirection. She is unsuccessful. Her mere choice of expressions is often sentimental. It is as though Elinor Glyn suddenly tried to write a novel in the accents of Bernard Shaw. W. H. Davies, at least in these later lyrics, is sincere, even when not melodic; but Miss Sitwell is always a little self conscious, always a little odd. Hers is a most annoying book.

Heliodora. By H. D. Houghton Mifflin Co.
Secrets. By W. H. Davies. Harcourt, Brace and Co.
The Sleeping Beauty. By Edith Sitwell. Alfred A. Knopf.

THE NEW BROTHERHOOD

By J. D. Newsom

TO the sociological bibliographer "Race Prejudice" will not be without interest, but the present day student will find it somewhat out of date. M. Finot pleads eloquently for a better understanding between civilized nations and a more tolerant attitude toward the people of ruder culture with whom we come in contact. For, he argues, there can be no question but that all human types, however different they may appear, are so alike in the essentials of structure that we must regard them as well marked varieties of a common species.

Few will dispute this statement, except perhaps the propagandists who, for political ends, have spread the belief in a "pure" Nordic race. According to the anthropological definition of the word "race" there is in Europe no racial problem. It is safe to assert that no two European stocks are so different physically that their hybrid progeny may not pass as members of either parent stock.

M. Finot ascribes all variations between types to two factors — environment and prolonged isolation. But he endows environment with far more importance than is generally the case now-

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adays. He overlooks the vital fact that man, the "tool making animal", has been able to modify his environment without himself being modified. Because of this ability to manufacture "external limbs" man has not been forced to alter his anatomical structure to meet slowly changing conditions. He retains his unspecialized body, while the constant exercise of his tool making faculties has enabled him to specialize on brain.

Further, M. Finot would have us believe that one or two generations would enable cannibals "living on the basis of European civilization to fill up the moral and mental lacunæ which separate them from an average Frenchman". This is really a little too optimistic. The gap between a Melanesian and a European is unbridgeable. It is not a question of environment but of cultural development. Salvation does not lie in making a savage adopt our none too commendable civilization, but in helping him to develop along his own lines without any abrupt or demoralizing transition.

Such inability to grasp the distinction between environment and cultural development vitiates M. Finot's whole argument. He makes much of the fact that the French are the most mongrel nation in Europe — more Teutonic, he declares, than the Germans — and he scoffs at the possibility of an impending war. This in 1906! He mocks M. de Lapouge's prophecy, made in 1887, that "in the next century millions will cut each other's throats because of one or two degrees more or less of cephalic index".

It is doubtful whether Americans will be willing to accept M. Finot's solution to the Negro problem. He suggests complete assimilation as the only possible remedy, basing his opinion upon the fact that crossbreeds are fecund, long lived, and of at least average intelligence when given the chance to grow up in favorable surroundings. Race crossing may not be bad biologically, but it usually has unfortunate social consequences, for which the author's only palliative is tolerance, and more tolerance.

Also of interest to American readers will be the statement that the height of the daughters of American multimillionaires tends to approximate that of their brothers because they live in the open air and devote their days to lawn tennis and — football!

Race Prejudice. By Jean Finot. Translated by Florence Wade-Evans. E. P. Dutton and Co.

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IN BRIEF REVIEW

WE cannot suppress a little gasp of fear that intrudes upon our pleasurable anticipation of a new volume of Stephen Leacock. What if this one shouldn't be funny? True, there are now enough square inches of his humor in print to assure him a permanent niche in the same gallery that boasts Mark Twain and Artemus Ward, but, as lovers regard love, so we cling to a hope that his funniness will last forever. With the author's present excursions into "The Garden of Folly" (Dodd, Mead) this hope has been strengthened. If there is any aspect of human folly that he does not flip like a pancake and do to a turn in this book, we cannot, at the moment, recall it. In "The Secrets of Success", he analyzes those vastly exciting tracts that appear in the advertising pages of our magazines with a coupon attached. His discussions of the human mind and the human body are riotous parodies on the modern development in the fields of psychology and health. When he surveys, dramatically, the wonderful things Big Business men are doing to our colleges and churches, a thought provoking irony goes hand in hand with foolishness. And in his "Letters to the New Rulers" we seem to hear, under the tinkle of bells and the smacking of bladders, the resonant voice of a Jeremiah. "For it appears", he says, "that our poor humanity, its head still singing with the cruel buffeting of the war, is incapable of moving forward, and can only stagger round in a circle." Yes, Leacock is still funny — with a difference.

The idyllic aspect of traveling through Europe with three spirited youngsters would, we fear, be lost on most American parents. Yet with her characteristic courage and gaiety, Cornelia Stratton Parker has made another idyl of her varied and amusing experiences in "Ports and Happy Places" (Boni, Liveright). This fat volume, with its excellent photographs and its delightful excerpts from the boys' diaries, is as much a human treatise on education as it is a thoroughly charming travel book. We have a very frank envy of these children who tramped with their mother, rucksacks on backs, through tiny, picturesque hamlets of Central Europe that a tourist seldom finds. And we have an equally covetous longing to be in her shoes when, surrounded by her stalwart sons, she guided them, filled with honest wonder, through the beauty that lies in paint and canvas in the great galleries of Italy. We are aware that Mr. and Mrs. Babbitt, hearing of her experiment, will probably chant in chorus the refrain, "A democratic education in America is good enough for my children", so long has the idea of an "imported education" stood in their minds for affectation and artificial standards. They need only to read this book, however, to realize that the Parkers represent the best kind of democracy that grows on American soil, as well as an artistocracy of intelligence and understanding as rare as orchids. The publishers have dedicated it to parents "who believe that travel is an essential element in the education of children". We should like to rededicate it to all American mothers and fathers who, though able to provide such vision-widening experience for their offspring, still hold tenaciously to a bigoted America *über alles* habit of thinking.

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"International Law and Some Current Illusions" is a title which may deceive some into thinking that Macmillan's have persuaded so distinguished a specialist as John Bassett Moore into popularizing his specialty. Not so. The contents are the writings of Dr. Moore over a period of some ten years. The fact that some of these writings precede the Great War does not render them out of date; in fact one of the fallacies referred to is that "circumstances alter cases" in the sense that violations of international law alter that law. The fundamental principles of jurisprudence remain permanent despite the actions of those who carry it out, interpret it, or transgress it, Dr. Moore contends. Three articles in the book possess great documentary interest — those on "Contraband of War", on "The Permanent Court of International Justice", and on "Rules of Warfare relating to Aircraft and Radio". As a member of the Permanent Court Dr. Moore is particularly fitted to speak, and the article on "International Arbitration" is a particularly pertinent reminder, to advocates and adversaries of this body, of its firm roots in prewar days. Two essays in the volume relate to the codification of existing law and the teaching of its principles. In the final article, "Relativity", it is interesting to note that Dr. Moore's remarks on the radio and jazz parallel some less temperate disparagement by Matthew Arnold on the cultural benefits of the tenth wonder of his day — the railroad.

Breathes there an author with critical faculties so dead as to sanction the survival of *everything* that he has given to print? The firm of Pascal Covici answers in the affirmative with "Et Cetera — a Scrap-Book for Collectors". In this finely bound and strictly limited edition the ephemera in prose and verse from a host of famous and near-famous pens are disinterred from forgotten graves and, most unwisely, brought to light again. With the possible exceptions of "Emperor of Micamaca" by Paul Eldridge; Lafcadio Hearn's "Chemise of Margarita Pareja"; the five translations from Verlaine and Baudelaire by Wilbur Underwood; and Richard Middleton's "District Visitor", there is nothing among these fugitive pieces of such merit as to warrant so sumptuous a resurrection. The contents page is opulent with promising names: Richard Aldington, Stephen Crane, Hergesheimer, Arthur Machen, Kipling, Maurice Hewlett, Carl Van Vechten, and George Moore are among the better known of these collected worthies. But the indefatigable Vincent Starrett, when editing this compilation, evidently overlooked the fact that a contents page should be an indication, rather than a vindication, of the pages that are to follow. For this new mausoleum of old bones I would suggest a more pertinent title: "Nomenes et Præterea Nihil".

The charm and vividness of the substance of Ralph Nevill's "Unconventional Memories" is proof against his heavy, awkward style (betraying in its frequent ablative absolute constructions a long tutelage to the classics) and his somewhat puerile method of organization. Mr. Nevill traces no more subtle connection between the quaint incidents of sporting life at Oxford, or the colorful glimpses of life in old Persia or Madrid that his diplomatic career afforded him, than that they happened in the same place or at the same time. Nevertheless, he has known which memories to select from his varied store; and despite artistic handicaps the color and charm and romance

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of the material undeniably emerges, enlivened by the engaging frankness with which Mr. Nevill describes contemporary celebrities and methods of diplomacy.

Reprinted from its first issue in 1916, Francis Neilson's "A Strong Man's House" (Huebsch) now has nothing to recommend it save its merit as a novel (which postwar test of the "literature" in war books it passes well). Primarily propaganda of an Englishman seemingly more or less expatriate and bent on obstructing the prosecution of his country's "Cause", its incendiary idealism now seems — not surprisingly — vain, negligible. There is of course no obstruction of war when it's *on* — no essential obstructing of our further preparations for war when it's *off*. To outlaw war by the sheer force of the legislative will of our tiny national minorities possessing even an iota of spiritual integrity, would seem sanity's only solution. These are the notions *not* stressed in this volume, however, which is too optimistic of the future. All assumption to the effect that we and our immediate descendants will have, as generations, any more sense than the little that has so far been displayed in the matter of our private and national material interests, fails to take into account the brutish conservatism of biological processes! Wolves become sheep only through stern restraint!

Columnists, we know, are accustomed to lard their lean days with the fat of others' works, and we would be the last to suggest that they leave off this practice and write all the stuff themselves. Two heads — or a dozen, for that matter — are better than one when it comes to catching the play of wit and humor on the prism of public life. But in the matter of a columnist's book we are inclined to the view that it is of greater moment to preserve the spirit and temper of the man than the evanescent topical comment of his followers, which only grows weaker and less funny as time goes on. By including in Bert Leston Taylor's delightful prose and verse sallies on "The So-Called Human Race" (Knopf) a lot of second rate gags that have by this time worn as thin as a Ford joke the publishers have, it seems to us, given permanence to a type of humor that merits only the vast oblivion of a newspaper column. We should hate to see such pieces as B. L. T.'s "Gilded Fairy Tales", "Alice in Cartoonland", or variations of the London busman story as told by George Meredith, Henry James, and Arnold Bennett, buried in this same columnar darkness. It is scarcely probable that his nicely turned and lightly flavored verse, whether included in a book or not, will ever be forgotten. We can imagine that, scattered over the land, there are many yellowed clippings reposing in the desks of his admirers that will serve as reminders of a rare and witty man for years to come. Perhaps we are unduly carping, but we have a notion that B. L. T. would rather be remembered for these light verse and prose pieces than for his animadversions on the matrimonial susceptibility of Irene V. Smackem and Mr. Kissinger.

Frank Waterman Stearns, we hear, was instrumental in circularizing "thousands upon thousands of copies" of Coolidge's "Have Faith in Massachusetts". No doubt the President's worthy backer will find equally good campaign publicity in Horace Green's "The Life of Calvin Coolidge" (Duffield). Written in knowledge and sympathy and couched in unpretentious

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colloquial language, Mr. Green's study takes Coolidge from boyhood days in Vermont to March, 1924, in the White House, by way of Amherst College, the Massachusetts legislature, Northampton mayoralty, state senate, lieutenant governorship, state governorship, and vice presidency. The fable of "Coolidge Luck" is not overlooked, nor does the biographer seek to brush aside the glum, taciturn, uninspiring exterior, considered so characteristic. A full chapter is given to the Boston police strike and another to the "oil scandal", the end of which is not yet. Mr. Green, an ardent Coolidge "rooter", restrained and unprejudiced, presents a convincing picture of one who has a record of past achievement, who promises much for the future, and yet remains "so far, quite unsolved".

Dr. William A. White's testimony at the Leopold-Loeb murder trial made his name familiar to thousands who would never have heard of him as the head of St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington or as the author of "An Introduction to the Study of the Mind" (Nervous and Mental Disease Publishing Co.). The book is an indication of the extent to which recent investigations into one particular field have changed the nature of the general science of psychology. Greenwich Village Freudianism has given that particular field a bad name. Less than ten years ago, when the writer was following an elementary course in general psychology, the logical but lifeless subject matter of the course bore little relation to the vital and interesting matter which enthralled his friends who were studying abnormal psychology. Yet it is precisely abnormal psychology which forms the analytic basis of Dr. White's exposition. Genetic psychology, the mentality of the child and the savage, furnishes the synthetic basis. Dr. White's presentation is not that of a trained writer. He is sometimes ungrammatical, often awkward. But his meaning is clear. The science he introduces is a far more human one than the old psychology used to be.

It isn't every day that one can conscientiously review a book from its jacket. But this is one of the days. Referring to James Cassidy's (E. M. Story's) "A Study of Browning's 'The Ring and the Book'", Houghton Mifflin tell us kindly: "Many must have wished to be able to appreciate this great narrative poem by a master singer — and a master story-teller. . . . This book tells in clear and vivid words" the *story* of Browning's story. Here are some of its "clear and vivid" words: "So, British Public, who may like me yet, my story, — the transmutation of the facts of the old yellow book, — teaches, or offers you one lesson . . ." Often and often cast in unconscious blank verse and other bumptious metres that purport to be prose, this unreadable hodgepodge (of which, nevertheless, we have read a large portion) bears much the same relation to its masterpiece that illustrations do to lyric poetry by someone else than Riley! But — there are more lovers of Browning than of Blake, Becquer, say, or Beddoes. And — as Lincoln has well counseled: If you like this sort of thing, this is the sort of thing that you would like.

As a nation, we forget quickly. Our humanitarian sympathies ooze away, our indignation sputters and goes out, and, almost before the smoke of a great tragedy like the Smyrna disaster has cleared away, we are busy about other concerns. "The Great Betrayal" (McBride) of the Christian minorities

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in the Near East is now history, and, as history, tends to become more a matter of record than action. In Edward Hale Bierstadt's carefully compiled chronicle of the events that led up to the tragedy, in his accurate selection of statistics and his sound weighing of accusations, we have a graphic portrayal of the whole problem, as well as a sweeping condemnation of the attitude of indifference on the part of both the American government and the American people toward the nations we promised to protect. It is nothing new to be told that our foreign policy is absurd and inconsistent, that our commercialism in the Near East clashes harshly with our avowed humanitarianism. The author shows how, on the one hand, we have been building up in this region educational and philanthropic projects worth millions of dollars, while on the other hand we have allowed Turkish concessionaire interests to still our protests against outrages that have destroyed the humanitarian progress of centuries. This book cannot bring to life the thousands who died miserably in Smyrna, nor restore to their homes those who were driven into the interior. But it can and will shed a light on American imperialism that serves to illuminate certain powerful hands working for economic control in the Near East.

Frank Weitenkampf has revised and enlarged his "American Graphic Art" (Macmillan), first published twelve years ago. The new edition covers in a most readable and thorough manner every branch of the graphic arts from the earliest engraving in the seventeenth century colonies through the development of our present day revival in etching. Dr. Weitenkampf writes very interestingly on contemporary influences and movements, such as "lithography as a business and as an art", and gives an account of the activities of our painter-gravers during the period of the Great War. He includes an important bibliography and numerous well chosen reproductions which make this new edition a valuable record.

"Introduction to Modern Philosophy" by C. E. M. Joad (Oxford) is a textbook designed to summarize recent philosophical developments briefly and lucidly for the benefit of the student and the general reader. It covers the fields of modern realism, pragmatism, and neo-idealism; it deals at some length with the doctrines of Bertrand Russell, Bergson, and William James; it endeavors to elucidate rather than to criticize, but of course one cannot but have intimations of the author's own point of view. On the whole, the book is written as simply and as clearly as its somewhat involved subject matter permits, and should fulfil excellently its purpose as "a short but comprehensive account of the most important developments in Modern Philosophy".

"The London of Dickens" by Walter Dexter (Dutton) is simply a literary Baedeker. Dickens enthusiasts will delight in it, for who, loving the tales of the great Londoner, can escape the fascination of the city? Mr. Dexter's careful work in supplying itineraries for fifteen sentimental rambles, supplying chapter and verse references from the novels for streets, inns, arches, "mewses", old shops, courts, and curiosities, is an ample demonstration of the reality and accuracy of the local color which Dickens so richly provided. Also the book, which is neatly written with some humor and liberal quotation but slight literary design, is a convenient geographical summary of the work of Dickens.

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"The New Vision in the German Arts" by Herman George Scheffauer (Huebsch) is a genuinely thrilling exposition of Expressionism. By well chosen and brilliantly developed particularizations the author illuminates, without directly defining, this modern artistic tendency. His tutelage is dependable and enthusiastic, and rouses a warm interest. He describes the products of arts other than literature with such skill that their nature and effect are clearly and vitally impressed on the reader. Here and there hyperbole and the exclamatory style defeat their object of vividness; but on the whole the book is glowingly lucid. It is instructive and finely animated; and the splendidly limned facts that form a novel synthesis are so many spurs to speculative and even creative thought.

"The Blue Lion and Other Essays" by Robert Lynd (Doran) is a book determinedly, correctly, even happily pleasant. It holds the mild delight of a stroll through quiet surroundings endeared by familiarity; birds are charmingly commented on, and one's scope of appreciativeness is slightly enlarged. Contentment runs on, calm and muted (Mr. Lynd never shouts nor chatters); and one thinks, "But this is really too easy!" Such a conclusion — false and envious as it is — should, however, serve to give point to one's drowsy approval of an irreproachable minor essayist. There is exemplary restraint in his equability; if he wanders objectless, it is still a restful privilege to accompany him; and he has perfected the manner of his beginnings and timed his endings to a nicety.

Llewelyn Powys's "Black Laughter" (Harcourt, Brace) is irritating. The recorded impressions and reactions lack spontaneity; the author is continually straining for his effects; anything which would tend to destroy the artistic symmetry of his periods, he has carefully omitted. Mr. Powys has a receptive nature, but his impressions are emasculated and distorted by preconceived ideas. An imaginative, fearful child will people a house he believes to be haunted with headless ghosts, and will hear their unearthly footsteps. So it is with Mr. Powys and Africa — the Dark Continent: "that sinister land". At one time Mr. Powys thought himself in love with a Kiyuyu maiden. He planned to marry her. Her father was delighted. But the maiden did not love Mr. Powys and — in one of the few passages in the book which support Mr. Powys's contention that he did not strive for literary quality — one reads that he "never again looked into the provocative eyes of this rare hamadryad of the African forest". Therein the reader is cheated and Mr. Powys lost his chance of making "Black Laughter" a best seller.

W. H. R. Rivers's "Social Organization" (Knopf) is the first volume of a series which is to be known as "The History of Civilization". The editor's initial choice is a happy one, for Rivers's contribution to the science of ethnology will be admitted, some day, to have been invaluable. Ethnology, in common with those sciences which borrow their terminology from the vocabulary of everyday life, finds itself hampered by the loose and inexact value given each word by the individual worker. "Caste, family, clan, descent, tribe" — all these and many others have been used *à tors et à travers* for a multitude of different things. Rivers labored incessantly to make of ethnology an exact science. In this volume he has cleared away all the inaccuracies and loose ends and has laid the founda-

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tions of sociological sciences upon bed rock. He has defined, classified, explained. Nothing is left to chance, nothing is vague. With a directness almost French in its exactness and singleness of meaning, he gives a vivid interpretation of primitive society and of its relationship to our modern, more complicated cultural life. Rivers attached to kinship and social organization an importance to which many other ethnologists were blind — because it was too big a factor for them to grasp. Yet the vital importance of kinship terms and the clue they offer to the whole inner life of a people is inescapable after reading this volume. W. J. Perry, who edited the book from Rivers's lecture notes, deserves particular mention. He has done his work thoroughly and well. The index is comprehensive; there are no more misprints than one expects nowadays.

The anonymous writer of "Behind the Scenes in Politics" (Dutton) is described on the jacket as an experienced campaign manager who has helped to make senators, governors, and even presidents. He describes himself as an ex-Progressive and thereby gives further basis for a surmise on his identity. What is less easy to guess is why so distinguished a person should write such a book, and why, having consented to its publication, he should have felt it necessary to leave off his name. The contents are as innocuous as they are unimportant. The stories attached to celebrated names are harmless anecdotes; where the incident is more striking the man concerned is as anonymous as the author.

Arthur M. Hind's "The Etchings of D. Y. Cameron" (Halton and Truscott Smith) is in reality not a book but a bound portfolio of nearly perfect facsimile reproductions of the artist's plates. The text by Mr. Hind comprises a brief biography of Cameron and rather dry descriptive data on the reproduced prints. Of course as a catalogue of the best of Cameron's etchings the volume has value, and the publishers have added one more beautifully illustrated book to their list; but to the average print enthusiast a more personal note concerning the etcher in the text would have been welcome.

The outstanding feature of the third and final volume of "The Outline of Literature" (Putnam) is a characteristic and entertaining appraisal of Dickens and Thackeray by G. K. Chesterton. In every one of Dickens's types, he says, there is originality in the detail even where there is comparative dulness in the design. "Commonplace comedy is full of drunkards; but there never was but one drunkard inspired by Heaven to ask Mrs. Todgers for her ideal of a wooden leg; it is full of jealous husbands, but there never was but one voice that could greet a guest at breakfast by saying 'Serpent!' in the deep and hollow tones of Mr. Pott." Thackeray is disposed of with a barbed shot: "He had the fundamental assumption that the English gentleman is the standard of all things; and he may have seen men and cities, but he had never seen citizens." One chapter summarizes French literature of the nineteenth century; another is devoted to the great New England writers, Hawthorne, Emerson, Lowell, etc. All the others deal with British writers from Scott to the close of the century. Like its predecessors, this volume is profusely illustrated with a wealth of beautiful and well chosen pictures, many in color, comprising portraits, places, characters, and scenes associated with the lives and works of the authors mentioned in the text.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Cooperation with the Public Libraries of America

The versatile Mr. Wells this month repeats his performance of a year or so ago, by again appearing in the Monthly Score in both lists. "The Dream" in the fiction list, and Corra Harris's "My Book and Heart" in the general, are the only titles which have not previously appeared in this record of relative popularity.

The August reports from librarians demonstrate again that, so far as the borrowers from the circulating department are concerned, there is no such thing as "summer reading matter" as distinguished from the year round mental pabulum. The theory that only the lightest and flimsiest of literature, as of raiment, is desired by the great American public in vacation time has long been accepted among publishers. Perhaps the booksellers' reports bear it out, so far as the purchase of summer reading matter goes. In the public libraries, however, the state of the thermometer appears to have no appreciable effect upon the mental appetite. Certainly this August record might as well be dated December. — F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	So Big	*Edna Ferber*	DOUBLEDAY
2.	The Able McLaughlins	*Margaret Wilson*	HARPER
3.	The Plastic Age	*Percy Marks*	CENTURY
4.	The Home-Maker	*Dorothy Canfield*	HARCOURT
5.	The Call of the Canyon	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
6.	Old New York	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
7.	The Covered Wagon	*Emerson Hough*	APPLETON
8.	The Interpreter's House	*Struthers Burt*	SCRIBNER
9.	Told by an Idiot	*Rose Macaulay*	LIVERIGHT
10.	The Dream	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN

GENERAL

1.	Life of Christ	*Giovanni Papini*	HARCOURT
2.	My Garden of Memory	*Kate Douglas Wiggin*	HOUGHTON
3.	Life and Letters of Walter H. Page	*Burton J. Hendrick*	DOUBLEDAY
4.	Etiquette	*Emily Post*	FUNK & WAGNALLS
5.	The Dance of Life	*Havelock Ellis*	HOUGHTON
6.	The Mind in the Making	*James Harvey Robinson*	HARPER
7.	Galápagos: World's End	*William Beebe*	PUTNAM
8.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
9.	The New Decalogue of Science	*Albert Edward Wiggam*	BOBBS
10.	My Book and Heart	*Corra Harris*	HOUGHTON

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IN THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL

DEAR SIR:

We have seen lists of "The Ten Best Books", of "Ten Books for a Life on a Desert Isle", and similar groups. Allow me to suggest a contest for a list of books that will be of more than academic interest.

Suppose one were planning to tour the United States and part of Canada, along the route described below, what ten, (say), books ought he to read to give him such background and perspective as would enable him to better appreciate what he sees?

The route: Portland, Oregon to Boston, Mass., via the Columbia Highway, Oregon Trail, and Lincoln Highway, through Oregon, Idaho, Wyoming, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois to Chicago. Then through southern Michigan, southern Ontario from Windsor to Niagara Falls; Buffalo to New York City via the Erie Canal and Hudson River; the coast to Boston. Boston to Montreal, Quebec, Canada via Lake Champlain; Montreal to Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, via the northern route; the Sault, Mich.; to Seattle, Wash., via Duluth, Minn.; North Dakota, Montana, (including Yellowstone National Park), and through Spokane to destination.

Other lists might be framed to suit other tours, but since I contemplate the above, I am most interested in it. In view of the fact that there are hundreds of thousands of auto tourists, and many "hitch hikers", such lists would have a keen personal interest to a vast public.

"See America First" is a good slogan, but sight without insight is valueless; and for insight we need an appreciation based on knowledge. There could be no greater single force working toward a unified American people, than the great motor caravans of the "tin canners", *if* they brought with them, wherever they went, a sympathetic viewpoint toward the natives they meet, based on a knowledge of the history of those natives and of the territory they have molded out of the America that once was.

The books desired are not mere Baedekers; they ought to combine history, geography, politics, and a thousand other things; ought to include Indian, trapper, trader, pioneer, patroon, cavalier, Puritan, Roger Williams, Hamilton, Daniel Boone; Lincoln, Roosevelt, Ford, Edison, Longfellow, and Vachel Lindsay. They ought to speak of bleak New England coasts, sunny southern plantations, the northern white pine, the sagebrush, and the redwoods; they ought to move with the buffalo, the carrier pigeon, and the wild turkey; to blaze with steel mills; roar with city canyons; crackle with the corn on hot Iowa nights; and pause in the still of snows under the tamaracks.

G. D. H.

TO THE BOOKMAN:

Apropos of H. I. Brock's article in the September issue of THE BOOKMAN, may I be allowed a truism — Art is unconscious.

Recently I discussed this very matter of training in university departments with an artist, a poet-playwright, and a business man. This artist in his early youth painted one of the masterpieces of our age and the detailed praise of critics and public had angered rather than pleased him. "Ah, the contrasts, the symmetry, the coloring", they cried. "What planning, what forethought!" And the artist, in something akin to fright at his own greatness, rolled up his canvas and hid from sight. "I had not plotted, I had not planned", he said; "I had no idea that I was building my canvas in such perfect symmetry as the critics claimed, I had no intention other than to produce as nearly as possible a picture which was already clear in my imagination."

And the poet — "I never have been taught to rhyme, I have never possessed the rhyming dictionary, supposed to be a necessary adjunct to the poetic art, I write only when the spirit moves me, when I am filled with an overwhelming desire to say something in verse. My stuff is bought, the public seems to like it, the critics now and then notice my work enough to say that it is artistic."

The business man — "My education has all been along literary and artistic lines and yet I could not earn a dollar in either way. I was never taught business methods and yet I make a great deal of money each year from my business."

Which all serves my conclusion that no amount of training will be of use if the inclination is not in accordance with the training. If one lacks imagination, all the universities in the country cannot supply it. My education was along commercial lines. I read my first book review after fifteen of my own had been printed in one of our most literary papers. Not that I lay claim to having attained art in criticism, but at least I voiced my own sentiments and not those laid down as academically correct.

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May I ask Mr. Boyd what objection he can have to the aspiration of the book reviewer to be a critic? Does not many a critic aspire to be a novelist, does not many a novelist aspire to be a playwright? Does not a stenographer aspire to be a secretary, a bookkeeper to be an accountant? Take away or laugh at men's little aspirations, and of what use is life?

Respectfully,
C. LILLIS NEVINS.

DEAR MR. FARRAR:

It has long been a persistent conviction of mine that invaluable suggestions brought out in our publications of varying frequency of appearance are lost on what should be the great body of American readers. This idea is again forced to my mind by Grant Overton's appreciative sketch of the late G. Stanley Hall in the September BOOKMAN. The article contains matter for a whole nation to ponder. But lest Mr. Overton blush in the precipitate belief that there is unctuous praise in this for him, I hasten to add that though he wrote well he could not have written ill in view of the theme he treated.

Dr. Hall was regarded by many educators of a pronounced denominational bent as a bit skittish in matters religious. Yet he stated that he would rather have a child of his be anything that is undesirable than religionless. There are so many things that elude the grasp of well meaning mediocrity. He learned virtually everything he knew in Germany. This is deserving of the best thought of the best minds. He gave up a professorship in a great university, where he might have been comfortable throughout a long life, and embarked upon a career of uncertainty only because he felt the latter would enable him to be of greater service. One of the real menaces to our higher educational system is the professor at ease in Zion and able to pay his bills.

In your own Educational Number, you remark that Henry S. Canby left the teaching profession and entered journalism in order to have a wider sphere of influence. While an obscure professor, not yet a university president, G. Stanley Hall had as students that redoubtable quartet — Dewey, Jastrow, Cattell, Hyslop. The influence he exerted through this clientele is beyond the power of one editor to measure. And did not Henry Canby teach you and your amiable contributing colleague while at Yale? The American professor is less than he might be, but give him credit for all he is.

Dr. Hall once went through a domestic tragedy that was similar in every way to the tragedy General Pershing suffered just as he was about to enter Mexico. The teacher never whined. But moral fortitude is supposed to be a virtue of heroes only, military men, soldiers.

Regarding the trouble with the "inarticulate and perverse Clark", there is a volume to say. Let us confine ourselves to the laconic observation that any man in a non-cut-and-dried position has to bear up under difficulties that the well rooted, fixed, happy professor never once dreams of, with the result that the latter fails to understand much that goes on outside of his own paddock. It required greater ingenuity, patience, skill, work, and brains to be president of little Clark in Hall's time than to be president of many a very big university. Yet Hall died leaving, apart from countless reviews that are more than reviews, seventeen volumes, six at least of which will be remembered, relatively speaking, forever. We have produced so few university presidents in this country who have been remembered, or who will be remembered, two years after their death for their creative writings. Nor was G. Stanley Hall surrounded, while in office, by the headquarters troops of secretaries, private and institutional, stenographers, assistants to the president, advisers, and aids of many other sorts that by common consent and in accord with established tradition in this country, as distinguished from Germany and Scandinavia, grace the antechambers of college presidents' hiding places. In other words, how did Dr. Hall do the work he did? It is a fair question and one that any board of trustees might well put to themselves and to others.

And Hall was human. . . . But teachers, professors, educators are not supposed to be this. In all too many cases they are not, and that is the reason, after all, why the great body of American readers turned to those glorious pages (38–44) of your Volume LX, No. I, and said: "That I can cheerfully omit: it is on a teacher and a dead one at that."

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

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FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

American Literature: Foreign Branch

SHAKESPEARE has been more frequently translated by the Germans than has any other author by any other people. The first Shakespeare translation was that of "Julius Cæsar" by Caspar Wilhelm von Borck in 1741, two years before the birth of Thomas Jefferson. When this translation appeared, Johann Christoph Gottsched, then professor of literature and philosophy at the University of Leipzig and the most influential critic in Germany, exclaimed: "Yes, they are translating everything just as if we ourselves could not point to better works written by our own countrymen."

Barring the glorious creations from Germany's first classical period (800–1200), there was precious little German literature in 1741 that had any real value. This shows once again that though "professor" and "prophet" are virtually the same words, etymologically, the former plays the rôle of the latter about as well as the manipulator of a pick and shovel in a coal mine would handle an airplane in a dawn-to-dusk hop across this most promising of all continents. And it is not merely safe but unequivocally sane to say that the pile of translations momentarily stacked up against the back of the big chair at the left of my L. C. Smith life preserver contains more real literature than all the books we had written in 1741. I begin at the top and work downward, at random, until aware of the fact that my editorial boss's patience is being abused. I begin with Jugo-Slavia, the land of pigs, prunes, and patriotism.

A significant feature of the translations now being imported is the introductory matter: the translators are not throwing these books at us and leaving us wholly in the dark as to what manner of men wrote them. This is wise. It is regarded as socially incorrect to engage in conversation with a total stranger; it is also intellectually reprehensible to read a book without knowing something in advance of the brain that conceived it and the soul that set its stamp upon it. Preceding the nine stories from what was once Serbia, more and less, is a general introduction by Mr. Popovic in which the outstanding characteristics of Jugo-Slavian literature are set forth, while a brief biographical note accompanies each of the tales. These make intelligent reading possible, and unintelligent reading is wasteful eye strain and nothing more.

The first of the Jugo-Slavian tales, by Lazar Lazarovich, contains only one epic defect: near the beginning the author writes, "But wait, you will soon be still more astonished." This is crude; for a surprise is in store and the reader should be allowed to come upon it unwarned. Entitled "The First Matins with My Father", the story tells of a brute gambler who, as head of a family, brought perfect ruin to those who loved him only to have his lovely wife turn him away from suicide and, what would have been a thousand times worse, the murder of the entire family. Mitar has gambled until there is nothing left, not even honor. When he is about to end it all, and all of his own, with a pistol shot, Marica, with as great a display of love as I have ever seen in literature, tells

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him that the farm he has lost is only dirt, the horse an impotent nag, and so on. This tends to bring the man to his senses, a reconvalescence that is complete when his wife assures him that he is not dumb, like so many men, but clever, and altogether able to start in afresh and build up a new home. And the man does it — this man who had never smiled but once in the presence of his family, and that when one of the more diminutive members stuck a watch in his mouth and tried to open it in that supple but inadequate cavity. No one would ever have anticipated a dénouement of this kind, and the author should not have told us to be on the lookout for it.

Another superb tale is "Vidosava Brankovich" by Zmaj-Jovan Jovanovich. It was a Brankovich who betrayed the Serbian army to the Turks at Kossovo in 1389. On this incident the tale is based. It is what the Germanic world refers to as a "Fate Epic", as strong as those fate tragedies of Grillparzer, and quite Napoleonic in temper. I take leave of Jugo-Slavia with the same feeling that a man has when he leaves a nine chambered art gallery, each room packed with treasures, after having raced through the first chamber and barely peeped into the second. But it is the business of any reviewer to act as a guide *to* rather than *through* good books.

The one drama before us, "Fata Morgana", was written in 1915. Its Hungarian author, Vajdo Ernö, was then twenty eight years old. The double introduction, the illuminating illustrations, and the seasoned and seasonal success this play is having in New York (to say nothing of the abundant criticism it has lived up under from the hands of the dramatic critics with Theatre Guild bents) make brevity possible if not imperative. Personally I can only say that any drama that reads well stands a fair chance of playing well, mindful though I am that this is not the accepted theory. I followed George's affair with Mathilde with the same intense interest that a seven year old follows his toy boat, with the regulation number of sails, as it glides across the not wholly scumless waters of the municipal pond in Bronx Park. There is this much to be added. Near the close, George's father says to Gabriel, the duly accredited husband of Mathilde: "Youth, my friend! That's what we don't understand . . . as little as we understand the mirage." The point is not made, though, and it very rarely is made anywhere, that youth itself understands just as little as we are supposed to understand youth. Any *homo* is irresponsible until experience has bludgeoned sense into her or him. Why then be so severe on maturity? But by so doing it has been possible for a youthful colleague of Jokai and Petöfi to make a stirring comedy, and that answers all questions.

Of Otto Rung, Georg Brandes has said: "He is too fine for mediocrity." That is the whole story. Herr Rung has told his tale of this young Frank Felix Thauma who willed that his wealth be left to that member of his group who measured up to certain ideals and needed it most in order to put these ideals into effect, to carry them out. A whole series of "lives" are passed in review, the narration of which constitutes the bulk of the novel. Mediocrity exclaims: But these lives are the lives of fools and failures. Where is the art of such a creation? It lies in the unexpressed thought; if the thought had been expressed, the book would descend at once to the level of colportage. And the thought? It is exceedingly hard — in the case before

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us it was impossible — for one man, and particularly for a young man, to determine, to map out, to fashion, to shape the life of another. There were possibly legions of young Danes who had never heard of F. F. Thauma to whom his estate should by rights have gone. There is no accounting for careers, though "moralists" live by attempting so to do, while "evangelists" become rich through the teaching of character in twenty lessons.

The American reading public owes a debt to Mr. Lorente for his splendid edition of the first and one of the most noted picaresque novels of Spain. "Lazarillo de Tormes" was first published, it seems, in 1553. It has been translated many times into many languages, and has had nearly four centuries of influence on world literature. It is a sixteenth century "Mutt and Jeff". It abounds in horseplay, gives evidence of marvelous agility of imagination, relates incidents that might brighten up an evening in a lumber camp, tells tales that make rare morsels for the seminar hunter after analogues, substantiates Mr. Lorente's thesis that the characters that make up a picaresque novel are by no means confined to Spain, and closes in Toledo with the hero married and swearing (cursing would be more correct) that he will wallop a fieldful of giants who dare speak ill of his wife. If it is not good literature, of its kind, then Samuel Butler is a fraud, Fielding a farce, Smollett and Sterne, Scott and Dickens, weaklings, and Mark Twain an impostor, for they have all, and many more besides them, attempted to depict what the Spaniards know as a *pícaro*.

And just as "Lazarillo of Tormes" is the original of this type of novel, so is the "Panchatantra" the original of the beast epic, of the tale in which the fox is wise, the hare timid, and the donkey asinine. Who wrote these fables and when, no man knows. They are literally tales of far off and long ago. They antedate the Christian era by far; and they are decidedly human. There is the wicked crocodile, and the piously hypocritical cat — familiar wherever men meet men and the spoils of life are sought after. This material is now made accessible for the first time. It is our merest duty to express our gratitude to the editors of the series, to the translator and editor of this particular volume, and to the publishers who have invested money in the cause and have thereby revealed a confidence in the American reader which should never be abused. The book is a rare tribute to that after all plenteous virtue — American idealism.

Try to visualize this situation: There is a mercilessly stout, one might say exuberantly intelligent Bavarian woman, born in the world noted Castle at Heidelberg in 1652. Elizabeth-Charlotte by name, she carried easily the titles of Princess Palatine and Duchess of Orleans. She knew all about the most splendid sovereign that ever slept in a four poster adorned with canopy and royal escutcheon, Louis XIV of France. She married Louis's only brother, Philippe, and became the mother of the famous Regent, Philippe of Orleans. She lived for exactly seventy years, and she was always writing letters when not engaged in some enterprise at which women stood aghast while men, kings, and princes, the majority of them, stood askew and, if given to slang, as Louis XIV's court was, exclaimed "Atta Girl!"

A Cardinal calls on her and she remarks: "I am a bit tired. I have written twenty pages to-day to the Prince of Wales, twelve to my daughter, and twenty to the Queen of Sicily."

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That would make in all fifty two letters, as American letters go. Is there a business school anywhere that can recommend a secretary who can run off, on the typewriter, fifty two letters in a day and then entertain a Cardinal in a vigorous discussion of affairs of state, the day having been begun with a wild boar chase, a review of the troops, the training of the falcons, and directions to a castle full of servants, man and maid?

These letters are now made accessible to English readers for the first time. They are models, though it must be admitted that the model is a bit rough at times, for people called things by their original names around Heidelberg and Paris during the years when Anne Bradstreet was writing "The tenth Muse lately Sprung up in America" and Cotton Mather was having his say on the subject of "Memorable Providences".

By way of illustration, "Madame", as she was consistently known, wrote to the Duchess of Hanover: "M. Leibnitz must have a very high degree of intelligence to make him such an agreeable companion. It is seldom that scholars are clean and do not smell bad, and that they have a sense of humor." On April 13, 1681, she wrote from St. Cloud and told a saint story which cannot be repeated here, but it can and will be elsewhere. In 1700, M. de Lamoignon, then Premier of France and noted for his hypocrisy, forbade further presentations of "Tartuffe". Molière made this public statement: "The Premier President does not want anyone to play the hypocrite any longer." If there was one trait which Madame did not have it was hypocrisy. I recommend her letters to all individuals who would really like to have the inside story of the *Grand Siècle* in Europe.

Let any industry reach a point of reasonable prosperity in this country, and an official organ representing that industry is established immediately. I am not in favor of an increase in the number of American journals, particularly if these new ones are to be published in New York. The meeting place of the Democratic Convention has just as many journalistic publications as the spiritual credit of the country can stand. And yet, we have reached the point where there is room for still another literary monthly, or even weekly — a publication that devotes itself exclusively to translations, say "The Translators' Review". Such a magazine would have a real mission, especially if it were generous, critical, discriminating, and thorough, covering all the books translated and dealing in an intelligent way with the original authors of these books.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD

Jugo-Slav Stories. Translated from the original and edited with an introduction by Pavle Popovic. Duffield and Co.

Fata Morgana (Mirage). A Comedy in Three Acts by Ernest Vajda. Translated by James L. A. Burrell and Philip Moeller. Doubleday, Page and Co.

Shadows That Pass. By Otto Rung. Translated from the Danish by Grace Isabel Colbron. D. Appleton and Co.

Lazarillo of Tormes: His Life, Fortunes, Misadventures. Translated by Mariano J. Lorente. John W. Luce and Co.

Ancient Indian Fables and Stories. Being a selection from the Panchatantra. By Stanley Rice. E. P. Dutton and Co.

The Letters of Madame. Translated and edited by Gertrude Scott Stevenson. D. Appleton and Co.

Goethe Finds and Some Birthdays

ONE would imagine that the German's passion for groping in archives and publishing everything he finds, with comments, in volume form, would long since have exhausted every

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possible Goethe find. This is not the case, however, for new documents continually come to light. A Professor H. H. Houben, who obtained access to hitherto unpublished fragments of the literary remains of Goethe's biographer, Eckermann, has found a number of sheets of the famous diaries in which the conversations with Goethe were recorded. These were long believed to be destroyed or lost, and their discovery has excited all Goethe experts, as it is expected to throw new light upon the whole Goethe-Eckermann relations. Professor Houben intends to use this material, together with a number of newly discovered letters, in a biography of Eckermann.

Six hitherto unknown sketches of Goethe's, reminiscences of his Italian travels, have been discovered among the papers of a Freiherr von Cotta who died in 1888. The sketches are examples of Goethe's best style, done in pencil and finished in sepia.

Heinrich Wölfflin, a great critic and historian of art, who lectured for many years at Berlin University, and is reckoned as a German although a Swiss by birth, has just celebrated his sixtieth birthday, to the accompaniment of the usual bravery of eulogistic accounts of the man and his career in the entire press. Wölfflin stands at the opposite pole to his colleague Wilhelm Bode; for whereas Bode studies and teaches the individual content of each artist, each picture as an entity, Wölfflin strives always toward the general conception, and studies every painter in his relation to the vast whole. Wölfflin made a sage remark in his famous Dürer book, in saying that Dürer had inspired a new ideal of Christ by adding strength and manliness to the figure compounded of suffering and resignation.

Another jubilee figure is Max Kretzer, seventy years old, once greeted pompously as the German Zola, but today seen to be the forerunner of the naturalistic novel in Germany, as Arno Holz was of the naturalistic poem. He discovered the poetry, tragedy, and comedy of the Berlin *Hinterhaus*, the flat whose windows look only upon a stony courtyard, coming to it with seeing eyes as an educated youth fallen upon evil days and forced to earn his bread in a lamp factory. Kretzer has also written various dramatic works. His "Farmer as Millionaire" was in its day a success in the United States.

Klopstock, the "German Milton", best known as the author of the epic poem "The Messiah", who was born in 1724, is undergoing a certain revival of popularity owing to the bicentenary. His really rather uninspired religious verse, of which the brilliant but unhappy Grabbe made so much malicious fun, has become totally out of date, but since much of it is wedded to glorious music, it has been possible to give the old classic author worthy celebrations in Quedlinburg, the little townlet in the Harz Mountains where he was born, in Altona near Hamburg, where he lies buried, in Halle where his "Messiah" was first performed, and in Berlin.

A fascinating book for the multitude who feel the balance of their soul life more or less dependent upon thunder and sunshine, rain and wind, is "Die Geopsychischen Erscheinungen" by Dr. Willy Hellpach (Leipzig, W. Engelmann). The author, who is minister of education in Baden and a professor of psychology, develops most interestingly his theory of an intimate connection between man and his emotions and the weather, climate, soil, and surrounding landscape. That the children of the south are more light hearted than the children of the north is a

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commonplace: can anyone imagine an Italian Ibsen or Strindberg? We are all hopeful in the spring and depressed in the autumn. The clouds of the spirit keep pace with the clouds of the sky; and many a suicide has been turned from his purpose by a day of sunshine or a night of stars.

A curiosity is the appearance in the market during the same month of three important book collections, all belonging to the great clan of Meyers. The rarities and precious manuscripts of all sorts gathered by Arthur Meyer of Paris appertain to another foreign department of THE BOOKMAN. There remain the remarkable autograph manuscripts gathered by Cornelius Meyer of Berlin, a collection which gives a practically complete picture of the handwriting of eminent Germans from remote times until the present, and the Munich collection of Professor Richard M. Meyer. This was a true professor's accumulation, extraordinarily large and complete, but free from rarities or eccentricities. Certainly a singular coincidence that these three should come almost simultaneously under the hammer.

A Berlin writer, a grandson of Rudolf von Beyer — a writer of the romantic school who was one of the intimates of the famous fantast E. T. A. Hoffmann — has found among his grandfather's papers the transcript, written immediately after the narration of the story, of a delightful little tale which Hoffmann once told at one of the famous foregatherings in Lutter's romantic smoke filled old wine cellar, still one of the sights of Berlin. The new find is a genuine Hoffmann, and shows him in a mood nearly corresponding to one of the "Ingoldsby Legends".

A great fight has been raging about the Bauhaus, the revolutionary academy of architecture and applied art in Weimar. Conservative minds raved against the deliberate training of the youthful craftsman in these new ways, liberal minds among authors and craftsmen rallied to the rescue, and finally the Bauhaus emerged victorious. The leaders, Walter Gropius and the American Lyonel Feininger, have celebrated the victory by the issue of a neat little blue-grey booklet, rendered striking by the remarkable Bauhaus typography, and containing an interesting anthology of these essays in defense, collected from the home and foreign press. There is also a large book with a shouting red, blue, and black cover, proclaiming in a comprehensive series of essays and pictures the achievements and aims of the Bauhaus. Their goal is the reestablishment of the unity between the artist and the practical craftsman. An English edition of this book is in the press.

The young school of poetry and literature is not idle, but the perspective has been restored, and there is a revival of critical judgment. As a result, new appearances are apt to be hailed rather as meteors than as new stars. Kurt Heinar, author of "Und alles Blut Zerschreit" (Verlag Der Sturm, Berlin) is one of the typical "Storm" poets, exclamatory, staccato, inclining to mistiness of meaning and one word lines, and sounding well and full of significance only when transformed by the powerful elocution of the "*Sturm*" master speaker, Dr. Rudolf Blumner, himself the author of a poem confessedly without definite meaning, an attempt to produce meaning from sound alone. Walther G. Oschilevski, in "Auf Flammender Brücke" (Verlag Karl Rauch, Dessau), also inclines to enthusiasm and even ecstasy, but his is the proper ecstasy of a young poet. These "Early Poems of a Youth" are full of fantasy and really beautiful

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expression, and the free verse is felt to be used only as an escape from the chains of rhyme. Ideas and not impatience have here burst the bars.

Karl Rauch also publishes the "Reuchlin Drucke", a finely chosen series of these flames of poetry. "Kreuzigung" by Kurt Liebmann is a rather hysterical short story in beautiful print. The poems of Hermann Conradi, who died in 1890, appear in this series, with an enthusiastic introduction by Kurt Liebmann. "Feuerball Rollt", as they are entitled, is a book which must, when it was written, have appeared exceedingly revolutionary. Now it is no longer in fashion, for Conradi indulged in both rhyme and rhythm. His poems have feeling, power, and grace.

An important book which is just going to press is "Deutschland", a symposium by many of the most eminent men of the day on the meaning of the "Germany Today", as the volume might be called. Dr. Karl Federn and Dr. Joachim Kühn are the editors. The book will consist of 700 pages, lavishly illustrated.

Ossip Schubin, a German Marie Corelli, whose real unromantic name is merely Lola Kirschner, has just celebrated her seventieth birthday. Fräulein Schubin, who still writes her popular romances, lives in a castle in Bohemia.

Wilhelm von Scholz, author of the drama "The Race with the Shadow", celebrates his fiftieth birthday at his home on the Bodensee. The town of Constance has arranged a whole festival week in his honor. Several of his plays will be produced, and in addition there will be a special celebration.

German booksellers have been holding their yearly meeting in Leipzig, and apropos of this there has been an original exhibition to illustrate recent propaganda for good German books. All the various publishers' magazines, almanacs, yearbooks, and prospectuses were passed in review — some splendid little literary products, many illustrated, several fitted with covers of glowing hues. Foremost among them was the delightful new illustrated paper "Nimm und Lies" (Take and Read), the object of which is merely to lead readers to desire more books. A particularly engaging exhibit was the series of object lessons called "The Making of a Book".

One of the most significant books which has been written of late years about the theatre is Felix Emmel's "Das Ekstatische Theater", published (and very beautifully printed) by Kampmann und Schnabel, Prien, Upper Bavaria. It is a fiery demand that the theatre should break away from the trammels of the old naturalism and the new intellectualism, that the actor should be neither a naturalistic mime nor a painfully psychological "nerve artist", coldly compound of intellectualities. Emmel demands nothing less than "ecstasy of the blood" as the primary constituent of the dramatist, manager, and actor of the new theatre — the theatre of expression, but not of Expressionism.

How few English or American dramatic critics could dare to publish their dramatic reports in a volume of serious essays. The consistent Herr Emmel can dare this, because each of his criticisms, whether of Shakespeare, Schiller, Strindberg, Wedekind, or one of the new hopes, is a perfect little essay in itself. Emmel examines the personality and psychology of the author, the genesis and influence of his play — in short the critique of the performance, incisive and effective, is but a minor matter in the composition of these brilliant papers.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

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THE BOOKMAN'S LITERARY CLUB SERVICE

Believing that clubs will welcome an outline which combines range of subject with an authoritative understanding of the end to be achieved, the editors have brought together representative committees of authors, students, and critics to present for the use of women's clubs an outline which will contain both elements. The divisions of the series are: I. Contemporary American Fiction (see THE BOOKMAN *for October, November, December, 1922, January, 1923); II. Contemporary American Poetry (see* THE BOOKMAN *for March, April, May, June, July, August, 1923); III. Contemporary American Drama (see* THE BOOKMAN *from November, 1923 through July, 1924); IV. The Short Story. After contemporary American literature has been covered, programs on the historical background of our literature will be given and these will be followed by a survey of the English field.*

The BOOKMAN *programs are formed, not by the editors of this magazine but by a board of advice which has been organized to include names from various lines of literary thought in America, so that the result will represent no one group. The executive committee of advice is as follows: Mary Austin, the novelist; Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, librarian of the St. Louis Public Library; Dr. Carl Van Doren, one of the editors of "The Century"; Mrs. L. A. Miller, chairman of literature, General Federation of Women's Clubs; May Lamberton Becker, of the "Reader's Guide" of "The Saturday Review"; Dr. Joseph Fort Newton, rector of the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York City; Booth Tarkington, the novelist; and Rose V. S. Berry, chairman of the fine arts committee, General Federation of Women's Clubs.*

The Editor of THE BOOKMAN *and his advisers and associates will answer promptly and to the best of their ability any question confronting any literary club. Such questions should be addressed "*THE BOOKMAN'S *Literary Club Service".*

A COMMITTEE is now at work drafting THE BOOKMAN'S study outline on the short story, the first instalment of which will appear in the November number. Meanwhile, as a general reference list we suggest:

Indexes

Index to Short Stories. Ina Ten Eyck Firkins. H. W. WILSON.
The Best Stories of 1923. Edward J. O'Brien. SMALL, MAYNARD.

Anthologies

Representative American Short Stories. Alexander Jessup. ALLYN, BACON.
The Best Short Stories of 1923. Edward J. O'Brien. SMALL, MAYNARD.
O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories of 1923. DOUBLEDAY, PAGE.
Thrice Told Tales. Blanche Colton Williams. DODD, MEAD.
Short Stories by Present-Day Authors. Raymond Woodbury Pence. MACMILLAN.
The Stories Editors Buy and Why. Jean Wick. SMALL, MAYNARD.
Modern Short Stories. Frederick Houk Law. CENTURY.
Short Stories of America. Robert L. Ramsay. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.

References

The Development of the American Short Story. Frederick Lewis Pattee. HARPER.
Our Short Story Writers. Blanche Colton Williams. DODD, MEAD.
The Book of the Short Story. Alexander Jessup and Henry Seidel Canby. APPLETON.
The Advance of the American Short Story. Edward J. O'Brien. DODD, MEAD.
The Short Story in English. Henry Seidel Canby. HOLT.
Short Story Writing for Profit. M. Joseph. SMALL, MAYNARD.
Short Story Writing N. B. Fagin. SELTZER.
How to Write Stories. Walter B. Pitkin. HARCOURT, BRACE.
Narrative Technique. T. H. Uzzell. HARCOURT, BRACE.
A Handbook on Story Writing. Blanche Colton Williams. DODD, MEAD.
A Manual of the Short Story Art. G. Clark. MACMILLAN.
The Art and the Business of Story Writing. Walter B. Pitkin. MACMILLAN.
Fundamentals of Fiction Writing. Arthur Sullivant Hoffman. BOBBS-MERRILL.
Fiction Writers on Fiction Writing. Arthur Sullivant Hoffman (editor). BOBBS-MERRILL.

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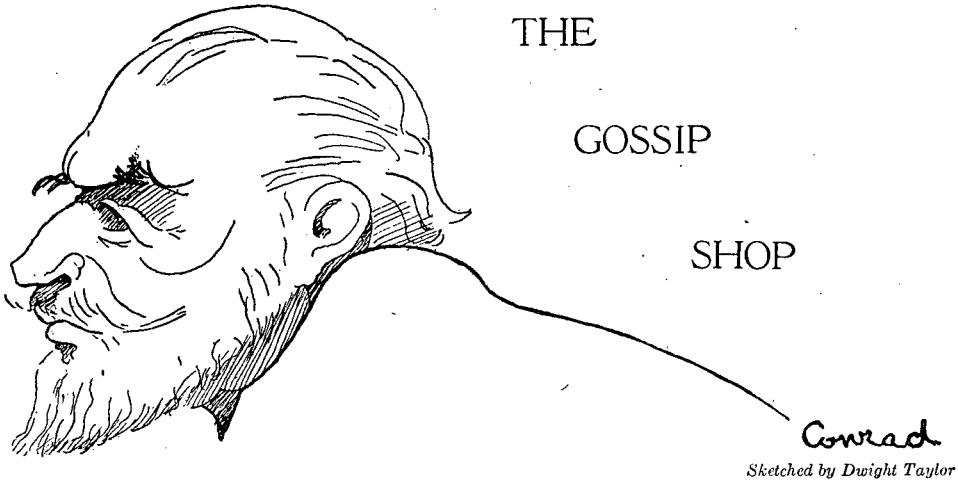
THE GOSSIP SHOP



Sketched by Dwight Taylor

JOSEPH CONRAD, an old man, a trifle tired perhaps, died at the height of his writing powers, died with an unfinished novel on his desk. What greater happiness can there be for a man than that which was his, the consciousness which was his, without conceit, that he was an artist, and the knowledge that the world considered him so. Who is there among us who, when he stands on the deck of the ship, does not think of a Conrad character, of a Conrad scene? So clearly did he envision the men of the sea, the pull of hawsers, the bells, the sinking of anchors, that he has made himself as permanently a part of the literature of the sea as he was himself of the sea, a sailor! We shall always remember Conrad as we saw him for a few moments last year. In the main he was puzzled by the adoration of America, a little querulous at the foolish questions being asked him by reporters. Suddenly, when someone asked a sensible question about the craft of writing, his eyes lit, he seemed young, he talked swiftly and brilliantly. He spoke of writing, of how he wrote, of why he wrote, and of how he loved to write.

There is little one can say of a great novelist like Conrad when he leaves us at the end of a mellow career. That we shall never read another Conrad novel in its finished form is something to regret, to regret deeply; yet there is this great body of stories, novels, and essays, filled with wise philosophy, with romance, with amazing description. We can remember the disturbed cries of critics, who found him difficult, turgid, obscure, yet who faced the fact that simple folk still read him and understood him. We can remember the startling technical skill of "Lord Jim", and the breath taking romance of "Youth". We can recall the eyes of the men in "The Nigger of the Narcissus", the cool passion of Donna Rita, the sombre beauty of "Heart of Darkness". What can a host of imitators such as were Conrad's mean but greatness — nor one of them as great as he. His work stands as an unforgetable tribute to sailors and the sea, a matchless gift to time.

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An interesting note from London, from the "Evening News" as a matter of fact, came to our desk the other day. It described the Oxford Recitation contest, held some time last summer. During the contest the judges listened to some five hundred contestants. John Masefield, one of the judges, remarked, "When I was a boy children had a perfectly loathsome singsong way of reciting. There was the dreadful shooting up of the arms into the air to lend color to the verse I suppose. Children elocutionists of today both feel and enjoy the poetry they recite. They distinguish between verse and prose and realize the value of rhythm." Perhaps so in England; but I wonder whether, if John Masefield should step into an American school of an afternoon, he would be sure of finding recitation classes devoid of the effects he remembers so unpleasantly. There is much to be said on the subject of teaching rhythm to children. In this connection, it has always seemed to us that the choice of poems to be learned makes a great difference, that such ballad poetry as usually finds favor with elocution teachers is particularly likely to encourage the jumpy beating of poetic cadences and the exaggerated reading without sense of content.

We spent an exciting week at the Bread Loaf School of English this summer. We never talked so much in all our life. Consequently we seldom have enjoyed ourself so thoroughly. This school, carried on under the auspices of Middlebury College and its remarkable president Paul Moody, and under the direct supervision of Dean W. C. Davison, one of the best teachers of American literature it has ever been our privilege to hear, seems to us unique. Situated in an old inn halfway up a foothill of the Green Mountains, it gives an atmosphere of peace and of contemplation that is rarely encountered. Limited in attendance, it succeeds in corralling a highly intelligent group of students; and classes and discussions, as well as picnics, tramps, and evening entertainments, are stimulating and refreshing. Here, this season, went Robert Frost, for lectures and consultation. Likewise Henry Seidel Canby and Charles Brooks, the essayist. Here were Marguerite Wilkinson, giving an excellent course in contemporary American poetry, and Sarah Cleghorn, of "Atlantic Monthly" fame. Here were countless other good teachers and writers. We find it difficult to pay adequate tribute to the place, for it gave us a new inspiration to go on with the work of the winter, and it also gave us four or five excellent contributions for the magazine, so stimulating did the various courses seem to be to creative writing. We were particularly struck with that of Sidney Cox, a brilliant young professor from the State University of Montana, whose methods are unusual, and whose results are amazing.

The prize for odd journalism clippings goes this month to Paul Adams of San Antonio, for the column entitled "Shiner News" from the San Antonio "Inquirer":

> The rains are still falling in our locality and the farmers are beginning to drop their heads.
>
> Prof. J. E. Mayo visited our city school and made a strong address along the agricultural line.
>
> Sisters Sarah Ownes and Kittie Jones gave Rev. Brown and wife a surprise party of $4 worth of coins.
>
> Prof. J. P. Payne returned from home last Sunday where he visited his family.
>
> Mr. Blain and Deacon Ownes will be home Saturday and their wives are all smiles.
>
> Rev. Stevens is in the city carrying on his meeting.

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A few souls are being added to the church.

The reporter is busy talking up The Inquirer.

Quite a few members from Yoakum were in the services Tuesday night. Mrs. Ida Jones went home Tuesday where she has been at the bedside of her daughter, Lottie Harding.

Mrs. Mary Smith and others went to Yoakum to visit the bedside of their nephew.

Mrs. Sarah O'Neal visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hatchet Sunday.

Please give your news to the reporter not later than Monday morning.

Sick list, Mrs. Lora Jackson, M. Hillard, Jeff Boise.

Don't forget to save a nickel for The Inquirer.

What could a poor Gossip Shop do without Who's Who, and here is a new edition on our table with lots more famous people bobbing up in it, lots more famous new authors, too. Now take Henry Albert Phillips, for example, who is a most engaging gentleman, whom we met the other day, who is at work on a new novel "The Man that Never Was", and about whom we find we have forgotten all the facts we ever knew — although as we remember we asked him absurdly many questions about himself. "Ah," say we to our faithful minion, who happens to be wearing a red scarf today, "do bring us Who's Who." She frowns. "Don't keep it", she urges. "It looks so well on my desk — just matches my scarf." We reprove her mildly for her silliness and look up Mr. Phillips in the chunky volume, whereupon the things that we know about him come back to us, and we feel happy again. His latest novel was "Other Peoples' Lives", and very well received by the critics it was. He has been editor, teacher, playwright, novelist. It was he, in fact, who founded the Playwrights' Club. Much mixed up in the motion pictures, he even ventured to write several volumes about them, and his viewpoint on that subject seems a sane one. Speaking of Mr. Phillips and playwrights, we met on the same day recently Tom Cushing and Sidney Howard, both back in town to work on plays in one or another stages of construction, both collaborating, as a matter of fact, with Edward Sheldon. Sheldon's play, written with Howard, seems to have made quite a sensation in Cleveland, where it was tested and is playing four weeks before opening in New York City. Both Mr. Sheldon and Mr. Howard have a knack of fantasy that is unsurpassed in the American theatre, and from what we hear of "Bewitched", it is highly fantastic. As we write, our editor's play "Nerves" is in the last stages of rehearsal before its New York opening. A most nervous gentleman he appears, too — we don't blame him! Yet, somehow, we can't help but wish him luck. He has managed to calm himself down somewhat, and to keep on fairly good terms with his cast, by making use of the second "Cross Word Puzzle Book", and by presenting copies of it to them. It's a great way to keep actors quiet during intervals off stage during rehearsal period. In fact, we heartily recommend that the cross word puzzle habit be inculcated in all nervously inclined persons, mothers, wives, husbands, sweethearts, secretaries, or actors. It is a great grown up pacifier. We can't say as much for Mah Jong, in view of the preliminaries that must always be fought out as to which of the various sets of rules is about to be adhered to. According to our favorite and only sister, Rochester, New York, is the last word in the matter. Whenever a dispute arises she has but to say, "Now when I was in Rochester we did thus and so — " and we are cowed. In fact, we became so discouraged that we decided to give up the game altogether, until we read the other day in the paper that the Prince of Wales is devoted to

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it. So we have invested in a copy of Lee Foster Hartman's "Standardized Mah Jong" and are poring over its hundred odd illustrative hands and colored diagrams of important plays. True, we have not been asked to meet the Prince, but Your Gossip is hopeful ever.

From Flora Warren Seymour come various intelligences concerning the Bookfellows. The editorial staff of "The Step Ladder" has been augmented by the addition of George Sterling of San Francisco and Wayne Gard, at present literary editor of the Jacksonville (Illinois) "Journal". Mrs. Seymour herself remains editor in chief, and the other editors are Mary Brent Whiteside, Samuel A. Harper, and Will Ransom. Of the summer meeting of the Bookfellows, Mrs. Seymour writes:

At our recent Bookfellow Week at McGregor, Iowa, we came across a number of bits of information that may have some interest for your "gossip". McGregor is a beautiful spot on the bluffs of the Mississippi and we had a well attended and enthusiastic conference, dealing mostly with middle western developments in literature and history.

Herbert Quick was with us, having just completed his new book, which has the un-Quick-like title of "The Invisible Woman". Mr. Quick paid a spontaneous tribute to Emerson Hough and "The Covered Wagon", and accredited Hamlin Garland as having made all midwestern literature possible by the writing of "Main-Traveled Roads". He mentioned with great approbation Miss Suckow's work in "Country People" — unfortunately it was the day before Miss Suckow arrived to be with us.

Miss Suckow — which is pronounced Soo-koh, both vowels long — is a dark haired young woman of quiet ways and positive opinions. She is a minister's daughter who earned her way through college; three years at Grinnell, Iowa, and finishing at Denver University in 1914. It was in Colorado that she learned the unusual and charming occupation by which she earns her daily bread — beekeeping. She says this time of year it takes about three days a week for the bees and she can write the rest of the time. Following the Bookfellow week at McGregor the Wild Life Association held a two weeks' gathering for the study of the plant and animal life of the region. Miss Suckow was planning to attend that, not to further her beekeeping but as an addition to her literary store.

Dr. Edgar Ruby Harlan, curator of the Iowa State Historical Museum, is doing some very interesting things in the way of preserving papers and documents dealing not only with Iowa history, but with all the important people who have first seen the light of day in Iowa, or who have been identified with the state in some way. We learned from him first here that all the wonderful collections Emerson Hough made have been deeded to the State Museum, to be delivered at the pleasure of Mrs. Hough. This includes some remarkable arctic and wild life material of all sorts. Dr. Harlan had with him a Hudson Bay trapper's coat which Emerson Hough had worn on his last trip into the North.

Edwin Ford Piper was with us — neither the cowboy of his poems nor the college professor of his occupation, but a man whom everyone delighted in. In fact there were a host of interesting people — and a pageant which represented all the people of bygone days, pretty nearly. Oh yes, I mustn't forget the party of Indians that came over from the Tama Reservation for Indian Day.

The "Daily News", Chicago, gave us a radio program one evening, at which a number of well known Chicago Bookfellows gave readings and talks. Abdu'l Hassan read from "Chronicles of Bagdad", Harry Hansen talked about the Bookfellows and about "Midwest Portraits", Florence Kiper Frank read from her poems, and Will Solle talked about books.

The McGregor people are so pleased with our conference that they hope to induce us to make it an annual event; and are building a pavilion which they intend to call the Bookfellows' Pavilion as an inducement to our return. They were delightful hosts and the place is a most attractive one.

J. P. McEvoy of Chicago is apparently one of the busiest men in the world. We see his short dark figure strolling along Forty Eighth Street in New York City occasionally. Incidentally, he is one of the most commercially successful of writers these days. (Not that this means anything — oh, no!) "The Potters", which was so popular here last season, is on the road with two companies, and now

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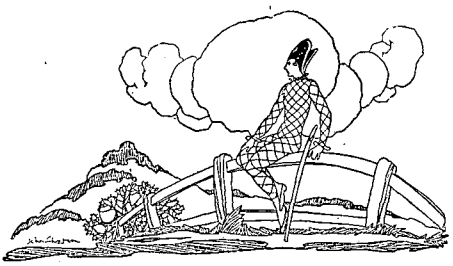
McEvoy is busy on a sequel which will show the Potter family as nouveau riche. Meanwhile, late in the fall, Mr. Ziegfeld will produce Mr. McEvoy's "Comic Supplement", an impressionistic musical revue which is said to be something so strikingly new in the way of musical entertainment that all the old style elaborate revues will be rendered passé with its presentation in New York. A long time ago Picasso said that the one authentic art form produced in America was the colored comic strip. Mr. McEvoy's "Comic Supplement" will be a satirical survey of the entire American scene with its cafeterias, baseball games, "movements", flivvers, two-room-and-bath apartments, and chiropractors. The entire color scheme of the various scenes will consist of variations of the flat, brutal hues of the colored Sunday sections and the music will be modernistic and satirical. Mr. McEvoy is twenty nine years old. He enjoys an enormous income from his "Potters" column, which is syndicated in more than forty newspapers throughout the country. These returns are considerably augmented by the income from the verses he writes for Christmas cards, to which he devotes one month in each year. Add to these items his dramatic royalties for the coming year and you will strike a figure that even Avery Hopwood would take a second glance at.

On such a rainy morning as this we went dismally in search of something merry on our shelves — and found it, arrayed in a bright pink cover. "The Adventures of Harlequin" by Francis Bickley, with decorations by John Austen, is a gay book. We turned somewhat abruptly to page 108 and immediately felt guilty, having overslept this morning.



From "The Adventures of Harlequin"

Pantaloon, having slept for about four hours, woke up. At first he did not know where he was, but gradually, seeing the remains of the feast on the table, the broken meats and empty glasses, he recollected earlier events of the evening. Then he observed Pierrot sitting in the window, his white face made whiter by the moonlight which streamed through the panes.

"What has happened?" asked Pantaloon.

"You have been asleep, sir", said Pierrot.

I suppose some day we shall have to write a piece about Pierrot. Doesn't everyone? Our child familiar gave us a couple of verses for the front of this volume. Here they are!

If I were Pierrot, I know,
I'd not let
Pierrette
Coquette.

But I'm not Pierrot, you know,
So I let
Pierrette —
Forget!

From California we hear that the annual Bohemian Club High Jinks was its usual success in the redwoods of Bohemia Grove on Russian River. The play given this year was "Rajvara", the work of Roy Neilly and Wheeler Becket, the latter having arranged the musical scores. Harrison Fisher was there, George Creel, Nicholas Murray Butler, and many many other famous and bohemian gentlemen. Ada Kyle Lynch writes us from Healdsburg, that Charmion London has been visiting near there, likewise George Creel and Blanche Bates. She tells

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us, too, that Honoria Tuomey, in collaboration with Luisa Vallejo Emparan, has published a history of Mission Presidio and Pueblo of Sonoma, with a foreword by Arthur Chamberlain. Mrs. Emparan is the daughter of General M. G. Vallejo, the founder of Sonoma County. Perhaps we shall go searching for historical data in Sonoma County one day soon ourself, since we are apparently scheduled to be in California some time in the early winter months. We have planned so many times to be in California that it seems scarcely possible that we'll really get there. We want particularly to visit the homes of Zane Grey, Harry Leon Wilson, Gene Stratton-Porter, and several other of the various best sellers. Then, too, we want to meet many of the charming people on the coast with whom we have corresponded now for three years — George Sterling, Thomas Ford, rafts of them. We shall have to content ourself for the present with a fairly definite plan to seek orange blossoms when frost is on the pumpkin here.

Our first first-night of the season occurred at the Hippodrome. What never fails to impress us is the fact that this world's largest theatre engenders nothing so much as an intimate family atmosphere. Probably that is because the audience always contains a generous sprinkling of children, whose squeals add immeasurably to the entertainment. There was plenty of tumbling and clowning on this opening bill to provoke delight. For the more sophisticated were Orville Harrold and his charming daughter, and lovely Elaine Lettor, who does not need the endorsement of her godmother Queen Mary, nor of Julia Arthur who introduced her, to insure favor for her dancing. The settings throughout were decidedly good to look upon, not the least of them being the twenty four Hippodrome dancing girls, who furnished a delectable background to several of the numbers. Of course we went below to see Toytown and to greet the animals after their vacation on the management's Connecticut farm. To our disappointment, the walloby had not yet returned to his winter quarters. We once cherished a coat for which his potential ancestor furnished the trimming, and we now lavish our affection upon the living representative. We managed, however, to console ourself with our second best love, the unique white monkey.

Speaking of trimmings, our editor has commanded us to read Anne Rittenhouse's new book on "The Well-Dressed Woman". We choose to regard it as a reward of merit rather than as a hint. As a matter of fact, we gleaned much interesting information. Take chapter seventeen, "A Creed for the Clothes Closet", which tells us, among other things:

> It is the way of laziness and self-deception to place the responsibility for ungracious and inadequate clothes on the pursuit of self-styled "higher occupations".
>
> Blondes should not dress like gypsies or Orientals. Such costumery needs the dark mystery of the Southern races.

One chapter is devoted to clothes for the Nordic type. Another lays down dicta for the Latin-Orient variety. Apparently the thoroughly efficient modiste will now expend her energies, not upon the waist line, but on the cephalic index. Such reflections lead us naturally to a perusal of "Social Usage in America" as expounded by Margaret Wade of the Washington society department of the New York "Times", onetime social secretary to the wife of a vice president. Read:

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The young woman in the well-tailored suit, who describes herself as the possessor of "a swell pup", or the well-manicured, well-groomed young man of an afternoon dance, who tells his partner he would rather dance than eat, are a long way from the front door of polite society.

Undergraduate versifiers grow like weeds, and indeed many of them doubtless are. Not that we would decry undergraduate verse, but after all, with practically every young girl in every school in the country, and most of the boys, crying out soul pæons in rhyme, what is happening to America? Here is "Nebraska Verse" in a nice bright blue cover, with gold stamping. There is much good verse in this volume, and far less sentimental than most undergraduate performings. Here is a bit that struck us as being different (it is by Ione Gardner):

BEGGAR

It has been many months
Since I touched God.

But yesterday a little boy
Brought me a broken toy train, —
And I rode it to Heaven.

In a pamphlet issued by the Writers' Club of Michigan Agricultural College, a gentleman by name of Chester F. Kuhn writes with rhythm and abandon. He has a good sense of imagery. He should go far in poetry as he stands over the plow, or is it the tractor? "Prairie Pegasus", a book in red, white, and blue covers, comes from Southern Methodist University, where Jay B. Hubbell has been doing such excellent work, with his various prize competitions, in developing an interest in poetry, both in his own university and in Texas as a state. Here is verse of a really high grade, and the young poets are to be congratulated. We quote a good bit of description by Marie Stanbery:

AUGUST

The hot sun bakes the fading grass,
The asphalt mirrors up the heat,
The distance makes the hot light look
Like water standing in the street.

A cheap wood house with peeling paint,
Stands near the pavement's hot bright glare,
A woman sits, her fan in hand,
And rocks her creaking, weak-backed chair.

Her sticky hair clings to her face
In strings. She lolls and yawns and waits
For night to come; she waves her fan
With lazy jerks, and meditates.

In solemn grey comes "Overtones", a book of verse by undergraduates of the University of Tennessee. These young people sing much of love, and they make no startling departures in the matter of rhyme and rhythm. We were much struck with the following outburst, which brought to mind the pictures which used to adorn New York billboards in the good old unsophisticated days when "Wedded and Parted" and its ilk flourished in the "ten, twenty, thirty".

CHEATED

I saw her as she stood beside
A stranger as his bride.
Her eyes, the souls of buried days,
Sought mine in eager gaze;
Mine, mine she was in that farewell
At the threshold of hell!
More mine than his to whom she gave
Herself until the grave.
Her words were studied — no one guessed
The secret she confessed.
The stranger heard but what was spoken —
His heart remains unbroken.

The most complicated prize announcement we have encountered for years is contained in a pamphlet entitled, "The John Golden National Prize Play Contest". Mr. Golden has perfected an elaborate scheme for producing prize plays in cooperation with newspaper men, and has dedicated a hundred thousand dollars to this

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endeavor. His methods we don't quite understand, and we refuse to attempt to decipher them. At any rate, it's a good prize scheme, we can see that, and all playwrights should apply to Mr. Golden's office for information. The Near East Relief, at 151 Fifth Avenue, New York City, is offering several hundred dollars in prizes, in connection with International Golden Rule Sunday, and will furnish details on application. Martha E. Keller of Vassar College was the winner of the Poetry Society's Undergraduate Contest for 1924. This is a prize offered by Witter Bynner through the Poetry Society of America. Next year the prize is to be increased to one hundred and fifty dollars. Undergraduates in any American college or university may compete, and verse is not disqualified by publication; but not more than two hundred lines will be considered from any one person. Manuscripts should be typewritten, should bear on every sheet the writer's name and address, as well as his college, and must be sent before May 15, 1925, to Witter Bynner, Box 1061, Santa Fé, New Mexico. The envelope should be marked: P. S. A. U. C. No manuscripts will be returned. The judges will be Sara Teasdale, George Sterling, and Witter Bynner.

We should like to republish here an editorial from the New York "World" on the subject of intellectual tolerance:

THE FINAL TEST OF TOLERANCE

The man who suggested "Nick Carter" for the name of the famous detective of fiction dies and leaves on record a bit of philosophy which a friend thinks should be engraved in stone or moulded in bronze: "To be tolerant of intolerance is the finest achievement of the human soul." It is a sentiment that has been asserted for over 2,000 years, sometimes in the simple injunction to turn the other cheek to the hand that smites. It is the doctrine of nonresistance, of giving the soft answer that turneth away wrath. It has had its proponents in all ages and in all races and among all creeds. But to be tolerant is indeed difficult.

The "dime novel" aroused a great deal of intolerance. It was assailed most intolerantly. In its defense arose a host that was hotly intolerant of the intolerants. The argument was outlived by the subject of the argument. Interest long ago waned in the pros and cons over cheap detective fiction. But subjects are never lacking. The "broad minds" and the "narrow minds" are in everlasting conflict, each class rivaling the other in intolerance.

The universal desire for liberty is also the desire for authority, for ability to exercise rights and to suppress wrongs. In a world in which there has ever been confusion as to where liberty ends and tyranny begins, intolerance has been constant.

The perfect tolerator of the intolerant must be superflexible. He must smoke and not smoke, drink and not drink, gamble and not gamble, dance and not dance, dismiss all preferences and prejudices at table, accept and reject all parties and creeds. Short of that he cannot pass for being 100 per cent. tolerant.

First novels from brilliant young critics are often disappointing; in fact, there is some curious feeling on the part of many people that critics shouldn't do creative work at all. Yet as our review in this number attempts to say, Laurence Stallings of the New York "World" has done a remarkable job in "Plumes"; and it is said that his play, "Glory", written with Maxwell Anderson, is quite as good. Stallings is a man that anyone of you would like to meet. A normal, pleasant, hearty, intelligent young American, who went into the war bravely and acquitted himself tragically and well. He is eager about books and plays, and his opinions are stimulating and worthwhile. He has read much in the backgrounds of literature and seems to remember what he has read, a thing which we heartily envy him. His newspaper career has been brilliantly sudden, for he leaped into prominence on the somewhat

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sophisticated editorial page of the "World" almost overnight, having been pinchhitting for Heywood Broun in various capacities as a critic. We should like to give you some idea of his

Laurence Stallings

fine qualities, his understanding, his intolerance of bunk, and his tolerance for the real difficulties of mankind. We often disagree with him to a point almost of bitterness; but we feel sure that we should always find him still loyal personally, in spite of intellectual differences. He has a horror of insincerity, of posing of any sort whatsoever. His life has been too filled with real events to countenance shams. We advise you to follow both his critical and his creative work. You cannot but be interested!

Louise Burgess Jones of Blossburg, Pennsylvania, writes us condolences on our late measles, with the news that her two small sons have just been through similar difficulties. She tells us further that the anonymous author of "Nightshade" lives in a quiet little town ten miles from her, and that the town is bubbling with excitement over the characters it thinks it recognizes in the book, and wondering just what the lady will do in her next one. Mrs. Jones sends us her list of books that have influenced her most. They are:

Captain Mayne Reed's books for boys, especially Lost in the Himalayas
Swiss Family Robinson
Jane Eyre
Meditations of Marcus Aurelius
Electricity and Magnetism, Sylvanus Thompson
Emerson's Essays
First Part of Wells's Outline of History
Griffith's Care of the Baby
Gospel According to St. John
The Dance of Life

Then, here is Louis Untermeyer's list, and quite a different one it is:

TEN BOOKS THAT HAVE INFLUENCED ME MOST

1. The Poems of Heinrich Heine — Translated by Louis Untermeyer.
2. The Odes of Horace — Paraphrased (in Including Horace) by Louis Untermeyer.
3. A. E. Housman's The Shropshire Lad — Badly imitated in the juvenile First Love by Louis Untermeyer.
4. Challenge — By Louis Untermeyer.
5. Fall Jewelry Catalog of Rings and Bracelets, issued by Untermeyer-Robbins & Co.
6. Baedeker's Northern Italy and Pocket Vocabulary.
7. Modern British Poetry — Edited by Louis Untermeyer.
8. Modern American Poetry — Edited by Louis Untermeyer.
9. The World's Worst Poetry (in MSS.) — Collected by Louis Untermeyer.
10. The Works of Edgar Guest.

Richard Blaker, author of "The Voice in the Wilderness", has recently completed a dramatization of his novel. In the extraordinary and dominating figure of Petrie the story offers a remarkable opportunity for an actor who is specially interested in rôles of

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eccentric character. Mr. Blaker is engaged on his new novel which he regards as the most ambitious thing he has attempted. It was Arnold Bennett, by the way, who gave "The Voice in the Wilderness" its first support and recognition.

Along with Horace Liveright's announcement that he will produce plays, comes notice of the incorporation of Selznick-Brentano Junior, an organization which will attempt to combine motion picture production with book publishing. A new publishing firm, that of Payson and Clarke, also comes on the horizon. William Farquhar Payson, one of the organizers, was until recently business manager of "Success Magazine". Before that he was president of the Atlas Advertising Agency of New York, managing editor of "Vogue", a member of the New York "Times" editorial staff, and for a considerable period a representative of American publishers in the office of William Heinemann in London. James Irving Clarke, former managing editor of "Success", has been second vice president of the National Bank of Commerce, New York, and a member of the editorial staff of the New York "Sun".

Some time ago we discovered in the Detroit "Free Press" the Edgar A. Guest Young Verse-Writers' Corner. Naturally, this is very fine. Can you think of anyone at this moment better fitted to teach the young American how to write verse than Edgar A. Guest? From the page we picked these salient points: A prize was to be offered each week — perhaps it still is being offered — and was to be a volume of Mr. Guest's poems, autographed. Now Mr. Guest, or whoever it is who conducts this page for him, finds it in his heart not only to criticize the young versifiers in general but to do so in particular. For example, he says of the prize poem of Ruth Palmer, age sixteen, of Detroit: "Ruth's verse needed some alterations, but it must not be thought because of that it was not a very good verse in the beginning. We are going to print her version below, and all of you who wish to improve in the gentle art of verse making will do well to compare the two and notice the changes that have been made in order that it should be both technically right and that it should sound reasonable and sincere." The title of Ruth's verse, originally "A Sad Tale", reads now "An Unfortunate Maid". This is Mr. Guest's technical improvement. The second line of Ruth's verse originally read, "She was dressed in elaborate array." The editor finds "elab'rate array" preferable. Note this, poets. The next change, barring the substitution of a dash for a comma, is as follows: Ruth wrote, "With her cherry-like lips in the shape of a kiss". Well, Mr. Guest, or his alter ego perhaps, suggests "scarlet-red lips". Answer me that one, Cyril. Further on Ruth wrote:

> But he never did come, and I fear never will,
> Tho' she waits there forever and flirts . . .

The expert substitutes:

> But he never has come, and he likely ne'er will,
> Though she waits there with patience and flirts . . .

Alas and alack, young America, here is a splendid tutor. "Until further notice, you must write verse on one of the following subjects: A Tree, Promises, A Mother, The Rainbow, Bridges, The Seasons (any season or month at all), A Path, Friendship, In Memory of President Wilson, The Wind, The Night, The Dawn, or The Rain."

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